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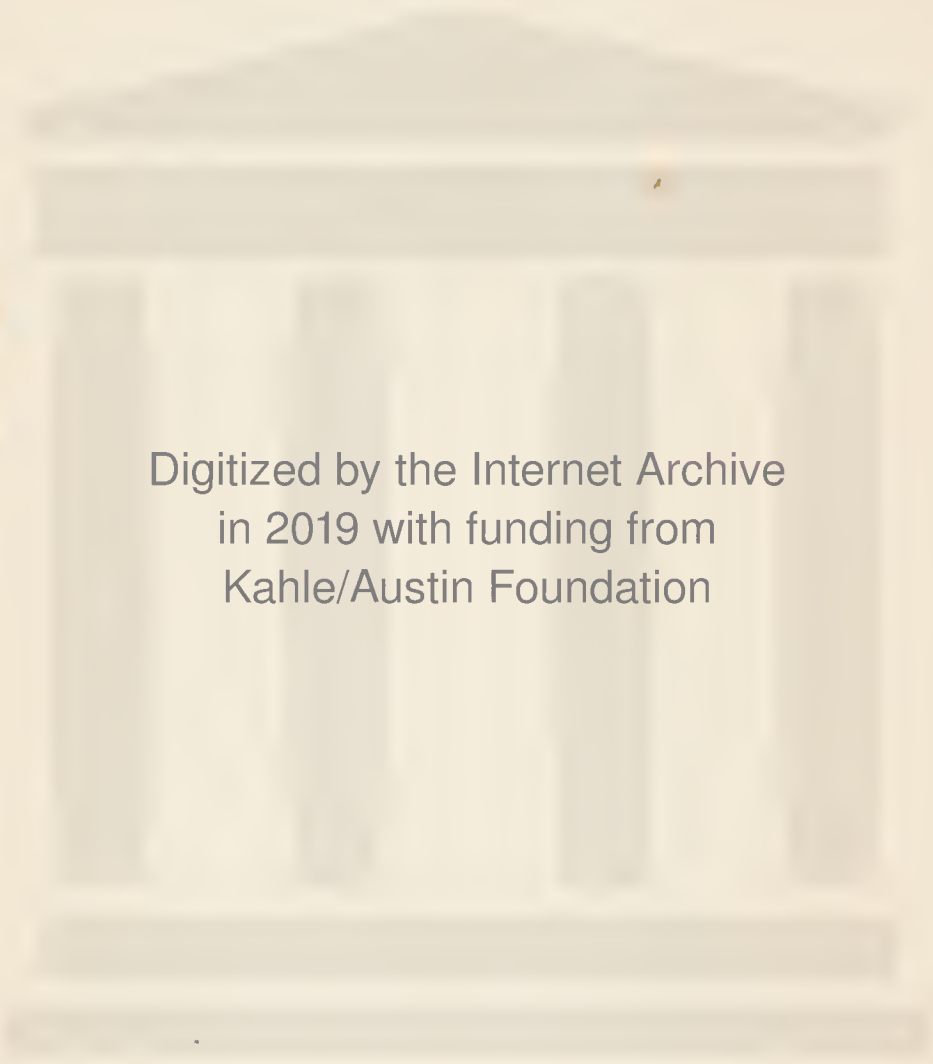
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TAFT
AND
ROOSEVELT

THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF ARCHIE BUTT

MILITARY AIDE

VOLUME TWO

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY INC.

1930

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TAFT AND ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER XLVII

The Problem of Appointing a Chief Justice

[Beverly]
July 5, 1910.

Dear Clara:

While we were in Boston the President heard of the death of Chief Justice Fuller and at once sent a telegram expressing heartfelt sorrow and also gave out an interview expressive of his sorrow. To us he said he would have been more deeply grieved had it occurred two or three years ago than now, for he was resigned to the mortality of members of that court. Then, with some irritation, he said:

"If the justices would only retire when they have become burdens to the court itself, or when they recognize themselves that their faculties have become impaired, one could grieve sincerely when they pass away, and you would not feel like such a hypocrite as you do when going through the formality of sending telegrams of condolence and giving out interviews for propriety's sake."

I don't see how he can but name Hughes for the Chief Justiceship, but he expressed great doubt yesterday what he would do. In fact, he said he expected to have some trouble over the appointment, for he thought Wickersham would want it, and yet he would like to force it on Senator Root. But he is already committed to Hughes. In fact, he wrote to him, saying in the body of his letter that he would make him Chief Justice and offering him a place on that bench, but withdrew it as a positive statement in a post-

script, as he said he could not foresee what contingencies might arise. I recalled that letter to his mind, though in fact I knew he had been thinking of little else after hearing of the death of Fuller. I am so convinced that Hughes is the man for the post that I would almost run the risk of his anger by saying so to him.

This morning we played golf at Myopia, and at lunch he had Secretary Ballinger and Captain Sowerby and myself. The secretary looks like a death's head, and my heart goes out to him. I never saw a man look as hounded as he does.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

More Trouble with Oyster Bay

[Beverly]
July 6, 1910.

The press this morning carried a report from Oyster Bay that Mr. Roosevelt had had an interview with Representative Poindexter of Washington State and had pledged him his support against Secretary Ballinger, who is an applicant for the Senate. I went for the President at nine o'clock and found him sitting on the porch. He had no sooner started to Myopia than he said to me:

"Archie, I am very greatly distressed. I do not see how I am going to get out of having a fight with President Roosevelt."

"You refer to the Poindexter matter?" I asked.

"Yes. He seems to have thrown down the gauntlet in this matter, for what was given to the press he gave out himself. I have doubted up to the present time whether he really intended to fight my administration or not, but he sees no one but my enemies, and if by chance he sees any supporters of the Administration, he does not talk intimately with any of them. Poindexter is one of the most

bitter political opponents and always has been. Mr. Roosevelt's support of him seems most gratuitous and unnecessary. I confess it wounds me very deeply. I hardly think the prophet of the square deal is playing it exactly square with me now."

"Don't you think it possible that he intends to support the insurgent wing of the party up to a certain point and then unite it against the Democratic?"

"I should like to think so. But I think if he intended to do that, he would at least take into his confidence some other members of the party than those who have fought me and whom I have had to fight. But I shall do nothing. I shall let matters shape themselves in his mind and give him every chance to whip around if he sees he is making a mistake. I shall take no notice of it until it absolutely forces itself on me or the Administration."

I told the President it was a great matter of regret to me that the ex-President had entered into politics at all just now, for it puts himself and all his friends in a most uncomfortable position. The President then told me what Mr. Roosevelt had said to Secretary Meyer when he had met him in New York. Mr. Meyer reported that when he spoke of rumored enmities and hostilities, Mr. Roosevelt had said:

"Of course I am for Will's nomination and his reëlection; there can be no question about it."

In the face of this statement he said Mr. Roosevelt's attitude was almost inexplicable. I said:

"Do you really think Mr. Roosevelt said that, or was Mr. Meyer saying what he thought he ought to have said or what he thought you might want to hear?"

"Possibly so," he said. "One cannot always be sure of the truth of what one hears if he happens to be the President of the United States. When I read of the interview at Oyster Bay yesterday, I showed the report of it

to Mrs. Taft. I was much amused at the way she took it. She said:

"'Well, I suppose you will have to fight Mr. Roosevelt for the nomination, and if you get it he will defeat you. But it can't be helped. If possible you must not allow him to defeat you for the renomination. It does not make much difference about the reëlection.'"

I asked the President if he thought it possible that Mr. Roosevelt really contemplated forming a third party.

"I do not know. I have thought sometimes he did, and then I don't see how he can. In his mind, however, it may be the only logical way of reaching a third term. Then, too, his tour of Europe, his reception there, and the fact that every crowned head seemed to take it for granted that he would be elected to another term may have caused him to think that he should be so as to realize the prophecies of so many people."

I felt his talk with me had had some especial significance, for as we neared Myopia he said to me:

"You may hear me say some bitter things of our old chief at times and I fear it may distress you, but as long as I confine my criticism of him to my immediate official family, you will have to put up with it, Archie, and I want you to know that it will be quite as distressing to me to break with him as it will be to you to see this break come."

My only comment was:

"I had hoped, Mr. President, that things might have been different, but I do not see how you could do other than hit back if he opens the fight. He will expect you to. It is hard on your mutual friends; but however hard it is on us, it cannot be as hard as it is on you, and possibly it would be on him. If the fight comes, it will rise above personalities, and its consequences will be far-reaching."

The view of the President at this moment is of interest

and marks one more step which so many people think will end in the disruption of the old Republican party and the overthrow of the present administration.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XLVIII

TAFT LAMENTS NOT BEING CHIEF JUSTICE HIMSELF

[Beverly]
July 8, 1910.

Mr. Roosevelt has given out a partial denial of the story printed that he had espoused the cause of Poindexter, but the President does not feel very much relieved by it, as he seems to think that, while Mr. Roosevelt did not like the record in print, he was just as surely lining himself along with the insurgents and the element which has become antagonistic to the present administration. I am not so sure, however, that the ex-President is not playing a much deeper game than appears on the surface, and that he is not taking the only way possible to unite the various factions and bring them together in the fall elections. If the President shoots a long arrow, his predecessor dives deeply when it comes to politics.

When Norton saw the denial, he called me up to ask me if I credited it, and I assured him I did. I find that Norton has a good deal of faith in my political judgment, but I told him the President should warn each member of his Cabinet not to be drawn into a discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's position, for even if the ex-President desired now to break away from the present administration, later he might feel that he had been unwise or unjust, and therefore the way should be left open for him to jump back. I fear the President is somewhat pessimistic in the matter,

but he followed my advice and has directed his secretaries to say nothing without a full consultation with him.

This afternoon we motored to Magnolia, where Justice Moody is ill with inflammatory rheumatism. We found him lying on a bed rigged up on the porch overlooking the sea. A more pitiable spectacle I have never seen. He looked like the photographs they used to display of the Cuban *concentrados*. The physician told us this morning that he would never be well again and that he had abandoned all hope of ever returning to the Supreme Bench. When the President told him how eager everyone was to pass the bill providing for his retirement, he broke down and sobbed, and between his sobs told the President he would not leave the bench if he could crawl to it. The President has a good deal of feeling at such times, but the thought of Moody returning to the bench was too much for him and he almost wept himself. He patted his hand and told him he must not even think of such a thing, but that he wanted him to remain on just as long as he could, and that he must not think of resigning before December, the date when the bill which provides for his retirement expires.

The President does not think Mr. Moody a great judge, but thinks he is a very useful one with his health. He knows public questions and is not afraid to deal with them from the bench, a thing which, as a rule, it takes some time for a new judge to accustom himself to. I thought Mr. Moody tried to find out whom the President was likely to make Chief Justice, but the President was too wary for that, and after saying that he knew one whom he would not make, namely, Justice Harlan, he went on to say that he wanted to appoint someone young and vigorous enough to go into the questions of methods in equity cases, and if possible revise the entire procedure of this country and put it more in line with that of Great Britain.

"It does seem strange," said the President to Moody, "that the one place in the government which I would have liked to fill myself I am forced to give to another."

Good-bye again.

ARCHIE.

Notes Kept by Captain Butt; Later Sent to His Sister-in-law

[Beverly]
Monday, July 11, 1910.

The President played golf with Mr. Frick this morning and beat the steel magnate ten up, an awful trouncing, especially as the professional had told Frick that he could easily defeat the President. These millionaires buy ready-made hedges, ready-made sod, and ready-made everything else when they want it. They think that because they take a professional with them everywhere they go, as Frick did this last winter, they can get ready-made golf along with everything else they want to buy.

Loeb came to Beverly to see the President about the coming campaign in New York. He drove with us to the Hammonds', where we all had lunch. I was much amused at Loeb's patronizing air about Mr. Roosevelt. He assumed to assure the President that T. R., as he called the ex-President, would not do anything which would reflect on his administration, that he would see to it that at the right time T. R. would boldly proclaim himself for Taft. He then told the President that T. R. had given Pinchot an awful dressing down and had said to him:

"Gifford, of course you know that you will support Taft for the next nomination and election."

But he failed to tell the President what was Pinchot's reply. How much faith the President put in all Loeb told him I don't know, for at times he can keep his counsel pretty close to himself, but he smiled a good deal while the collector was talking.

In the evening Mrs. Taft gave a dinner in honor of Senator and Mrs. Newlands, who are here on a visit to the Boardmans. It was the same old kitchen-cabinet crowd with the exception of my brother and his wife and Captain Sowerby. Mrs. Taft likes Sowerby, for the reason, she says, that he never speaks. I don't think he opened his mouth at dinner. After dinner, when he went with us to the President's study to smoke, he sat like an oyster, but later he said he was so impressed with hearing state secrets that he did not want to call attention to his presence for fear it might put a stop to the confidential chat which was going on. There was nothing that anyone might not have heard, but I think he referred to an incident related by the President as to how Mr. Roosevelt came to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which, of course, was the beginning of his movement toward the White House. I was very much interested in it myself and it may be worth preserving here.

The President said that John Addison Porter, who was afterwards secretary to McKinley, was a classmate of his, and knowing this fact, some of their mutual friends had asked him to endorse him for the post at Belgium or the Netherlands. He wrote McKinley a strong letter, to which the President replied that he could hardly give him that place and asked Judge Taft what he thought of Porter for private secretary. Judge Taft laid the matter before Porter, who said the office was not sufficiently dignified and the salary too small. President McKinley then said he would have the office dignified by Congress, making it, as it is now, the Secretary to the President, with a salary of six thousand dollars and the position to take precedence over assistant secretaries and bureau chiefs. This he had done, as everyone now knows.

"Later," said the President, "when John Addison Porter became somewhat of a political power, my influ-

ence with him was sought by everyone who wanted an office, and among those who came to me were Senator Lodge and Bellamy Storer, who asked me to urge Roosevelt for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and to enlist Porter in his behalf. I could do this with some degree of pleasure, for I had known Roosevelt and believed him to be what he has afterward proved himself. But it was not so easy to convince McKinley, and once when I was talking with him on the subject, he said to me that he preferred to have Roosevelt somewhere else.

"'For the truth is, Will,' he said to me, 'Roosevelt is always in such a state of mind.'

"However, we got Theodore in the Navy Department, and more than once, when he was joining with those who demanded war with Spain and almost attacking the Administration for not declaring it, I think McKinley wished he had been anywhere else than where he was. But I am sure if it had not been for Theodore Roosevelt we would never have been in a position to declare war, for it was he and only he who got from Congress sufficient ammunition to back any bluff we might make with actual play."

Senator Newlands asked: "Do you think, Mr. President, that it would have been possible for McKinley to have withstood the demand of the country for war?"

"I do not," said the President. "Neither he nor any other President could have withstood the pressure at that time."

[Beverly]
Tuesday, July 12, 1910.

The President and I played golf this morning, and he defeated me two holes, making a score in medal play of 101. If he had not fallen down in his putting on the last two holes he would have made the eighteen in ninety-seven or under, but he did fall down, and so he is still

above the hundred mark. He usually says "Oh, my," or "Oh, me," when he sags a bit in his playing, but this morning when he took eight on the seventeenth hole, making it impossible to come below the one hundred mark, he said as he walked to the eighteenth: "Damn it all, I feel like swearing."

After the game, we found Senator Crane and Norton in the clubhouse, and they rode back with us to the cottage, where they also had lunch with the President. Senator Crane said he came for several things, one being to take no part in the discussion of the insurgents and not be led into making any comment of them, for he had reason to think that they were now anxious to get back in line and he hoped to give them every opportunity to do so before the elections. The President thought to the contrary, but it was all uninteresting and some of it mere bluff, I thought. Then Crane said:

"Mr. President, I also come to you on behalf of Mr. Choate. He wants Root appointed to the Chief Justiceship, and I myself cannot see a bigger man on the horizon."

"I am not going to put him on the bench at all and certainly have no idea of making him Chief Justice," was the President's very emphatic statement. "I have had a number of letters on the subject, both now and before the death of Fuller, and I thought of it as a possibility only, but I have made up my mind not to consider his name. He is sixty-five years old. What the country needs for Chief Justice is a man young enough to devote his strength and years to getting that court out of the slough of despond it has fallen into of late years."

"Well, Hughes is certainly such a man," said Crane, evidently trying to draw fire, but the President made no comment further than to say:

"I have not made up my mind, and I don't propose to be hurried in making it up. The court is too large and

integral a part of this country to be approached lightly or in haste."

[Beverly]
Sunday, July 17, 1910.

In the afternoon the President had engagements with Father Kelly, Wade Ellis, Senator Sarner, and some others, which kept him busy until after seven o'clock. His brother Horace came at five and he did not have a chance to speak to him until we sat down to dinner at a quarter to eight. Later in the evening the Boardmans and the Winthrops came in, and we sat around until nearly midnight. The Boardmans always sit very late.

After he got back from Church, the President had an interview with Judge Kincaid of Ohio, whom he wants for governor, and at three he had a long interview with Father O'Connell—Archibishop O'Connell, I mean. The Catholics are lining up for him as against Roosevelt, and should there be a split between the two men I fear the Colonel will find powerful influences arrayed against him.

At five o'clock J. Pierpont Morgan slipped up to the cottage and slipped out again. Norton and the President think it was so deftly handled that the newspapers will not catch on to the visit, to use their own expression, and I am anxious to see if they do. He came from somewhere in a motorboat, dressed in yachting clothes, and seemed as anxious to avoid publicity as did the President. They had a talk for nearly an hour, but I have not heard as yet what the old fellow wanted. The President has more regard for him than any man of his class and set, but thinks it bad policy to see him often. He does not seem to think it bad policy to play golf with Frick, for some reason.

I told Mrs. Taft yesterday that both Norton and I thought the President should not play golf with Frick, and she has promised me to try to stop it. She told me that she prevented his playing golf with Rockefeller,

although the President was quite set on doing it while he was in Augusta. She agrees with me that Frick is a bad name to have coupled with that of the President.

ARCHIE.

[Beverly]
July 18, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

I find writing mere notes a rather stupid performance in lieu of the letters I have been sending to you. Keeping a diary is a poor substitute for a letter, for I have always before my mind when writing what will be of interest to you, and these letters must have a human interest which a cut-and-dried diary can never possess. I have just had lunch, and as we leave at three o'clock I will close this and start over to the cottage.

I think we expect to have a pleasant jaunt, for everyone knows everyone else very well and with our genial sun at the top to revolve around, there ought to be no friction nor quarreling. I think the President is a little relieved that Norton is not going, for he said this morning that his secretary lacked only one thing to make him perfect, that was humor. He has not a scintilla of it, while his wife is brimming over with it every minute.

Lovingly,
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XLIX

HOLIDAYS ABOARD THE "MAYFLOWER"

S. S. *Mayflower*,
July 18, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Here we are at sea. I am going to keep a short diary as the trip progresses and will mail it to you on my return to

Beverly. I am going to take your suggestion and in the future register my letters, for some energetic postal clerk some day might feel interested to know why you receive so many letters from Beverly.

Our party consists of Beekman Winthrop and his wife; Miss Boardman, Professor and Mrs. Lewis Moore, Mr. Horace Taft, Charlie Taft, and myself. Captain Logan will dine with us.

ARCHIE.

[S. S. *Mayflower*,]
July 20, 1910.

Winthrop, Dr. Grayson of the ship's company, the same good fellow that rode to Warrenton with President Roosevelt, Dr. Rixey and I, and Charlie Taft were up at five this morning to go fishing with a couple of fakes. They were fakes because, with the greatest show of hospitality, they invited us to go with them and alleged to have been old fishermen. Yet they arrived a half hour late and then without bait. They were most casual and we spent over an hour running about the harbor trying to buy "sardines for bait." In spite of the fact that the party only hauled up one fish, these two worthies saw to it that it got into all the papers that they had been our hosts and that we had met with great luck. Hungry and angry, we got to the ship just as she was getting under way, had a hasty but cold breakfast, and then I sat down at one to play bridge.

We reached Bar Harbor at a quarter to two, and at once the social flies began to buzz. Laura Ellis and the Pattens and Kitterlinus of Philadelphia (and also president of the Kebo Golf Club), and a number of fashionable amateur whips—automobiles are not allowed on the island—all came aboard to offer their wares and secure preferment. Mrs. Taft had made most of her engagements before leaving Beverly, and so we had little trouble in declining

their offers. In spite of the fact that we had come to rest, the trip started greatly handicapped with engagements. In spite of those made, Mrs. Taft began to accept others which came by wire from every direction.

Mrs. M. A. Hanna wired from Seal Harbor for a luncheon, and Mrs. Taft accepted, and the Charlemagne Towers from East Harbor, and that was accepted over the protest of the President. The flood gates being opened, invitations began to pour in and Mrs. Taft—I must admit, with a good deal of discernment—continued to accept them. A hundred plans were suggested for the first afternoon at Bar Harbor, but I whispered one word in the President's ear, and he whispered back to get ready, and before the others knew what was being done we were off the ship, speeding toward Kebo Golf Club with sticks and dress suitcases, leaving Mrs. Taft and her feminine contingent to run amuck in the town in buckboards. It is a nine-hole course, and we went round it twice. The President played the best ball of Mr. Kitterlinus and myself, and when the game was over we were tie on holes, but the President was thirteen better than Kitterlinus and six better than me, making the eighteen holes in just 100. He enjoyed it hugely. He was in great glee as the links unfolded themselves before him. He went up the Bunker Hill hole like a schoolboy. As we finished the first nine holes and he saw how late it was getting, he sent one of the secret service men to the ship for our evening clothes, for we were to dine with Mrs. H. F. Dimock. We drove to Mrs. Dimock's in the coach of Mr. Kitterlinus and on our way got a glimpse of Mathilde Townsend, now Mrs. Peter Gerry, looking lovelier than ever.

Mrs. Dimock's was like all other dinners of its kind.

After dinner a few friends had been invited in to meet the President and as usual they proved to be everybody whom the hostess happened to know, and they soon over-

powered us with conversation and chatter. We made our escape at eleven. I was beginning to fear for Mrs. Taft; she looked so weary.

[Bar Harbor,]
July 21, 1910.

Mrs. Anderson invited to lunch only the President and Mrs. Taft, Mr. Horace Taft, and the Moores and myself. The others lunched at the Hobsons'. We met at the Andersons' Dr. Weir Mitchell and his quaint little old-fashioned wife. The President and the doctor sat together after lunch until four o'clock. I thought the rest of us would faint from exhaustion. Dr. Mitchell is keenly interested in sending back to Mexico the flags captured during the war with that country, and he partially secured the promise of the President to make that recommendation to Congress. He said that he had recommended the same thing to Mr. Roosevelt, but that his answer was, "Why not return those we captured from Spain and Great Britain?"

[Bar Harbor,]
July 22, 1910.

The President and I started for the golf links at half-past eight this morning, so as to be able to make a speech to the villagers on the town green at noon. His score was so bad that I did not like to ask him what it was, for fear of embarrassing him. He got into the bunker on the eighth hole, known as the Elbow, and he took nineteen strokes to get out and wearied himself very much. As we started to the ninth hole, Mr. Kitterlinus, who was playing with us, said:

"Well, Mr. President, you have the honor of having the largest score ever made on that hole."

"No he hasn't," said Mr. Liscom, the head caddy, who was carrying the President's clubs. "Baron Hengelmüller took sixty-three to get out of the bunker."

It took me six to get out of it yesterday, and the President nearly split his sides laughing at my discomfiture.

The President and I drove with Mr. Livingston to Seal Harbor, where we were to have lunch, the rest of the party going on the *Mayflower*. The ship left at the same time we did, but we were there nearly an hour ahead of her. Mrs. Taft and Miss Boardman remained to hear the President's speech on the town green—rather an elusive speech, I might say by way of criticism—and as we mounted the coach they started for the ship.

Mrs. Hanna has a beautiful place built on some overhanging rocks and charmingly furnished. Mrs. Hanna herself was gorgeously arrayed and very much tinted for the occasion. While discussing the luncheon later, Miss Boardman dwelt on the youthful appearance of Mrs. Hanna and added:

"I never saw such beautiful skin."

At this the entire party roared, and the President said:

"Well, Mabel, that is the first spiteful thing I ever heard you say of anyone."

Dr. Eliot and his nice wife were there, but the majority of the company were such as Mrs. Hanna could summon at a day's notice from the neighboring coves and inlets.

We proceeded, after reaching the ship, to play bridge until half-past seven, when we dressed to go to the Charlemagne Towers' to dinner.

Mr. Horace Taft asked me if they always lived in this feverish state, and when I told him they did, he said the wonder was not that she had broken down, but why any of them should be alive.

"This life is too swift for a country pedagogue," he said laughing, "and once I get away from the Royal Family it will be some time before they capture me again, even with such sugar as a yachting trip."

I repeated this to the President, and it gave him end-

less pleasure and resulted in numberless jokes at the expense of Mr. Horace.

We got under steam and took the *Mayflower* to Northeast Harbor, where the Towers have a cottage for the summer. It is a pleasant little community made up largely of college presidents and ministers and bishops. The Harbor folk take pride in the fact that it has two bishops, Bishop Doane of Albany and Bishop Mackay-Smith of Pennsylvania. Dr. Eliot and I spent the time in the smoking room together. He always seeks me out, and I am beginning to feel like an intimate friend of the old man. He is eighty-six, I think I heard it said, but he is very spry and youthful. He told me that he attributed his unusually good health to the fact that both he and his wife had always lived simply. They follow a strict diet at all times and add very little to their menus even when giving dinners. He says this season is his wife's special holiday. In order that she may be relieved of all care, he undertakes the housekeeping for the summer months, and she never knows what is coming on the table until she sits down to the meal.

The President's ankle is bothering him a good deal tonight, and I persuaded him to see the ship's doctor on his return. He had to be helped to the landing by Jimmy Sloan and myself. He is feeling rather discouraged about his golf to-day also. That fearful bunker from which it took him nineteen to emerge has humiliated him. I did something this morning of which I am ashamed, and the best way to get it off my mind is to confess it. I saw how anxious the President was to win, and so on the fourth hole I purposely made a bad putt so that he could win the hole. It is something Clarence Edwards and I are often accused of doing, but I never did it before, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself. The President said:

"Archie, it almost looks as if you did that purposely."

"Not me," I said, but had he used on me that Münsterberg instrument by which criminals can be detected by the acceleration of the pulse, I am sure he would have thrown me out of the game as a poor sport. My sacrifice play did no good, however, for we defeated him badly.

Norton will join us to-morrow at Bar Harbor, where we are going to pick up the mail before proceeding to Ellsworth and Bangor. His wife is still in the hospital, but he feels that she is well enough for him to leave her.

A Vacation of Wearying Gayeties

[Saturday,] July 23 [1910].

I am glad we stopped at Bar Harbor again, for I found there two pots of some sort of cream for sunburn, from Mrs. McLean, and a kind of mask. I am burnt so badly that my face actually aches. Norton came on board, bringing with him an air of politics and lots of gossip which has set the President to worrying. As soon as he came aboard, he announced that he believed Ohio would nominate Jim Garfield for governor, which gave us all a chill, for should such a thing be done it would mean a very serious slap at the President. Norton said, with a good deal of irritable self-assurance, I thought, that Mr. Roosevelt was trying to bring it about in order to humiliate the President. I put in my oar and offered to lay a wager that Garfield would not be nominated, and that if the ex-President had any voice in the matter it would be to prevent it.

"True to your old chief—that's right, Archie," said Norton, which made me so angry that I made up my mind to let them say all they might desire, for it would do no good, as long as Norton is there, to harp on the President's fears regarding Mr. Roosevelt.

I strongly advised Norton afterward to stop dragging

in Mr. Roosevelt's name all the time, for some day Roosevelt might hear it and then there would be trouble. I found this to be the right line of suggestion, for as much as he seems to dislike the ex-President, he has a holy fear of his long arm.

Nothing upsets the President as much as these constant reports that Colonel Roosevelt has a dagger out for him. If they were true, it could do no good to keep him so stirred up on the subject. When Mr. Roosevelt is trying with all his might to remain loyal to him in spite of Aldrich, Cannon, and Tawney, etc., it is unwise and unfair.

We went to Bangor by train, leaving Mrs. Taft and the other members of the party at the Ellsworth station, the home of Senator Hale, where we are spending the night and will remain over until to-morrow afternoon. Bangor is one of the prettiest towns in New England, and the streets are over-arched by elms, and the homes are quaint colonial cottages as a rule.

We were driven through all the streets and saw all the people, and the President made a speech to them from the hotel balcony. After a good lunch in a hot stuffy room, we took the train back to Ellsworth and were met at the station by Senator Hale, already in wrath because the secret service men had been to his town to make inquiry as to the program. He was foaming at the mouth and swore one should not be allowed in his grounds, and that should they attempt to penetrate to the camp of Mrs. Hale, where we were to have Sunday lunch, he would shoot them. Mr. Roosevelt used to say that Hale's mind was not as big as a minute and that with him the greatest questions before the Senate always hung on the point as to whether some distant relation would get a post from the passage of the law or if there was any pecuniary profit in it for his people.

We spent two hours at the house, and then the Pres-

ident, Norton, and I were whisked off to a hall where the President addressed the natives.

On our return to the house the President began to tell jokes, and one he told, I am sure, was occasioned by the meeting at Ellsworth. He said that Chief Justice Peters of Maine, when making a speech in the fifties, could not see his audience, as the lights had all gone out before he entered the hall.

"Fellow citizens," said the justice, "I can't see you, but I can smell you."

The Senator, I think, saw the point of the joke, or at least its inspiration, for he promptly invited us to the library to take a drink of Bourbon. He never has any liquor but Bourbon—no Scotch, no rye, and no effervescent waters on the outside. It is said Joe Blackburn taught him how to drink.

Norton and I spent the remainder of the afternoon with the Senator in his study, which, by the way, is about the nicest study I have ever seen in any home, listening to him talk of old days in the Senate. He hates to lay down the toga and said as much to us. Among the incidents he related was the formation of the famous two-dollar poker club. It was while Garfield was President and Arthur president of the Senate. It lasted, he said, all during the administration of Arthur, and the latter remained a member during all the time he was in the White House, and often the club would meet there. It was made up, as I remember, of Arthur, Hale, Lincoln, the Secretary of War, Allison, Senator Miller of California, Aldrich and Manderson of Nebraska. As one member would die or drop out, someone would be chosen to fill his place. Senator Hale said the club was still in existence, though not in the same way as it was then, for dinner parties and other pursuits had largely taken its place.

They had one rule, and it was that any member not

only might, but must, say whatever he had on his mind that was troubling him in the way of public matters. He said that had Arthur taken the advice offered to him by the two-dollar poker club, and retained Garfield's Cabinet, he would have been renominated and reëlected. But he listened to Conklin and others, smashed the Cabinet of his predecessor, and paid the penalty later. The Senator said Arthur often referred later to one night at the poker club when he failed to listen to it, and confessed that had he done so the history of his administration would have been quite contrary to what it was. He retained Lincoln in his Cabinet, and it was his association with him in the poker club that brought this about.

It was interesting to me, but Norton, to whom the present situation is more interesting, asked the Senator what he thought of the present condition of the party. The Senator dismissed this with a statement that it was a revolt against him and all the old leaders of the party, and that it would not end until they had all been swept from power, or, like himself and Aldrich, retired voluntarily.

We had dinner in the evening and some nice neighbors were brought in to it. After dinner some of us played bridge, and those who did not played poker. The President played poker and for the first time played for money, as he did not want to refuse his host that pleasure. He lost something like twenty dollars, but seemed to enjoy the evening greatly. Mrs. Taft said later to him:

"Will, now that you gamble, you have got to gamble with us at bridge. I don't propose to have someone carry you all the time."

"All right, my dear, but you had better consult your financial interest first, as I always lose and bet very high. That means she will not let me play for stakes," said the President to the rest of us with a wink.

We were all worn out when we went to bed. Norton

stopped by my room to say that we all looked frayed out to him, that both the President and Mrs. Taft were worse off than when they left Washington.

"Another ten days of as complete rest as this trip was advertised to be, and we will all be dead men and women," he said.

CHAPTER L

Sunday in the Quiet of Maine

Sunday
July 24, [1910].

On the *Mayflower* once more, and for the first time I am sorry to be on it; for we did have such a good time with the Hales. Mrs. Hale is a charming hostess, and the old man waxed better as the hours sped by and he was not hounded by the secret service men. Both Jimmy and Wheeler kept out of sight. From what I learned, they turned their idleness to profit at the hotel by a game of poker with the newspaper correspondents, who are still on our track and follow us from port to port.

The day from start to finish has been one of delightful surprises. First, the breakfast was one such as any gentleman would have—nothing more than broiled chicken, eggs in any fashion, and bacon and hominy. Also good melon. Everyone was in a good humor at breakfast, even the Senator. When church time came, most of the party could not be found. The President, the Senator and Mrs. Hale, and the Nortons, Mrs. Taft, and I were those that went. The church had been closed for the summer. It was opened at the special request of Mrs. Hale and the music put in charge of a little opera singer who is spending the summer at Ellsworth. She hogged the stage, to use a vulgar

theatrical expression, for she sang three solos, and all missed the good old-fashioned congregational singing which one so often hears in New England Congregational churches.

The surprise came when the preacher preached. I have never heard a finer sermon, and I might have thought myself unduly impressed had not the President and the Senator and all the others said the same thing. It was most learned and most eloquently delivered. It was delivered without manuscript and his delivery was very much like that of Phillips Brooks. What on earth he was doing in Ellsworth no one seems to know.

On returning to the house I proposed that the President send for him. We found him and his wife on the street and brought them, and the joy of both repaid us for the trouble we took to find him. His name is Dr. Matthews, and I hope now that he has received the approval of the President he will get a better church, or rather one with a better salary attached to it, for he could hardly find a prettier church than the one he has. It is an exquisite bit of old colonial architecture.

After our guests had departed, we took motor for the camp seven miles inland, lying on the side of a beautiful lake entirely hidden by woods. Here we had a fish chowder which was a fish chowder, with fish balls and mustard pickles. Later baked beans and brown bread, but all perfect in kind—and oh, so good! We rowed on the lake and lounged under the trees and read the New York papers. The only flaw in the day was a page story in the New York *World* criticizing the President for his lavish use of government vessels for pleasure trips. It cited that he had the *Mayflower* and the *Sylph*, and that Secretary Meyer had the *Dolphin*. It gave pictures of these vessels and the cost of upkeep while being so used. It was one of those sensational articles put out for political effect, but which are

none the less annoying when you know there is some ground for the criticism.

We did not play bridge to-night, because Miss Boardman thinks it to be wrong, in which I concur in theory but not in practice.

July 27 [1910].

The luncheon to-day was enlivened by a discussion between the President and Mr. Horace Taft as to the relative merits of General Lee and General Grant. The President admitted that Lee was possibly the greatest strategist and a far more brilliant man, but he claimed that the man who won was the greatest general, especially Grant, as his very obstinacy was a part of his plan.

While the President, Mrs. Taft, Miss Boardman, and I were playing bridge in the afternoon, the ship received a wireless that Harding had been nominated for Governor of Ohio. It was a great relief to the President and also a great surprise to him.

Getting Rid of Secretary Ballinger

Beverly,
July 29, 1910.

The President played golf with Frick this morning, but when he finished the game his ankle was so sore he could scarcely walk. He did not leave the house after he came back for lunch, and I spent the afternoon over there in the hammock. He sent for Senator Crane to-day and had a long talk with him as to the best method of getting Ballinger out of the Cabinet. It was agreed that Crane—old Pussyfoot, as the President calls him—should go West and propose to Ballinger and the Republicans there that they should elect Ballinger Senator. Crane is charged with the responsibility of convincing Ballinger that he should make the race, and also to Crane is charged the

duty of convincing the machine that it should accept Ballinger. What will happen if neither Ballinger nor the machine can be so convinced is hard to say. I am inclined to think Ballinger is doomed. The President told me less than a month ago that under no conditions would he consent to have Ballinger forced out of the Cabinet, but political exigencies bring about wonderful changes in heart.

A. W. B.

July 29, 1910.

The President played golf with Frick this morning and in spite of the bad ankle defeated him three down. We have all tried to break up this growing intimacy—Mrs. Taft, Norton and I—but we can't divorce them. He says he likes Frick, and there is an end to what one can say or do in matters of this kind.

I spent the afternoon with him at the cottage. He told me that Booker Washington had been to see him the night before, but there were reasons why he did not want it known and so had not given it out. I was going to a dance at the Essex Club, but heard the motor was going to Boston to meet Mr. Harry Taft on the ten o'clock train, and so offered to go also. The President wanted me to go, yet did not wish to interfere with my plans. I, on the contrary, was anxious for the trip, for it meant at least an hour and a half of silence and nothing to do. I got back at half-past eleven and feel rested for the first time since we came back from the cruise.

[Beverly,]
July 30, 1910.

The President went to Myopia to play golf with Judge Grant this morning, but his ankle was so painful that he could not make the start. It was just as well, for it rained

torrents most of the morning. He and I paid a visit to Salem, hunting for Fiske's *Beginnings of New England.* which the President wanted to read before undertaking his speech to be delivered next Friday at Provincetown.

President Hadley of Yale spent the afternoon with the President and at the end decided to head the commission on railroad and bonds, or some such commission. The President feels greatly relieved that Hadley is going to undertake the work, as he is one of the greatest authorities on railroads in the country. It will not necessitate his resigning from Yale.

We motored late in the afternoon, going to Danvers and Peabody, and in the evening dined with the Guy Normans.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LI

TAFT TELLS WHAT IS WRONG WITH POLITICS

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 1, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

I went by for the President at nine and found Frank Kellogg there, waiting on the porch with his golf bag. We drove to Myopia, where he and the President played together and I played alone just behind them. Going out, the President learned from Mr. Kellogg that the insurgent movement was, in the West, on the decrease. This seemed to please him very much. The "Trust Buster," as Mr. Kellogg is called, said that he had recently seen Mr. Roosevelt, and the President asked whether he felt that the colonel was waiting to reflect on his administration or not. Mr. Kellogg said that Norton had told him that the President feared some sinister action from Mr. Roosevelt,

and that he, Kellogg, felt that an injustice was being done to the ex-President. The President then said:

"You must have misunderstood Norton, for it was he who thought Mr. Roosevelt was inimical to me, and he has harped on it so much that I feared he knew something which he did not like to divulge to me."

The President asked what they were doing in Minnesota, and Mr. Kellogg said they could elect good men if they could get good men to run.

"That is just the trouble with this whole country," said the President. "It is difficult to find good men who are willing to enter politics either through the polls or by appointment, and I believe the trouble is that decent, self-respecting men are unwilling to stand for the criticism and abuse which follow one into office through the sensational press of our country. You would not believe it, but I really have difficulty finding decent men to accept places on the various commissions which I have to name, and I am not always able to get the right type of men for positions of honor and distinction under the government."

The President defeated Mr. Kellogg one down, which put him in a good humor with all the world, for he had confidently expected to be licked.

ARCHIBALD.

Political Schemers and the President

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 4, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

To-morrow we leave for Provincetown to unveil the statue to the Pilgrim Fathers, and the day following I go to Boston on the *Mayflower* to escort the President of Chile to Beverly, where he and his wife will lunch with the President. It is rather interesting to me, presenting these Presidents to each other. To-morrow evening I am to

present the new minister from Ecuador. The Assistant Secretary of State telegraphed asking the President to receive him Saturday, as it was most important that he should see him before the arrival of the President from Chile.

"I'll be damned if I will give up my game of golf to see this fellow," said the President. It was at dinner last evening when the dispatch came over from the office. "Send word that I will see him Friday evening at nine after I return from the Pilgrim land, or if that is not convenient I will see him Sunday."

I sent the message and doubtless we will have the minister in Beverly that evening. It is an important mission, for it seems that Peru and Ecuador are on the verge of an open rupture, and the State Department fears that war between these two countries will engage other South American states before it ends. For this reason it is very anxious to get the President to understand the matter thoroughly and to come to some agreement with the President of Chile as to the best method of preventing it. The President says he understands that Chile rather sides with Ecuador and refuses to see Peru's claims in any fairness at all. It must be of considerable importance when Secretary Knox is willing to leave his beloved summer haunt and come to Beverly. He does not take the South American republics very seriously, and the worst of the matter is he does not discriminate between those who approach ourselves in importance and those petty little republics one reads about in Richard Harding Davis's novels.

The President and John Hays Hammond and I played golf this morning, and we were again defeated by our big chief. Mr. Hammond does not like to acknowledge that he is so much the poorer player and so continue to bet me two balls that the President will not beat our best ball. I won three balls from him to-day, the third ball being

on our own individual score. The President does not do any betting himself, but is rather keen on having a wager placed on his game by someone else.

On our way back from the cottage I ran across Norton. He was jubilant, for he had just heard from Senator Crane by phone.

"I think we have got Ballinger," said Norton. "We talked over the telephone and our language was cryptic, but if we had the same thing in mind Ballinger is willing to get out under certain conditions. What those conditions are I cannot know until I see him, and we are to meet Saturday evening. Do you blame me, old man, for smiling?" he said, and went on with his joyful news to the President—I don't know whether it will be as joyful to the President as Norton seems to think it.

While we were playing this morning the President asked John Hays Hammond if he was following Mr. Roosevelt into the mines and coal fields of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hammond said he was and that it looked to him like a bid for popularity with the laboring people.

"It strikes me that it has a purpose," said the President. "It may be that he is looking forward to the demand being made from the laboring people and the proletariat in general, for him to run again."

August 3, 1910.

When I went to the cottage this morning I found the President and Mrs. Taft at the breakfast table. I had several matters to take up with him, none of them important, but he approved all the suggestions I made. Mrs. Taft said:

"Will, you approve everything—everything Mr. Norton brings you, everything Captain Butt brings to you, and everything everybody brings to you."

He began laughing and said finally:

"Well, my dear, if I approve everything, you disapprove everything, so we even up on the world at any rate."

"It is no laughing matter," said Mrs. Taft. "You don't want to fire Ballinger, and yet you approve of Senator Crane and Mr. Norton trying to get him out. I don't approve of letting people run your business for you."

"I don't either, my dear, but if you will notice, I usually have my way in the long run."

"No, you don't. You think you do, but you don't."

This conversation is important, for it may save Ballinger. Just as the President and I were leaving the cottage in the motor, Norton came up and asked if he might ride to Myopia with us, as he wanted to talk. He got in, and the first thing he said was:

"Did you see Ballinger's wail in the morning papers?"

The President said he did not, and Norton told him what I had read before breakfast myself. It was to the effect that he, Ballinger, would not get out of the Cabinet unless the President asked for his resignation; that he would not allow his enemies to force him out. Norton said he thought it better not to say anything or to make any move until Crane should arrive to-morrow.

"Crane has said nothing since his meeting with Ballinger?" asked the President.

"Nothing," said the secretary.

"Then we will wait till we see old Pussyfoot," said the President. "Norton, I don't care much whether Ballinger gets out or not. The situation is well known and I cannot see that it will do any good to sacrifice poor old Ballinger. He has suffered enough, it seems to me, without having the dagger driven into his heart by me."

"You had better wait until you see Crane," said the secretary.

"Oh, I know that Murray thinks Ballinger has got to go, but I am not so sure of it."

Norton gave me a wink, and I understood it thoroughly, for it has been to me right along that he has confided his opinion that Ballinger had to go, and he is working through Crane. I happen to know that Crane does not give a hang about Ballinger, but he wants to pry out Hitchcock, the Postmaster General, and he is willing to help Norton to oust Ballinger if Norton will help him oust Hitchcock. I don't know why Norton tells me all these schemes of his, for I don't want to know them; but I think he wants to see how they work with me before springing them on the President. He likes to impress upon me the way he can handle the President. He is yet to learn that the President has his own methods of handling those around him and that he is not as easily handled as one may now think. He has yielded to them in the matter of Ballinger up to this point, but whether he will go as far as to call for Ballinger's resignation, I don't know.

He is far more pliable in the matter of Hitchcock. He said as much this morning. Just before we got to Myopia, Norton said to him that there was some trouble in the Post Office Department and that Crane had told him Hitchcock was taking all the glory for the appointments which are satisfactory and dumping on the Administration all the appointments, like that at Mansfield, which were in a snarl and a tangle.

"It is too much, I suppose, to hope to get rid of two Cabinet officers," said Norton, with that attractive little laugh of his which keeps one from thinking it is a matter of any importance to him, "but Crane feels that Hitchcock is the heaviest load the Administration has to carry."

"The trouble with Hitchcock is," said the President, "he does not understand me or my aims. He is always looking to the future for some petty advantage to be gained, whereas I want to stand still and, if not actually look back, at least to look around, pick out the most decent

man, and try to make the service good and let the future take care of itself. He has thought that because I have yielded here and there he could run the shebang as he pleases. That is just what I won't have, and I sometimes feel that the best thing for all concerned is to let Hitchcock go and put in the office someone who is more in accord with my ideals. He does not the least bit try to understand what I want to do in the South, and it is a constant wrangle with him to give to the South decent postmasters, even though they do not have any influence with some organization which will one day nominate delegates to a national convention."

I think this ride to Myopia is of great importance not only as showing the machinations which are behind the President at all times, but as reflecting a good deal of the character of the President. His summing up of Hitchcock is just what I have always seen in him. Hitchcock thought he could run the President, and he has pushed his game a little too far, so that when his enemies prepare to make a run on him there is little defense on the part of the man who might be the very one to uphold him. It is rather interesting to see, too, how Senator Crane is gradually getting his hooks on the President. Up to this time he has only been feeling about, but now through Norton he is moving straight on his enemies. I forget what the trouble was, but it had something to do with instructing delegates up here in Massachusetts, and Crane has never forgiven Hitchcock for thwarting him on that occasion.

It is interesting to sit behind the scenes and watch the deviltry these politicians hatch up between themselves. The more I see of it, the more comfortable seems to be the army to me. I begin to feel that it is better to be there on a small salary and take what comes than to plan and plot and suffer all the heart burns that inevitably follow upon a life in the political arena.

I said as much to General Leonard Wood, who was here yesterday. He came to see the President and talk matters over with him. I met him and brought him to the cottage and then took him to the train again. He gave me some very interesting news. He told me that he and General Carter have already clashed, and he spoke of him as "that devil." He said he did not want him as assistant chief of staff and had asked for General Bliss, but Dickinson was determined to put in Carter, and so the general found him installed there when he returned from South America. He said that during the two weeks he was there he had ordered two of his assistants to the Philippines and had replaced them with friends of his.

"As soon as I learned it I ordered them back, thinking to make an issue once for all. As soon as I took office I had an interview with Carter which he will not forget in some time. I told him frankly that the first time I found him interfering with legislation in any way or going over my head to the secretary I should demand his removal or leave the office myself. I also told him that I did not want him as an assistant, but that since the secretary had seen fit to place him over my protest he had to be governed by my orders."

Nice kettle of fish, isn't it? But Wood is a man, and I think he will have his way or else will get out. But the trouble is, Dickinson is as suspicious of Wood as Wood is of Carter, and Dickinson is a stalwart fighter when he becomes aroused. General Wood is much better since his last operation. Since a part of the skull has been removed there has been a perceptible decrease in the dragging of his leg. I had a long talk with him at the depot and told him that I was not anxious to remain on duty with the President any longer, should General Aleshire desire me to rejoin my department. The general said he thought I was the best man for this place, and he hoped I would remain. I

gave him to understand that it was immaterial to me, only I wanted him to know that I placed my work in the army over and above the position I hold at the White House.

The President offered to send Judge Lamar to Mexico as one of the commission, but the judge declined it. The President was very much pleased with his letter. He asked me to write to someone in Augusta and find out what were the judge's interests in the way of railroads and all about his office, as he wanted to place him on the Commerce Court and did not want to do so until he had found out if he was eligible. I have thought of no one in Augusta to whom I could write who might not confide the contents of the letter to someone else, so I have written to Pleas Stovall in Savannah.

The President played golf with John Hays Hammond and myself this morning and defeated us two down. Hammond won only one hole, I doing most of the playing for our best ball.

This is all to-day.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LII

ALICE'S CIGARETTES AND THE PRESIDENT'S CARD GAME

Beverly, Mass.
Sunday, August 7, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

This afternoon we went motoring, starting early and going as far as Rockport. We covered fifty miles, as we went in the most circuitous route we could find.

As much as the President regrets the attacks now being made on Alice Roosevelt for smoking, he cannot help laughing at the predicament it puts her in. He thinks it an outrage that such attacks should be made, but it is

comical, for Alice had threatened that rather than permit Nick to be nominated for governor she would smoke in the streets and thereby defeat his nomination. Alice and Nick arrived here to-day on a visit to the Bryce Allens.

Good-night.

With love to Lewis,

ARCHIE.

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 9, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

I sat in a poker game last night with the President and the Secretary of State; Mr. Frick, the steel magnate; Mr. Max Norman and Secretary Norton. It was interesting, when the Secretary of State and Mr. Frick were bucking one another and each would try to bluff the other out of the pot with a pair of deuces. The President promised Secretary Knox to come, and he asked the privilege of bringing Norton and me.

Much to Mrs. Taft's disgust, for she had planned to play bridge, the President and Norton and I slipped out of the house like criminals, somewhere in the neighborhood of nine, and stole past the secret service men and slipped as quietly into the Frick palace. In spite of the fact that Norton and I highly disapproved of this latest move on the part of the President, we were quite keen for it and entered into the machinations of the President to deceive the secret service with more zest than we should have had. As we entered the great hallway, from every side there came wonderful harmony, and we lingered there for a few minutes to hear the organ peals which came from a master's touch.

Old Frick is somewhat of a sybarite, and he keeps a marvelous musician who plays the organ during each meal and for several hours after dinner each evening. He pays

this man some enormous sum just to preside over his organ, but the old fellow knows something of music. Nothing but the best satisfies him. He wants everything about him on the same perfect scale. He told us, for instance, that his head chauffeur was taking lessons in aviation, and he had ordered him to pick out a good flying machine and buy it, for he wanted it especially to make his trips to the Myopia Club and return, as he was getting rather sick of the motor.

The President asked him if he really intended to use the air for transportation.

"Yes," said Frick, "just as soon as my man tells me he is satisfied that it is safe for me to try it. He is a splendid machinist, and it is his business to perfect himself in his trade. I have confidence that he will not take me in the air until he feels that he has mastered it."

The organ stopped for a moment, and the President said he was ready for his game, but Mr. Frick insisted on showing him a famous Rembrandt which he had just received and which had only been hung that day. It is called the Polish Rider and shows a Pole in native uniform on a gray charger. The horse seems actually to be in motion. The face of the rider is said to be that of Rembrandt's son. He told us he had had to pay three hundred thousand dollars for it. The room was filled with Turners and Gainsboroughs, and it was hard to tear one's self away even for a game of poker. However, the room where we played was filled with pictures more beautiful than those we left and even of greater value. I sat immediately in front of a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, painted just at the time he became a bankrupt, but he had clothed himself in wonderful raiment. As Mr. Frick finished giving us the history of the portrait, the President said:

"Archie, there may be a warning in this picture to you —you are dressed in raiment which puts out the eye of

Rembrandt, and unless you are careful you may also be a bankrupt, for I warn you that to-night you are like the man who went down to Jericho."

The game then began, the President being accorded the first deal. It was decided that whenever the President dealt it should be a jack pot, and if he had the buck when it came his turn it should pass to the man opposite.

For the first round I never drew a pair, but I cared little. I was enjoying every minute I sat there. Every sense was being satisfied. I had lighted a delicious cigar, around me were Rembrandts, Turners, and outside in the hall under a brilliantly reflected light hung one of Romney's Lady Hamiltons, the one painted in the freshness of her youth, that one in which she is holding the dog, while through the open doorways floated the voices of Caruso and Melba, all the disagreeable features of the graphophone drowned by the melodious accompaniment of the organ. At our elbows was the best Scotch and soda, and our fingers dallied with chips of mother of pearl.

Is that not an alluring picture? I am glad I have the senses awake enough to appreciate the setting, as much as my dormant conscience rebuked me for doing so.

On the second turn I won a large pot, and a few minutes later the President drew down the small ante, for no one came in when he bet a dollar. The secretary asked him if that was his second pot. He began to laugh and said the question reminded him of an old farmer in Georgia who had been serving 'possum. When nearly all was gone he saw a lean red-headed boy at the other side of the table and asked in an angry gruff voice:

"Sam, will you have some more 'possum?"

"Hell," replied Sam, "I haven't had some yet."

I had the honor of driving the President to the till for the second time. He tried to bluff me, thinking I was bluffing when I held a straight.

"How did you know I did not have four aces?" he asked me.

"By your face, sir," I answered.

"Confound that face," he said. "I wish I had yours, Knox."

"If you had, you might have more money," laughed the secretary, "but you would not be President."

After this rally we got down to business in dead earnest, and in the excitement I paid little heed to surroundings and kept my eye on the fellow making the bets and drawing the cards. The result was that I began to sell to others. Several times I went against Mr. Frick and found him bluffing and each time enriched my coffers from his stack. We agreed to stop at midnight, and at half-past eleven they began a round of dollar jacks and ended with a Presidential Consolation, which was the biggest pot of the evening. It was won by the Secretary of State. I was hit pretty hard in the round of jacks, so when we cashed in I was only fifteen dollars ahead, and the President about twice that much behind. Norton was the big winner, and I suppose to his dying day he will be telling people how he fleeced the President of the United States.

The President does not hold very good hands, and when he happens to get one his face lights up with a smile which proclaims the fact to the entire table.

The President played golf again with Judge Moore this morning and succeeded in defeating him eight down. I played just behind him with Clarence Moore and Sowerby. I always do this to keep a weather eye on him. Sometimes he gets a little restive over the surveillance he undergoes, but to-day he had an object lesson which will keep him quiet on the topic for a while. While he was going around the links a messenger from the office came up and gave him a dispatch to the effect that Mayor Gaynor had been shot and probably fatally wounded. He likes Gaynor,

and it was a shock to him. Other dispatches came out later which gave particulars. As we were driving home the President said:

"I wonder what old Hale will say now to the necessity of having secret service men around the President?"

There have been a number of cranks here this summer, and when one is arrested I manage to let him know about it. I don't want to frighten him, and I don't think I could do that, but I want him to realize the necessity of his being guarded at all times. The other day Sloan arrested a man in the cottage grounds. It was found out that he had been a bartender and had only recently gone crazy on religion. He was hanging around Beverly for several days before he was spotted at all. He told Sloan in jail, after they had landed him, that God had revealed to him in a dream that there had been enough of Roosevelt and Taft and had directed him to come to Beverly and straighten things out.

Good-bye. With love to Lewis,

ARCHIE.

Politicians Plague Taft Continually

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 10, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

If I were not good-natured by nature, I should certainly be cynical over politics as it unrolls itself under my eyes. I must say that the President would be absolutely honest and sincere in his dealings if they would leave him alone. His son Robert said to me this afternoon, after reading an article in the *Transcript* that Norton and Crane had determined on Ballinger's retirement, that he felt it was a great mistake for his father to drop Ballinger unless some of the charges were proven. That, he said, would affect his father's reputation, whereas keeping Ballinger in could

only affect a few congressional districts in the West. I was quite surprised at this judgment of the case, and I said:

"Bob, do you take any interest in politics?"

"A great deal," he said, "though I say little. My advice would not count for much."

"I think it would," I said. "Very often just such sentiments as you have expressed change the whole order of things. I think, moreover, that your father would love to hear your opinions. They would at least be honest, and while your advice might have to be disregarded on account of political exigencies, still I am sure it would be gratifying to the President to have you offer it."

I am anxious to see the schemes of Crane and Norton foiled in the Ballinger business. To sacrifice Ballinger without due cause would, I am sure, lessen the President in the respect of very many people. I often wish the President's mother were alive. He once told me that she was a great check to him. His brother Horace told me that their mother often said that love of approval was Will's besetting fault and she always strove to correct it in him when they were children. He told me that after he went to the Philippines his mother had again sounded this note of warning and told him to go ahead and do what he thought was right, and let approval or disapproval follow as it might.

In his heart he does not want Ballinger to go, and I think he hopes that Norton and Crane will fail in their undertaking, for at the present time he has quite made up his mind to withstand all influences to have him ask outright for the resignation. As long as he is himself, he is direct, honest, strong and effective. But every schemer is at work on Norton, and Norton has a very attractive way of stating a proposition. I often wonder how a man in the President's position is to know the truth.

This is a period of nasty politics. Every member of the House whose seat is in doubt wants the President to do something to strengthen him. But he throws aside all worry when he is on the golf links. He played this morning, he and John Hays Hammond against General Ames and Mr. Boardman—the Foxy Grandpas, as the President calls them. Both the grandpas are over eighty, and they succeeded in defeating their youthful antagonists this morning at the Essex Country Club. They played so slowly that at least twelve twosomes left the links in disgust, for these people are very polite and will not pass the President. I told him this later, as we were driving to a clambake at the Turk's Head Beach, and it seemed to worry him considerably. It is ridiculous for him to play these old fellows at all, for they play so slowly and potter around so much that they put him off his game and only succeed in boring him to death.

Timothy Woodruff was here yesterday and had a square talk with the President. He said he understood that the President wanted him eliminated from the State Central Committee in New York, and the President, so Norton told me afterward, did not meet the statement frankly and permitted Woodruff to leave thinking that the Administration would not oppose him. I know the President does not want him reëlected, and moreover the very name Woodruff is intolerable to Mr. Roosevelt. But, on the other hand, Woodruff is one of the closest friends of the Vice President, and the Vice President is urging the President to take no part in the fight against Woodruff. The poor man is torn asunder in his desire to please everybody. If he were honest with himself, he would tell Woodruff frankly that he did not want to see him elected again and advise him to get out. I wish he would take no part in the New York fight at all. It can only involve him

in endless trouble if he does. Heavens, why did they ever put such a man as Sherman on the same ticket with Taft?

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

Senator Aldrich and the President

[Beverly,]
August 11, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We have had a slight change in weather here, the sunshine giving way to a damp fog which was followed by rain. The President thinks he will remain on the North Shore until the middle of October, but when one of these fogs sets in I can see his spirits droop and he looks longingly toward a warmer climate.

Senator Aldrich is coming in his yacht early to-morrow morning to Beverly Cove. He is going to deny the charge that he had the tariff on rubber raised in the Payne-Aldrich bill because he owns rubber plants. He first said he would not make any denial, but the President sent him word that the charge involved the Administration, and he had to deny it or make some explanation. Of course, his explanation is fatuous if it is in line with what I heard him explain to the President, because he does own enormous interests in crude rubber, his denial being based on the fact that he has no interests in refined rubber. The President talked to me about it when he was telling me that Aldrich proposed to come to Beverly and bring John D. Rockefeller with him. He absolutely declined to have such a conference, but agreed to see Aldrich if he should come. I took the occasion to say to him:

"Of course, Mr. President, it makes little difference what he says, for whatever he says will not be believed by anybody except those who want to believe it."

"I am afraid that is true," answered the President.

"But I want him to make his denial at any rate. It looks less shameless than to appear to be callous to such charges of corruption. I would not mind, had I not endorsed Aldrich in my speeches. He has promised to deny also that he will accept a renomination, which will lift some of the burden off the party in this fall's election."

This was a great deal for the President to admit, for it was equivalent to saying that he had made a mistake in ever endorsing Aldrich at all.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LIII

TAFT ALIENATES MANY OLD SUPPORTERS

Beverly, Mass.,
Sunday morning, August 14, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Last evening we dined at the Fricks'; that is, the President, Mrs. Taft, and I, and thirty others. It was an enormous dinner. Everywhere one turned, there was a display of sufficiency, whether in the matter of viands, music, painting, sculpture, or Back Bay aristocracy.

When I mentioned to Mrs. Meyer yesterday that the President was going to the Fricks', she said she had never been in the house and wondered why the President went there, because he would not meet there any of the real people of the North Shore, which meant, of course, that he would not meet there any of the dwellers of Beacon Street. I knew that she was wrong in her conjecture, but how wrong I did not imagine until I got there, and after figuring out the faces and figures behind tiaras, dog collars, and stomachers, I saw several Searses, a Higginson, some Shaws, a Cutting or two (but I believe the latter

was really from New York), to say nothing of the Brice Allens, and more than one Norman. Even Mrs. Meyer's most intimate friend, Mrs. Ollie Ames, was there. Among the lesser Back Bay lights, I figured out several Curtises and Emorys and Amerys. I must say that each would apologize for being there, both men and women, and usually gave as an excuse some petty piece of kindness which old Frick had done for someone connected with them. I gathered that he had bought them rather cheaply; he would have had to pay more in Washington and New York, while in Philadelphia or New Orleans he would not have been able to purchase them at all.

Alice and Nick were there, and Alice was scathing in her comments of the entire household, but then Frick had not placed Alice where she thought she ought to have been placed and gave the seat of honor to the right of the President to Mrs. Brice Allen.

Mrs. Allen is very witty at all times, but she was particularly so last evening. We were talking about the Fricks, and I asked her if Mrs. Frick was not a well-born woman.

"Yes, as well born as it is possible for anyone to be who is born in Pittsburgh at all."

She told me a good deal about Nannie Shaw's career in Boston. She was Nannie Langhorne of Richmond, you know. She could not take the Shaws seriously and only scoffed at the pretended aristocracy of the North Shore. It was here that she got off that *bon mot* which has had such wide circulation in England, especially since her divorce and her marriage to Astor. Mrs. Allen said she was present at the dinner when the Beacon Street crowd was discussing which was the better born, the Astors or the Vanderbilts. Mrs. Bob Shaw said:

"Well, of course, having been born in Virginia, I cannot admit that either the Vanderbilts or the Astors were ever born at all. But if people insist that they were, I will

acknowledge that the Astors stopped skinning skunks a few years before the Vanderbilts began taking tolls on the ferry."

The President is throwing overboard, or permitting Norton, Crane, and Hitchcock to throw overboard, every one of the old crowd with whom he has been allied since his inauguration. He ought never to have tied up with Aldrich, Cannon, Dwight, and that set, but he did do so and alienated the progressives. I think it is too late to get them back by giving it out semi-officially, as Norton did yesterday, that he had broken with Aldrich for good and that Cannon must be eliminated from politics. An entire reorganization, Norton calls it to the newspaper men. They all wrote stories playing up this feature, yet the New York *Sun* and several other conservative organs refused to handle it.

It is boldly announced from the executive office that this work of reorganization is being done by Norton and Crane —which to the people means Crane—and so it is merely swapping Aldrich for Crane, and nothing is gained. Crane does not begin to have the ability of Aldrich, and in every other way he stands for exactly the same things as the Rhode Islander. Norton told me yesterday afternoon that Aldrich is furious, that he believes that the President called him to Beverly and made use of him and then insulted him by intimating to the press that he came uninvited and was not wanted.

This is the story that was given out at the White House office, and Norton thinks that he can fool such an old dodger as Aldrich and make him believe that it was concocted in the brains of the newspaper men without authority. But it all tends to one end, demoralization of the President. He is casting aside his old supporters without first providing himself with new ones. None of this has placated the insurgents one bit, and now he is divorcing

all the men whom he relied on before. And these broken reeds still have their crowd to stand by them, be it known.

Next week all may seem fair and right again, but this is a reflection of things just as they are now.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Mr. Taft Predicts a Fight on Socialism

[Beverly,]
Monday, August 15, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

This morning the President played golf with Nick Longworth, and we went by the Brice Allens for him. On our way out to the club, the President said:

"Nick, I am very much worried over the continued newspaper reports that I have resolved to cut away from Aldrich and am determined to defeat Cannon. I am not sure if Norton is responsible for these reports, but they put me in a very false position."

The President was made aware of the intention of Norton and Crane, but when he sees their action summed up in cold print, it gives him a shock, as it must do to everyone who knows the man at all. I felt like telling him that everything he sees in the paper is given out at his office officially —and it reads so, moreover. He will never convince Aldrich and Cannon that he was ignorant, for the whole thing bears the stamp of authority. Nick told the President that the situation looks more hopeless in Ohio than it did before Harding was nominated.

Coming back, the President told me that he thought Nick was a little disgruntled because he was not nominated. He said also that Nick was worried very much over the attitude of his father-in-law, that he felt that the ex-President was training with the insurgents. I said to the President that I had come to the opinion that the

ex-President foresaw that the fight was near at hand between the conservative element of the country and the socialistic element, and whether the line would be drawn between them clearly before the next election I did not know. The President said:

"Archie, it is coming as sure as we are sitting here. And when it does come, we must depend on some of the South to help us out to hold the country from absolute socialism."

He went on to say that he did not know whether Mr. Roosevelt would head the movement and try to guide it or not, but he felt the way to meet it was by direct challenge and by fighting it out at the ballot box. He feels very strongly on this point, and he would be at his best in a fight of this kind.

Norton Exults Over Roosevelt's Reverse

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 17, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

I guess you saw that they defeated Mr. Roosevelt for the temporary chairmanship of the New York convention in the State Central Committee yesterday. I suppose this is all Greek to you, my dear, and you care little about it. I don't think the Colonel cares much more, but it is my opinion that the people of New York will care, and it will not strengthen our distinguished Vice President, Mr. Sherman, before the country. I feel rather deeply about it on account of the manner in which it was received in Beverly.

Sherman has been telephoning every day to the President, giving the plans to defeat Mr. Roosevelt in the convention, and the President has listened to everything he and the others have said, only he has told him they must not drag him into this fight and use it to bring about an open rupture with his predecessor. I thought his position

was very fair on the whole, although I recognized that underlying everything was a hope that they would not let Mr. Roosevelt dominate the convention. Still this is natural, I suppose.

But yesterday afternoon was a test of strength for me, and it has made me stop and consider whether I ought to remain with the President as his personal aide when I feel toward the other man as I do. Of course, my post is not a political one and I have little to say on the subject of politics, and then too I had begun to believe that I had grown so analytical as far as these men are concerned that I could watch the game without any personal rancor myself. But yesterday afternoon, while I was driving in the motor with the President and Norton, I simply became so enraged that I saw red. It would have taken very little for me to have turned round and asked them if they realized what they were saying or doing. I sat still, however, and stared ahead of me and turning over in my mind whether I was in honor bound to give up my detail whenever an open rupture should be brought about. As I went over to the cottage, I met Norton on the porch.

"Did you see what they did to Mr. Roosevelt to-day?" he said gleefully.

"I did," I said, "and I am very sorry for it."

"Why?" he asked. "It is a great victory for the Administration."

"I don't regard it as such," I said. "Moreover, it simply puts Mr. Roosevelt on his mettle, and he will clean out the entire lot sooner or later, and I don't see how they can help involving the President."

"The President is out of it. We have seen to that. His record is clean."

"It makes no difference what you have planned in the matter," I answered. "As long as the Vice President is at the bottom of the fight on Mr. Roosevelt in New York

State, and as long as he is running back and forth to Beverly, it will be hard to convince others of the disinterestedness of the President. You and I know that he is not in the scheme to humiliate the ex-President, but it seems to be that there has been some pretty bad politics played somewhere."

The President came out and we got into the machine to go to some tea-drinking performance at the home of some nice old maids. There occurred what set me on fire. The President said casually:

"Have you seen the newspapers this afternoon? They have defeated Theodore."

Norton began to chuckle and the President began to laugh. That encouraged Norton to say:

"We have got him—we've got him—we've got him, as sure as peas we've got him," and they laughed again.

I felt like saying: "Like hell you've got him. He is laughing in his sleeve at the whole kit and caboodle of you, and he'll eat you up when the time comes."

I was so enraged that I did not go into the house until we got ready to go home. I remained on the lawn looking at the sea and calling up pictures of the Roosevelts. Norton came out and tried to talk scenery to me, but I remained as mum as an oyster. I don't know what he must think. He may suspect my feelings and is jabbing at them. He hates the Colonel as much as I love him. But what I ought to do, I don't know. Of course it is all a game of politics, and there is nothing lower in the universe, especially when such men as Crane, Sherman, Cannon and Dwight are playing them. I ought to be above them and calmly look on and say to myself, "Let the biggest rascal win." But one who can say this has never come in the charmed circle of Mr. Roosevelt and felt his hypnotic influence, seen his own personal purity and known his loyalty.

On the other hand, there is the President. By nature he is too big to allow himself to be dragged into this whirlpool of petty schemes, and he has virtues of his own quite as large as those of Mr. Roosevelt, but lacks firmness of purpose and is weak in the hands of schemers. It makes me indignant to hear my old chief abused and scoffed at by pigmies, but it makes me ill to see the President lessen his own character by lending himself and his great office to the petty devices to humiliate his predecessor.

And what awful politics! They are like a lot of children at the game when compared to Mr. Roosevelt. If they want to force him to run for the Presidency again, they could not do it better than they have done since his visit here last month.

John Hays Hammond and I played golf with the President yesterday, and he hardly spoke during the game. He is worried and sore at heart, for all that he laughs when Crane and others tell him all is going right and he has nothing to fear. The silence of the man at Oyster Bay is getting on his nerves. Not one word of criticism of his administration has yet been brought to him from there, and yet he feels his disapproval.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LIV

THE BREACH WITH ROOSEVELT WIDENS

[Beverly, Mass.]
Friday afternoon, August 19, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

The press dispatches carried to-day a statement from Cannon attacking Nick and containing a slur upon the President as a wind bag and a coward. I came down to breakfast before any of the household, anxious to see the

papers myself, for when the President gets hold of them no one ever has a chance to see them.

The first thing I saw was this statement of Cannon, and then an announcement from Oyster Bay, apparently authentic, that Mr. Roosevelt had told his friends in conference yesterday that he would possibly be forced to run for the Presidency in 1912 in order to see that his policies were carried through. I had hardly begun to read the papers when the President came down. (We were at the governor's home, Hopedale, Mass.) None of the others had appeared. I handed him the Boston *Herald*, and he simply devoured it. Mrs. Draper came down, and soon afterward the governor, Miss Draper, and the secretary. We had a good breakfast, but it was not a very cheerful meal. Everybody at the table had managed to get a glimpse of the papers, and everyone knew that they contained serious news for the welfare of the chief guests.

Lloyd Griscom was on the telephone in New York. He talked for a half hour with Norton, urging the President to deny all connection with the attitude of the old guard of New York and repudiating the Vice President. Griscom did not hesitate to tell him that the ex-President felt greatly aggrieved by what he had learned and of his belief that the action of the Vice President and Barnes and the others who had rejected Mr. Roosevelt as the temporary chairman had been endorsed by the President.

Governor Draper was coming as far as Boston with us, and while he and I were waiting at the motor, the President and Norton had a long conference in the Draper hallway. Finally, when we got started and were fairly on our road toward Dover, the President said to Norton that he saw no reason why they should not discuss the situation before the governor. It at once struck me that the conversation or discussion was determined upon in order that Governor Draper might repeat it to Senator Lodge, for

they are very close friends, and that the Senator might in turn carry it all to Mr. Roosevelt. It looked like another plan of Norton and did not ring true to me, but it gave the President a very good opportunity to open his mind and say a good deal in his own defense, and I hope that the governor has the rare good sense to repeat it all to Lodge, but I fear he won't.

The President asked the governor's advice as to whether he ought to issue a statement regarding the New York situation, and the governor strongly urged against it, Norton for it. Had we taken a vote, it would have been three to one, for I think it will only add more troubles to those already accumulated for him to say anything more just yet. The President then said this, and I shall preserve it here for future reference should an affidavit ever be needed:

"I am perfectly willing to do anything that will help Roosevelt out of the unfortunate predicament he finds himself in, so long as I do not do anything to lessen the dignity of my office or seem to be begging favors of him. I am not unmindful of the fact that his whole attitude to me since his return has been unfriendly. It is true he has said nothing by way of criticism, but he has had around him and at Oyster Bay men who are unfriendly to me, and never before has he deemed it wise to shut himself up like a clam and suddenly grow wise and conservative.

"I am deeply hurt by his attitude and have been. If he was hurt with me, the proper thing for him to have done was to give me the opportunity to explain my position and to thrash it out as we had done many times in the past. He has closed my mouth by his seeming indifference to my administration, and it is inconceivable that I, the President of the United States, should go to him on my knees, so to speak, and ask his approval."

This looked very much like a message to Mr. Roosevelt

through Senator Lodge, but I fear that if it was delivered the sage of Oyster Bay would see it in this way also, and it would not have the desired effect.

We left Norton at the office as we passed, and on the way to the cottage I took the opportunity to say:

"Mr. President, if you can only be silent at this time and keep Norton silent, everything will come out right; but everything you say now will be misconstrued. It is hard for a Chicago business man to remain inactive long, but that is what Norton must learn to do."

The President merely said:

"If I only knew what the President [Roosevelt] wanted, Archie, I would do it, but you know he has held himself so aloof that I am absolutely in the dark. I am deeply wounded, and he gives me no chance to explain my attitude or learn his."

I felt that the affair had risen far over our heads now. The game has passed out of the ken of most of us, and there is nothing to do but wait and hope for the fall elections to teach them all a lesson. The situation is interesting, most interesting. I would like to get away from it all, but I presume the man who puts his hand to pen is like the man who puts it to the plow; he should not turn back merely because he strikes rocks and stones and heavy earth.

Good-night. You know now as much as I do. I don't know that it will profit you anything.

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Decides to Be Complacent

[Beverly,]
August 18, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Have you ever been conscious, entirely conscious, so conscious in fact that there is no doubt left, of having

made an ass of yourself? If you have ever been that convinced, then you know how I feel this morning and have felt ever since yesterday since writing you.

In the first place, it is too absurd for me to have all these indignant resentments regarding Mr. Roosevelt, when I don't count for a hang in politics, and nothing that I may say or not say would amount to a feather's weight in the history of either man. Any interest which may attach to my opinion of either man can only come long after both are dead and I myself am green with mold.

If I should go to Mr. Roosevelt and tell him my sentiments concerning him and betray the little schemes of Norton, Crane and Company, he would tell me possibly that he knew everything I could tell him and ten times as much, and put me down as a sentimental ass for worrying my head about something of which I knew nothing. I am sure that the President would resent any advice I might gave him as to the rôle he is playing, and possibly send me back hiking to the staff of the army for my pains.

I know I played a miserable game of golf yesterday, while worrying my poor head over the muddle things seem to have got themselves into. I sliced drive after drive, pulled brassie after brassie, and missed putt after putt, until I finally came to my game on the last six holes, broke even with the President, and won three balls from Jack Hammond. I found my game had come back to me only after I reached the conclusion that I was an ass, and if I wanted to be of any value in the post I hold now, or have any interest to you and to the public in years to come, it could only be through (to carry out the golf simile) keeping my eye on the ball and not trying to play each man's game for him. This, after all, is the use and the philosophy of golf. If it could only bring the President to as sane a conclusion, I would think the game omnipotent. But I fear

it did not do as much for him as it did for me. He worried himself and harassed his ball over the eighteen holes. He was even more silent than he had been yesterday, so much so that Hammond whispered to me:

"I have never seen the President so low in his mind. What is troubling him?"

"I don't know," I said. "If he would only be himself, he would play better golf and better politics too."

"A man in his place has got to have his own approval," I thought to myself.

I did not say it to Hammond; he has a way of repeating what one says, and I felt as I looked at the President that he did not have his own approval. He is too honest to play the game he is playing now. All this silence on the golf links is not for nothing, as an old Mammy Lucy used to say to us when we were quiet. He is thinking things out, and I will watch with interest for the awakening.

In the meantime, I am not going to worry myself over politics; if I do, I warp my judgment, and my opinions can have no interest to you or to anyone else. I shall go back to my old plan of simply noting things in as interesting a way to you as I know how, and let the dénouement take care of itself.

Now good-bye.

ARCHIE.

The Aide Blames the Secretary

[Beverly]
Thursday. August 18, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We are all in a state of funk here. The President was feeling so blue and down in his mind this morning that he refused to go to Myopia for golf and made no excuse. Poor man! He is harassed almost to death and begins to look as he did shortly after his inauguration. Everything

seems to be in a state of uncertainty. No one knows just what Mr. Roosevelt is going to do, and everyone about Beverly seems to be sitting over a volcano except the newspaper men—and they, of course, fatten on what kills other people.

We were at dinner last night at the Meyers', and just after dinner there was a call for me on the telephone. It proved to be Norton, who wanted to advise me that every effort would be made by the correspondents to see the President and for me to keep everyone away from him. He wanted me to tell him that there was a report that the ex-President was going to give out a statement charging that the action in the New York State Committee was the result of a conspiracy on the part of Woodruff, Sherman, Barnes, and the President, and charging the President with treachery to him. I did not tell the President, for I knew it would destroy the pleasure of the evening for him, and he seemed to be enjoying himself mightily with Mrs. Ollie Ames, but I did tell Secretary Meyer, who promised to say nothing to the President about it. Meyer was not much surprised, but he did abuse Griscom roundly for having put Mr. Roosevelt in the false position in which the action of the committee would seem to place him.

As we started home we were stopped by closed railroad gates at Wenham, and I got out of the front seat of the motor and told the President what Norton had told me. He looked very much astonished and even startled.

"Do you mean he charges me with conspiracy?" he said.

"I don't think he will charge anyone," I said, "but Norton thinks he will make such a statement."

As soon as we reached the cottage I called up Norton and found that there was no confirmation of the report. The President is profoundly grieved over the reports which are being circulated, but has only his secretary to blame. Norton is a novice at the game of politics. When he an-

nounced he would reorganize the Republican party he talked like an academician, not knowing the game. He has made the President stand for things which the President would never have thought of promulgating himself. He unquestionably encouraged the Vice-President to continue to fight Mr. Roosevelt, and the President himself thought it best to eliminate Mr. Roosevelt from the post of temporary chairman, for in that place he would have the committee to name, and that was most undesirable.

Norton is now trying to say that the President knew nothing of Sherman's act or intentions and is trying to unload the whole of the burden on Sherman and Woodruff. The President did agree to Tim Woodruff for chairman of the Central Committee, or whatever place he now holds, and Norton told me this to indicate how Woodruff had brought the President to terms by threatening to defeat some of Mr. Taft's friends. This has enraged Mr. Roosevelt more than the action of the committee, for it is playing into the hands of the very men whom Mr. Roosevelt detests the most and whom he thinks the most corrupt.

How Mr. Roosevelt would laugh if he could only see these dissensions among the members of the Administration here at Beverly! The President is quite unlike his usual genial self. The secret service men tell me that he was up at five o'clock yesterday morning asking for the newspapers, and he did the same thing this morning. Norton has attempted more than he is capable of doing, and I think that Senator Crane, having seen the awful muss he has helped to make, has quietly withdrawn and is motoring somewhere in Maine to escape the storm.

I rely more on the good sense of Mr. Roosevelt in the present situation than on the political sagacity of either the President or his embryo politico secretary.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

After Roosevelt Defeats the Old Guard

[Beverly, Mass.]
Saturday, August 20, 1910.

Dear Clara:

The ex-President has defeated the old guard at every turn, and when I think that less than a week ago Norton gleefully told Jimmy Sloan and me that he would eliminate Colonel Roosevelt as a factor in national politics, the effort seems too puerile to have been seriously considered.

Reports from Oyster Bay this morning have not added to the gayety around the so-called summer capital. Griscom is still trying to bring some kind of order out of chaos and has been talking to Norton all the early hours of the morning. Norton looks like a death's head himself, and well he might, for in every paper and from every side he hears condemnation of his chief, when he knows that it is he and no one else who has brought the trouble about. It is really heart-rending when one thinks that two months ago everything seemed to be coming round to the President, and the people seemed to be getting a proper understanding of his big-hearted and generous character. Within that time a fledgling in politics has listened to every schemer and joined with them to undo everything which the President has done since he took the oath of office.

The clerks in the office and the men who send the dispatches are laughing at the pitiful attempt of the secretary to play politics. They are by nature a loyal set, and had Norton succeeded in his efforts, nothing would have been heard of them; but they are chuckling among themselves, punching each other in the ribs as he passes, and altogether the situation shows as nothing else does the contempt they feel for what has been attempted, and how they rejoice over the failure with which it has been crowned.

Most of the papers which are coming in contain editorials reflecting on the President and speak of him as a weakling and devoid of character. He is weak, but it is a weakness which comes from open-hearted trustfulness of those about him. Norton was attractive in appearance and manner, and the President was captured by him, just as I was and just as everyone is when they first meet him. I am beginning to think that the President really does not think that he conspired with Sherman and Woodruff to rebuff his predecessor, that he encouraged Nick Longworth to strike at the Speaker, or that he sent Senator Crane snooping around the West to secure Ballinger's resignation, or that he was a party to a sneer at Senator Aldrich. He has worked himself into a belief that the press has conspired to harass him with charges of this character. What surprises me more than anything else is the way the press has got a peep behind the scenes. I shall have more respect for its discernment in the future.

The President is right in one thing: not one of these plans is the child of his own brain. Before even they were suggested to him, Norton tried them on me, as I wrote you, just as he might try poison on a dog. I showed him my lack of faith in them, and he thought I was a child. I told him that one day, after he sneeringly informed me that I did not understand the game. Since then I have given him little advice. But I have seen him and Senator Crane lead the President deeper and deeper into the mire, until now, as Macbeth felt in his slaughter pen, it is as difficult to return as to go over.

Even as late as last Wednesday the President could have saved the situation, when the Vice President called, had he denounced Sherman and demanded that he refuse the temporary chairmanship of the Saratoga convention. As it is now, he is bitter with the Vice President, but he cannot yield to the demand of Colonel Roosevelt for him

to break with him altogether. Griscom says, but makes it plain it is not inspired by Mr. Roosevelt, that if the President will even now repudiate the Vice President and break with him for all time, Mr. Roosevelt will then understand that the President had no part in the plot. Think of such a situation, when an ex-President, a private citizen, can demand such terms of surrender from the President of the United States! Of course, the President will not yield to it, but what will he do? You see if my prediction does not come true! He will so act toward Sherman in the future as to alienate him entirely, while doing no good to himself.

I do not think Mr. Roosevelt has given the President a fair chance, and he ought to have come back to America and kept his hands off politics at least for another year. But it is not his nature, and he could not help doing as he has done. But the President was big enough to go on his own way and not get into every little state fight which was put up to him and play into the hands of the little men who only wanted to use him to injure the Colonel.

I throw up my hands, dear girl. I had hoped things might have been otherwise. But they are now apart, and how they will keep from wrecking the country between them I scarcely see. Possibly, after all, it may land a good Democrat in the White House, which may bring back sanity to the people.

It is a blessing to me that I have this avenue open to me, for if I could not let out my feelings in writing, I am quite sure I would do some talking. Damn politics anyhow!

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Gives Advice to Mrs. Taft

Sunday, August 21, [1910].

As the waters of excitement recede it is evident that the last few days have left their permanent mark on the President. He looks ten years older.

August 22, 1910.

The President remained in again this morning, not having the heart nor the time to play golf. He told me I could have a holiday. Mrs. Taft asked me to have tea with her, and so we went on the back porch to get away from the crowd. She asked me if the President had talked with me of the affairs of the last few days. I told her he had not; that I had not the heart to intrude any questions on him. Then she said to me:

"I have not asked him anything, and he has not talked to me. But this Roosevelt business is perfectly dreadful. I lay awake all last night thinking about it, and I don't see what is going to be the outcome."

I then opened my heart to Mrs. Taft and told her that everything would be all right if the President would be himself and not be guided by anyone else.

"The President has not got himself into this fix," I told her, "but Norton has, and the President must not rely on his judgment, for he has none, and you ought to urge him, Mrs. Taft, from now on not to be dragged into the petty squabbles in this fall's election."

She then said: "I think so, too, and I think Will sees it also. He said the other evening that Mr. Norton was very fresh, so I think he sees through him now, but it may be too late."

She turned to me as we reached the door and shook hands when she said good-night and added: "You cheered us all this afternoon, and I am glad." I thought her eyes

filled with tears. When she allows herself to be loved, she is very lovable, but as a rule she keeps herself buried down deep within herself.

I hope my letters will be a bit more cheerful in the future. Mr. Roosevelt starts on his Western tour to-morrow, and the papers will contain little else until his return. As it is, there are two columns given daily to him in the press to one of the President and the entire Administration. This only shows the tremendous hold he has on the public.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LV

BUTT ATTRIBUTES THE TROUBLE TO NORTON

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 23, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We had a little more sunshine around the cottage to-day, or I might better say, a little less gloom. The President published his letter to Griscom this morning, and with that off his mind he was able to smile as we met. I had read it before I went to the cottage, and while it did not altogether satisfy me, I saw at once that it was most skillfully framed and would go far to satisfy the public that he had not entered into any plot to defeat the ex-President in New York. I think most people will construe it as an apology to Mr. Roosevelt and an insult to Sherman. But you saw the letter and can judge of it yourself.

It contains the first telegram to Sherman, in which the President advises him and the other members of the machine to have a conference with Roosevelt, but it makes no mention of the direct conversation over the telephone with the Vice President, nor of his conversation with Tim

Woodruff and Sherman on a former occasion. It patches up a truce, at least as far as the public is concerned, for the present, but it leaves the President in a pretty dubious position with everyone who knows the inside facts of the case, and at the bottom with Mr. Roosevelt himself, who doubtless knows all that occurred. But it relieves the pressure here, and the President is more like himself to-day than he has been since the affair first came up. As I entered he smiled and said:

"Well, Captain, how are you to-day?"

"Much better since I read your letter," I said. Then I very tactlessly remarked: "But what a life saver that telegram was!"

He frowned as if he did not like the allusion, and I beat a hasty retreat.

We went to dinner at Mrs. Leiter's, where we met the MacVeaghs, Miss Boardman, some Higginsons, and young Mrs. Joe Leiter with her big, heavy husband, whom Alice Longworth always refers to as Caligula. Norton was there also, and he and I spent most of the smoke period together. He was most anxious to get my views of the situation and what I thought of the letter. I am rather wary how I talk to this young man. I have seen something of his methods, and if I have little to say he will have little to repeat. He says the President was persuaded by Loeb to write the letter and flatly turn the whole thing on the Vice President and the New York crowd. He does not think we are out of the brushwood yet. He says that the Vice President is very indignant and has called him on the long distance telephone to say so, but says he will say nothing in contradiction and will accept the odium rather than involve the President by a further denial of the facts.

"But how can he make a denial," I asked, "when the President's telegram is there?"

He then said, what I have known all along to be the fact,

that the President led them to believe that the program as outlined by them was not objectionable to him.

"He has been very easy and yielding," said Norton, "and they have a right to feel that they have been unjustly treated, but there was nothing else to do."

"How about that part of the letter where he says he never consented to the reëlection of Tim Woodruff as chairman of the State Central Committee?"

"We will hear further from that, I fear, but I think the people of the country will accept the word of their President over that of a notorious person like Woodruff; and then the President did not actually say he was willing for Woodruff's reëlection, but he allowed it to be so construed, and it would have stood that way had I not followed Woodruff into the anteroom and told him that the President was not ready yet to commit himself to that part of the program."

I gather from all he said that he was anxious for me to believe that the President was responsible for all this trouble, whereas I know that he [Norton] is solely responsible for it and is now trying to make the President himself think that if it had not been for himself things would be in a much worse state.

It is after midnight, so good-night.

ARCHIE.

Taft Tells What Angered Roosevelt

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 25, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

The President told me yesterday that the whole trouble between him and Mr. Roosevelt started, he feared, with that letter which I carried to the ex-President when he was sailing for Europe.

"Something offended him in that letter," said the Presi-

dent, "but I was never certain what it was until recently, when someone who was with him on the steamer told me. It seems that I said that I would never forget what he and my brother Charlie had done for me. He became very angry and said how dared I couple him with my brother, and he would teach me to compare what he had done for me with what my brother had done, at the same time using some rather objectionable terms in description of old Charlie. I was sure there was some offense taken, because, as you remember, he has never answered it, after telling you that he would do so. Of course, he does not think that Charlie was a factor in my nomination, and for this very reason he does not understand my desire to recognize what my brother did, though he did not then and does not now, from what I understand."

The President is in a little better frame of mind, but he is still pretty thoughtful. Mr. Roosevelt has made no acknowledgment at all of his letter in which he stated that he was not a party to the program to humiliate him in New York. The letter was addressed to Lloyd Griscom, but it was really intended for the ex-President, and the President feels that Mr. Roosevelt might have at least sent him some word which would indicate to him that he accepted the truth of the statement.

ARCHIE.

Giving Advice to the President

[Beverly, Mass.]
August 26, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Norton has gone away for a week and the President seems greatly relieved by his absence. He is quite a different person when his secretary is absent. Unfortunately he admitted Norton to so much of his confidence at first that

it is hard now to withdraw it or to get away from his continuous advice and admonitions. I can see that Norton gets on his nerves, or whatever he has that pass for nerves, and sooner or later I fear that the brilliant young Chicagoan will feel his burden too heavy to bear. He told the newspaper men the other day that he would not stand the repeated hammerings they were giving him, that he did not have to, and that sooner than stand them he would throw up the job. The worst mistake he ever made was to let them think they could get under his skin, for they are remorseless when they find out they can wound.

This morning the President and I drove out together to Myopia, and he had just concluded reading the speech of Mr. Roosevelt recasting "his policies." He said finally:

"Archie, do you realize that half of my administration is not over, that a lot can happen in that time?"

"A lot that is good can happen in that time," I said, "if you only remain quiet and do not let them drag you into all the petty squabbles of the party. What this country wants is one big, silent figure on the horizon to look to when trouble comes, and the man who can keep that silence will win out, sir."

"You think so, do you, Archie?"

"I am sure of it, Mr. President. I have hammered along that line ever since you have been in office, to Edwards, to Bourne, and now I am making the same fight with Norton. They are all scare cats," I said with a laugh, in which he joined, "and moreover they are children in politics along with some of the veterans you have to cope with, and they will tie you up hand and foot if you permit it."

I thought he might have resented what I had to say, but I took the risk. He never answered me, but he kept in a brown study all the way to the clubhouse, and I have reason to hope that he was pondering this good advice.

For it is good, Clara, and if he pursues any other course he will wreck himself.

On our way back from Dublin we are going to deviate from the nearest direction and return by the way of Amherst, lunching with a Miss Key at Little Boar's Head.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Ammunition for the Tale-Bearers

Beverly, Mass.,
August 29, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

The Sunday papers were filled with Mr. Roosevelt's doings and his speeches. The President read them through just before lunch, and as the family gathered about him he launched forth on the subject of his predecessor. I suppose it is human, but nevertheless it is a great mistake. For after all, Mr. Roosevelt has not said one word against him or his administration. He has kept silent, that is all. But that of course is the most damning of all.

If the President would only confine his remarks to his intimate associates! But he does not do so. He launches forth whenever he feels like it, and of course a great deal of it finds its way back to Mr. Roosevelt. It is a very trying position for him, but when he reflects that Mr. Roosevelt put him in the Cabinet, then brought about his nomination, it ought not to be so hard for him to remain silent at least. As long as people don't talk, they can make up; but after they have admitted others to their animosities it is difficult to get together again.

ARCHIE.

August 30, 1910.

The President played golf this morning with Judge Grant, Mr. Amory, his cousin, and Sam Carr. He and Mr.

Carr defeated the other two four down and two to play. They had to stop at the sixteenth hole, however, as it was late, and the luncheon was supposed to be at half-past one.

As we rode over, the President told me that he thought Jimmy Sloan was a person of considerable humor. To illustrate this, he said Jimmy stepped up to him at the sixteenth hole and whispered to him that it was then one o'clock and that he was to lunch with some judges at one-thirty. The President said they could wait, and then Jimmy added:

"The judges seem to be in bad all round to-day."

This referred to the speech of Mr. Roosevelt in Denver yesterday, wherein he attacked the Supreme Court for some of its decisions. When the President repeated this at luncheon he had to explain it at length, as they did not know what was meant by being "in bad." After luncheon I said to Jimmy that he was a traitor and referred to this remark.

"Did the President tell his side of it?"

I said no, and he said that the President had said, "Damn the judges."

"However," Jimmy added, "if we did not tell this President some funny things sometimes, he would lose his mind, because no one else does."

ARCHIBALD.

Aldrich and Crane a Secretive Pair

[Beverly,]
September 1, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Senator Aldrich and Senator Crane slipped into Beverly this afternoon and slipped out again as if bent on some criminal errand. Senator Crane made the appointment and

urged every precaution, so that the press would not be informed of the visit. There is no reason why two leading Senators should not come to see the President, and there is a good deal of significance in this secretive visit. Both wish to conceal their conference from the public in general and I fear from Mr. Roosevelt in particular. The secret service man on duty was told not to look into the automobile which would arrive at one o'clock. The curtains were drawn, and the conference lasted over an hour.

This visit is entirely in line with Crane's methods, and such methods indicate his mode of thought; his policy makes him an unwise adviser for a man naturally open and honest as the President is at heart. It looks to me as if he wants to keep Mr. Roosevelt in ignorance of what he is doing and sit on the fence until he sees which way the fence is going to fall. But I am sure that Mr. Roosevelt, wherever he is—in Kansas, California or Mississippi—knows exactly what is going on here, and neither Crane nor anyone else can deceive him for a minute.

Such secrecy does no good, and it does great harm, as was seen in the visit of Cannon and Sibley and a few others last summer to Beverly. They arrived by boats and came in with great secrecy. With what result? This spring Alfred Henry Lewis published the visit, giving the dates and hour to a minute, and attributed what motive he chose to it. It made a sensation and shook the confidence of the public to a certain extent in the President. Why all this secrecy? the people ask. The object of the visit is laudable in itself. It is the result of an attempt to bring Aldrich and the President again into accord; for since Norton attempted to repudiate Aldrich there have been some heartburnings both at Beverly and in Rhode Island. The visit will become known. It will not necessarily get to the press, but the insurgents will hear of it; indeed, it is more than likely that Aldrich will let it become known in order

to show that the President still wants his aid and needs his advice.

I hate to be getting into such a critical humor with my dear old chief. But this is an interesting period of his career, and everything he does now has a direct bearing on the future. The papers carry columns on what Mr. Roosevelt is saying and doing, and it is getting under the President's skin, I fear. He listens to everything which can be said against Mr. Roosevelt, and from the most irritatingly insignificant quarters.

It is all right for Norton to tell the President everything he thinks of the situation, for his position warrants it, even if he doesn't know what he is talking about; but my complaint is, dear Clara, that the President is listening now to every person who wants to curry favor by abusing Mr. Roosevelt and says a great deal himself which it would be better for him not to say. As far as we can find out here, Mr. Roosevelt does not discuss the President and says nothing about him. His very silence, of course, is what is most irritating, but he is at least recognizing the rules of the game.

Ever since my hint to Mrs. Guy Norman that the President would dine with them, the North Shore is falling over itself to entertain the President and Mrs. Taft, but I discourage anyone's asking them to dine save the people that really stand for something up this way. In consequence, they are seeing only the best, and they are enjoying the experience. The President makes a most delightful impression on everyone, and Mrs. Taft has a graciousness and softness that is sweet and alluring in a First Lady.

Good-bye. It is raining, so there is to be no motoring this afternoon, and I am spending the time between tea at the cottage and dinner at the Higginsons' filling up the day's work.

ARCHIBALD.

The President Has an Attack of Nerves

[Beverly]
September 2, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Dined at the Frank Higginsons' last evening. The farther I advance into what is known as Cold Roast Boston, the greater similarity I find between it and the South—Charleston and Savannah especially. Mr. Higginson had only members of the Higginson clan to meet the President and Mrs. Taft last evening.

This morning the President played the best ball of Mr. Hammond and myself. We defeated him four down, or rather I defeated him, for Mr. Hammond was completely off his game and was a dead number from the first hole. I won five balls off him at the thirteenth hole, where he bet me five to one that I would not make it in four. I lay dead to the hole on my second shot, but missed a putt and took four to go in.

The President is playing very badly just at present and has been playing badly ever since the seventeenth of the month. He is no longer philosophical when he plays badly. The other day he swore a terrific oath and threw his club twenty-five yards from him in anger. This was so unlike him that even the caddies looked astonished. It makes me think he is losing just a little bit of command of himself. When he showed the same fit of temper this morning, I reminded him of his speeches in public when he had extolled the game because it makes one control one's feelings.

"All of which," he said, "goes to show that it is easier to preach than to practise."

We dine at the Phillipses' to-night.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LVI

Politicians Try to Change Taft's Methods

[Beverly,]
September 7, 1910.

Dear Clara:

We arrived in Beverly scarcely an hour ago, at the inconvenient hour of five o'clock, too late to bathe and go out and too early to dress for dinner. We motored from Boston, stopping for a minute at the Touraine Hotel to inquire after Bowers, the Solicitor General, who was reported very ill. The President slept all the way out. As we would pass through Revere Beach and Lynn and other thickly populated centers, I would try to rouse him, but with no result except that he would open his eyes and promptly close them again. His great bulk would lunge from side to side as the car turned or jolted over street-car tracks and crossings, yet he would never wake. I have never seen a man with such capacity for sleep in my life. Yesterday afternoon he slept three hours sitting up in a small straight-backed chair in the car. In consequence, he played bridge until after one o'clock this morning, keeping Bob Small and Mr. Sturdivant and me out of our beds, of which we sorely stood in need.

I can but think that the trip as a whole has greatly benefited him. He delivered a most masterly address before the Conservation Congress, and while his reception in St. Paul and Minneapolis was not as demonstrative as that accorded to Mr. Roosevelt the day following, his speech was much better, and I do not see but that Mr. Roosevelt must suffer by the contrast. Public sentiment is such a fickle thing that sometimes only one speech delivered at the psychological minute turns the tide of destiny.

The trip was very tiresome, as you may imagine. We left here Saturday afternoon and spent all the time in the car, save from nine to eight on Monday and two hours at Chicago on the return, when we went to the Congress Hotel to get breakfast. Mrs. Taft motored into Boston with us, and we had scarcely made a good start before Representative Washburn and Senator Crane came tip-toeing in, both belonging to the pussy-cat variety of statesmen. Mr. Washburn went as far as Worcester, his home town, but the Senator remained until we reached Pittsfield. Here Governor, or Justice, Hughes got on and rode with the President to Albany. He cheers the President whenever he is with him.

In fact, I have noticed that the President is at his best when with Governor Hughes. He seems to bring out all that is best in the President. The President had wired the governor that he wanted to see him. I knew it was to ask him to go to Ohio to make a campaign speech and I had hoped he would not be able to find the governor, for the latter was somewhere in the hills taking a rest. The President had promised some politicians in his state to request the governor to come to Ohio and help them out. But it is rather difficult to ask the governor to do things which you do not think he would approve; so it did not surprise me much when the President gave the invitation as coming from others and only gave it a feeble endorsement himself. The governor at once said he would not go and gave as his reason that it would be highly improper, in his opinion, to make any campaign speeches even in his own state. I think the President felt a little mean at having taken a hand in the matter at all.

Just before we got to Chicago the two McKinleys came in (they spell their names differently, but I don't know one from t'other, so I will spell them alike). However, Duncan McKinley is from California and has just been

defeated for renomination to the House. The other is from Illinois and is chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee. As they came in, the President told McKinley of Illinois that the newspaper men had asked what they would talk about and that he had told them it would be as to whether the Republican majority in the next House would be 43 or 46. McKinley laughed and said:

"I will accept the tip when I go out. Our majority may be three or six in here, but out there I will swell it to the forties."

He then told the President that he saw very little chance to hold the House, and the President said he did not know if they wanted to do so.

"The trouble is," said the other McKinley, he who was defeated for a renomination, "if we lose the House this time, the cry may be roused that only Roosevelt can carry us to victory in 1912."

He then launched forth in vigorous attack on Roosevelt, telling the President that he was not as strong in the West as the reports made him out to be, and said:

"Why don't you come out and attack him boldly, and we will follow your plan?"

"Not yet, old man," said the President, slapping him on the arm. "That is not my method."

"It may be well to try a new method," added Norton. "It is what I have been advising him."

"My methods are the best for me," said the President.

I was wondering just why McKinley was so ferocious on Roosevelt and why he gave such misinformation to him about his trip West until we sat together on the platform later, and then he confided to me that Roosevelt had brought about his defeat by writing a letter to his district which had passed from mouth to mouth, [reaching numbers] which surpassed any newspaper circulation.

ARCHIE.

The President Forbids an Air Flight

[Beverly,]
Friday, September 8, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We have just returned from the Aviation Meet in Boston, and if the President had consented I would have gone up with Grahame-White, the British aviator who is creating such a furor here. I asked the President if he had any objection, and his answer was:

"Yes, Archie. I don't mind if Fitzgerald gets his neck broken, but I can't afford to lose you."

He said it smiling, but I knew he meant it, and I was as sullen the rest of the afternoon as I might have been if I were only five years old and had been refused a piece of candy. But I do think it was a rotten shame. I would not have minded so much if I thought he had been honest in his objection, but I believe he thought it a little too theatrical, which of course it would have been, and smacking a little bit too much of the latitude allowed me under the last administration. However, Grahame-White has agreed to take me up some other day, and I hope Monday or Tuesday I will be able to slip away long enough to take one flight with him at least. I was never so keen to do a thing in my life before.

We had to race back home, as Mrs. Taft had the Harrisons and Captain Sowerby to dinner, but we made the thirty-odd miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes, just in time to dress and be at the dinner table by half-past eight. We played a little bridge, but the President fell asleep so often that the guests left early, and I returned home. My bed yearns for me now and I for it, so good-night.

ARCHIE.

A Ray of Sunshine Amid the Gloom

[Beverly, Mass.,]
Saturday, September 10, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We went to dinner at the Brice Allens. Justice and Mrs. Holmes were in evidence again. I think she must have noticed this time how I purposely avoided shaking hands with her, for when we found ourselves together after dinner the old soul was quite ill at ease. Don't think I was the least bit rude, but I claim the privilege of avoiding her —that is all. She told me her husband was very fond of me, and we got into some kind of conversation. As we were going home I told the President how I had been avoiding her and that I declined to shake hands with her on account of her treatment of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson at the White House. He roared with laughter and said finally:

"You Southern people are too funny. I can but admire the way you stick up for each other and the way you resent the slightest reflection on one of your own people."

He then began to laugh again.

"I do not know how it can be done but I do wish Mrs. Holmes could in some way realize why you refuse to shake her hand. Such a jolt would, I fear, give her an apoplectic stroke. I should not like to tell her myself, but I should like to be present when someone else did."

ARCHIE.

[Beverly, Mass.,]
Sunday, September 11, 1910.

The President called on Justice Moody yesterday afternoon with a view to cheering him up a little. He went to administer, but was administered unto instead. The jus-

tice told the President that he had a very clear political vision, and if he would only sit quiet and say nothing their old chief Theodore would find himself in his own way and in his own time, and there would be but one candidate for the renomination and that would be himself.

The President was so impressed with what he said and the manner of saying it that he said he wished Mrs. Taft could have heard him, and then, turning to me, asked me to go to the car and see if Mrs. Taft would not come up and see the justice. I found her in a complacent mood, and she readily came. The President got the dying justice to repeat what he had told him with that eye of prophecy which carries with it such conviction to the weak hearted and the superstitious. I must say that it even impressed old cynical me, and when we left there all of us felt cheered up a bit by the visit.

The President had been feeling a little bitter since returning from St. Paul, for he had expected greater endorsement from his predecessor, and he has not received it up to the present time. Then, too, the decided hit that the Colonel made in refusing to sit at the same table with Senator Lorrimer at the Hamilton Club dinner has got a little on his nerves. The President tries to retain a judicial attitude, but it is hard for him to do so. Roosevelt's action in this matter was one of those skyscraping things which he does sometimes which causes everyone to rally to him and forgive him his mistakes, but the President did not see it this way at this time. He told me that he felt it very cruel to have judged Lorrimer in advance, as the Colonel had done; that every man was entitled to his day in court, and it was not giving the Senator a square deal.

"And now he goes to Cincinnati and meets at his own son-in-law's home Boss Cox, who, if no worse than Lorrimer, is certainly no better. It is just one of those inconsistencies which you wish Roosevelt would not commit."

The President is beginning to talk about the Colonel, and it shows how deeply he feels the failure of Mr. Roosevelt to come out, commending his administration. So the words of Justice Moody came just at the right time and were like a poultice to a wound, and I hope they will remain such, but as soon as Norton gets back he will begin all over again telling the President things he has heard about Roosevelt and get him all upset again.

To-night I am going to take Jimmy Sloan and his wife and some of the correspondents and their wives out to Ferncroft Inn for dinner. They have so little pleasure in their stay up here that I would rather expend the few dollars I can afford in entertaining, giving them pleasure, than in entertaining my more intimate friends at Myopia. I don't know but that I get more pleasure from the association myself. I certainly do from the Sloans, who are thoroughly nice in every way.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

President Taft on the Public's State of Mind

September 13, 1910.

The news that Maine had gone Democratic, electing both the governor and the Senate and the House, and three if not four of the Congressmen, did not cause as much sorrow around the executive cottage as I thought it would have done.

I expected to see Mr. Taft somewhat depressed this morning, but he seemed to be in rather good spirits on the way to the golf course. He began to talk to me and continued to talk until we reached Myopia. A few sentences I remember very well, and they voice his real opinion.

"My administration has had nothing but adverse things happen, so this defeat in Maine does not trouble me as

much as it might. There could have been worse results. This cannot be said to be an insurgent victory, at least. And, Archie, the voting public don't change without some good cause. I think the insurgents have stirred up much of the discontent in the Republican party, but the discontent is deeper than the tariff or any one issue. It goes back to the foundation of the government, in my opinion, and the people want to return to more democratic methods in legislation. It is not a mere change they want, but they want to rid themselves of bosses in the first place and return to first principles. It is the old anti-federal spirit asserting itself. It is a reproof to all of us who have permitted the government to drift away from its old moorings, and I don't know but that it is a good thing. It sounds the death knell of the new national propaganda, in my opinion, and I think Roosevelt will so read it. The people want state rights maintained, but whatever it forecasts I shall not be swerved from the attitude I have taken."

Norton came over with a lot of mail and a number of telegrams urging the President to make certain appointments which would help to elect Republicans. He had a long list from the South which Hitchcock wanted appointed, and the President slammed his fist on the desk and said almost angrily:

"I will not be swerved one iota from my policy to the South, and I want Hitchcock to understand it now, once and for all. I shall not appoint Negroes to office in the South, and I shall not appoint Republicans unless they be good men. I shall not relinquish my hope to build up a decent white man's party there, politics or no politics. That section of the country is entitled to have high-class men in federal offices as much as any part of the country, and if I cannot find good Republicans for the offices, then I will fill them with Democrats."

I felt elated at his show of temper, and I hope that some

remarks of mine had something to do with it. I had been telling him that I still believed the country would come to a proper realization of his character and purposes before another two years were over, and he laughed and said:

"That is because you are a partisan of mine, old boy. I don't expect it to return to its senses until the Democrats have had time to make asses of themselves and disgust the country with their lack of legislative ability."

I then said:

"Well, sir, I can only reiterate my hope that you will sit tight and take no sides in petty squabbles. What a President is judged by more than anything else is in his appointments. If you make only good appointments, irrespective of parties and petty bosses, you will find that the people will come to trust you and stand by you when the politician forsakes you."

I am interested only so far from selfish motives, that I do not want to see him abandon the policy he has assumed toward the South. I believe the South is ready to break away from its bosses just as soon as the Republicans prove by their works that they have thrown the Negro overboard. He won't go back on it, at any rate, if I have anything to do with it.

To-night we dine at the Mitchells' in Manchester.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

"*You Don't Know How Mean Democrats Can Be*"

September 14, 1910.

We have been marking time for the last few days; even Norton has crept into a hole and kept quiet. Senator Crane is mystified by the result and has been calling up the President for one reason or another two or three times a

day. Yesterday, when the President and I and Norton were motoring, the President said to Norton:

"Things must be in a bad way with old Crane. He reminds me of a man treading water and calling for help. I am sure I cannot give him any. I feel somehow that I am less hurt than anyone, and certainly I seem to care less. The result in Maine is no concern of mine, but I think without it I could not have well stood the body blow I got to-day in the victory of Poindexter in Washington. I entered that fight of mine own accord, hoping to defeat him, but he has won by a great majority. We can prepare ourselves for blow after blow until November is past, and next year we may see old Champ Clark make good his statement that he will drive a pair of mules down Pennsylvania Avenue. As soon as the Democrats get in, there will be no more traveling expenses, and we will begin to economize from necessity."

"I don't think the Democrats will be as mean as that," said Norton.

"You don't know how mean Democrats can be until they get a taste of power. But if they get in, I want to see them cut right to the quick. And what I will enjoy more than anything else is the way they will turn on the insurgents and rend them."

The President was pretty well cut up over Poindexter's election. It was the fear of this which caused me to try to withhold the telegram he sent to Wilson to withdraw from the contest, as it was most important for Poindexter to be defeated.

After the first shock was over he resumed his philosophic calm and is playing better golf. He defeated the best ball of John Hays Hammond and myself yesterday, and this morning he defeated Judge Moore, a thing he had not done until to-day.

I lunched with the President alone to-day, and we never

spoke during the meal. He dearly loves to do that occasionally, and nothing pleases me better.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LVII

TAFT BECOMES BITTER TOWARD ROOSEVELT

[Beverly, Mass.,]
September 17, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

I have your letter written last Monday, which you evidently did not mail for several days, or else Lewis carried it about in his pockets for two or three days before dropping it in the post. So you think that I have become a critic of my chief rather than his chronicler? I fear I have, and I am heartily sorry for it, too, and I will try to get back into the old style again. But it is so hard not to be critical when one sees mistakes after mistakes being made which may as well be avoided.

The President is becoming more bitter toward the ex-President, and it would not surprise me if he did not soon come out openly and attack his predecessor, as many are urging him to do. It will be the most fatal day of his life if he does. He wrote his brother Horace a day or two ago that he had reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt intended to come out openly very soon for the nomination; that word had been brought to him from sources whose authority he could not question. He was very strong in his arraignment of Mr. Roosevelt.

These letters are written for posterity, not for the President, and some day they will be brought to light for the vindication of this good man whom I serve now, but he does not mention the fact that all this could have been avoided by acknowledging openly and candidly the debt

of gratitude he owed his predecessor. He says Mr. Roosevelt charges him with not keeping his faith with him; that he made certain promises to him to retain certain members of the Cabinet, and that he did not do so, and that by action he has allowed his [Roosevelt's] policies to wither and the enemy to get in command of the government again. Whether Mr. Roosevelt charges these things or not, I do not know; but I have felt all along that they were the things he felt.

The President even goes so far as to charge that Mr. Roosevelt intended all along to come back and seek reelection. Things have become so bitter at this end that I do not see how they will ever get together now. They may. Sometimes a word changes the whole course of history, and something may happen to unravel the tangle they have all got themselves in, but I don't see the way myself.

In many ways he is the best man I have ever known, too honest for the Presidency, possibly, and possibly too good-natured or too trusting or too something on which it is hard just now for a contemporary to put his finger, but on which the finger of the historian of our politics will be placed with accuracy.

Whether I am his critic or his chronicler, I know he loves to have them all away and be left alone with me. He told me yesterday that he always loved to see me come and hated to see me go. There is no way I can lecture him, and it is not my place to offer advice.

He would save himself if he would only be himself; even now he can right himself like a great ocean liner, but he is going to have a hard time weathering the storm if he changes his course with each new sound of the foghorn he passes.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Roosevelt to Meet the President Again

[Beverly, Mass.,]
September 18, 1910.

My dear Clara:

We are anticipating an exciting day to-morrow at New Haven. Mr. Roosevelt is going to meet the President there and lunch with him. The President got a telegram from Norton saying that Griscom wanted the President to meet Mr. Roosevelt at his home, but the President's engagements were such that he could not do so, and Mr. Roosevelt agreed to meet the President in New Haven and lunch with him at the home of Mr. Henry White. The President is perfectly in the dark up to the present time, but has consented to the meeting, leaving Norton to handle the details with Griscom. When the President told me of the proposed meeting, he said:

"I am in the dark as to the object he seeks, but he has kept me in this state of mind ever since he has been back. Archie, no one knows how deeply he has wounded me. I shall always be grateful for what he did for me, but since he has come back he has seared me to the very soul."

He was so anxious and troubled that I made no answer to him. He went home to get ready for dinner and I to do likewise.

He is greatly worried as to the outcome of to-morrow's meeting.

Archie.

New Haven, Conn.,
September 19, [1910].

Dear Clara:

Norton met us at the train early. The President was up early. In case of emergency so was I, as I am always called

on now as he begins to shave. Norton came into my room while I was dressing and told me of the program.

Mr. Roosevelt is to cross from his home in a motor boat which goes forty miles an hour. Then he is to take a yacht and come quietly to New Haven and in great secrecy, to be landed at White's Wharf and then be motored to the home of Henry White. He said the overtures for the meeting came from Mr. Roosevelt through Griscom and related entirely to New York politics. That is his opinion. He thinks he comes to get the President to agree to have his administration endorsed without endorsing him for 1912. But he does not know and no one knows. Griscom may think he knows, but I think the only man who really knows what the meeting is called for is the Colonel himself.

Norton and I and Jimmy Sloan went over the route he is to take. The only persons to be at the luncheon are the President, Mr. Hadley of Yale, Mr. Bannard, Mr. Griscom, and Norton. I am going to lunch with Stokes and Mrs. Griscom at the Club. Norton wanted me to go to the wharf to meet the Colonel, but I thought I had better not. It is not a time for meeting of old friends just now. I will see him later, after the luncheon, when it will not appear so much like butting in.

Only a few are in the secret of the meeting. Norton said Griscom wanted to put it in the paper this morning to have more effect on the primaries, but it was decided to withhold all publication until after it actually takes place. I am writing from the Graduates Club.

Comes he in peace or comes he in war?

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LVIII

Roosevelt and Taft No Nearer Together

On the train from Cleveland to Buffalo,
September 20, 1910.

My dear Sister:

The meeting between the President and Colonel Roosevelt is over, and none, not even any of us who are with him, are much the wiser as to what actually happened. They lunched at Mr. White's, and then, at the Colonel's suggestion, he and the President were left alone, with Jimmy Sloan on guard at the door. Even Griscom and Norton were excluded, and whatever passed between them remains a secret between them—up to the present time. When I arrived, after lunching with Stokes and Mrs. Griscom, they were still locked in the dining room. Jimmy told me that no person had been with them and added:

"The Colonel is too foxy a guy to let any of these chumps hear what he says."

I saw them when they came out and thought that nothing real had been accomplished. I have since come to the conclusion that if they are not farther apart than ever, at least they are no nearer. The onlookers, especially the staff of correspondents who never go much below the surface, think, and make it known through their columns, that the ex-President really needs the President's help in the New York situation. This is just what the Colonel would have them think, and yet I am sure he does not give a damn about the New York situation. He plays a deeper game and shoots a longer arrow than this would indicate. My own belief is that he feels he is losing friends among some of his old allies by his apparent hostile treatment of

the President, and his apparent seeking aid and voluntarily calling on Mr. Taft is to show to the world that he is not only friendly but willing to play a second fiddle, call on the President, and show a willingness not only to cooperate but to ask assistance. But this is only my own opinion. One cannot measure the full extent of Colonel Roosevelt's acts, much less his thoughts.

But I learned a good deal yesterday.

I met some of the correspondents stationed at Oyster Bay who are in the confidence of the ex-President, and they told me that the Colonel was—to put it into their own language—"well onto the game of this man," meaning the President, and that he was "certain that Taft had been trying to double cross him ever since he left the United States." They told me that Mr. Roosevelt had said time and again that the President had kept the word of promise to the ear and broken it to the hope—that he felt that while his policies had been endorsed by Taft, he had turned even them over to the enemies of the people to carry out.

When we left the house, the Colonel drove down in the motor car with the President, Griscom, Norton, and myself, and the Colonel told stories and the President wreathed his face with a purely physical smile and laughed aloud, but it was all strained. Once Norton began a sentence, but the Colonel ignored him and went right on. He showed his attitude toward Norton in this. I have seen him do the same so often when he wished to show contempt. So I feel that he knew of this young man's attitude towards him and how he had planned to exterminate him from politics.

The President told the correspondents not to take the meeting too seriously. He said to Small and Fowler, in whom he puts greater confidence than in the others, that he would not trouble himself about the New York situa-

tion, nor would he dictate the action of government office holders who were delegates to the Convention, and if Roosevelt wanted to come out in the open and fight, he was ready to meet him. Pretty strong language, I thought, to follow what was regarded as a peace conference—don't you think so?

I give you these details merely to illustrate what I said, that if they are not actually farther apart, they are certainly no closer together. His entire day yesterday was dramatic and was thoroughly Rooseveltian. It mystifies and puzzles, and I am anxious to see how public opinion crystallizes on the subject. It will also be interesting to see what use the Colonel turns it to. I do not think it is right for the President to make a joke of it, as he did, but it is in line with his policy recently adopted to laugh at the Colonel and thereby try to make him ridiculous. People have done this before and got scorched.

The fact of how the Colonel started across the Sound in a motor boat and had to turn into Stamford and then come by motor, you saw in the papers, doubtless; but at my lunch yesterday Mr. Dodge, who owned the motor boat and was with the Colonel, told how at one time there was great danger of being swamped.

I had a few minutes' chat with the Colonel. He told me he was going to send me his *African Trail.* We all went to bed early, and at Medford only the President, Mrs. More, and I appeared. We had scarcely sat down when John Wesley Hill came in, and the President said he had been wondering how he could come this far West without meeting him. John Wesley assured the President it was a collision, not a collusion. This sensationalist began at once to joke the President about the meeting yesterday, and the President laughed and asked him if he were called upon to preach a sermon on the subject what text he would choose. He said:

"Mr. President, 'Man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, while the simple pass on and are punished.'"

"Why not, 'All things come to him who waits'?" said the President.

"Because that is not in the Bible," said Hill, "but you are covered by many good and righteous texts."

"How about my predecessor?" asked the President.

"There are a good many texts which cover him too, but they are all about hell and damnation and future punishment," and we all laughed, even I, who try never to smile when the President is either laughing at the Colonel or encouraging others to do so.

One of the funny incidents yesterday was the way Senator Crane tried to get into the game. He first called up the club, where he got first Mr. Stokes and then me. How in the world he had heard of the meeting I can't imagine. But he told me to try to get hold of Norton and to tell the latter to stick close to his job and try to hear all that was said. He finally got the White House and got Norton to the phone. He gave him the same advice, and Norton, acting on it, went into the room, but Sloan said he remained only one minute—long enough to tell the President the time and how much time he had before the train left, and showed up again looking rather chagrined.

When we got to Pittsfield in the evening the Senator was there to learn all about it, but there was nothing to learn, and he was so badly disappointed that he did not eat any dinner, although he sat at table with us and made a bluff of doing so.

We are having a quiet day on board to-day, each person following his individual pursuit. The papers give us a little amusement, for we know more than they do, and that is little enough. The President will tell me what occurred some day when we are together, and he will tell Mabel Boardman, and Senator Crane will be satisfied.

He told me yesterday that Norton's letter on patronage was the most serious mistake which had been made during the Administration, for he felt that he would be misjudged by the admissions that it makes. Stokes told me that Mr. Hadley had asked the President how he could ever have allowed it to get out, and the President said he could not see, looking at it now. Norton told Stokes that it was not intended for publication, and crept into print through a mistake. I refrained from informing Stokes that dozens of copies had been prepared at the office and distributed by Norton, who thought it would make a ten strike and bring all the insurgents back into the fold.

Such is politics as seen from the inside, dear Clara. Aren't you glad that Lewis is in the wholesale cotton business?

With love,
ARCHIE.

On the Brink of an Open Rupture

Cincinnati, Ohio,
September 20, 1910.

WELL, MY DEAR CLARA:

It did not take long for the bomb to explode. Mr. Roosevelt is out in a statement to-night denying that he sought the interview, and both he and Griscom charge Norton and, inferentially, the President with giving false statements as to who asked for it and what was done there. Griscom says Norton asked for the conference, but Norton told the President that Griscom's statement was untrue—that it was he, Griscom, who asked for it.

We had just been motoring along the Brandin Road and had brought John Schmidlapp back with us to dinner when one of the correspondents came into Mr. Charlie Taft's house and showed Norton the statements of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Griscom. The President looked alarmed

when he first read them and then began to laugh, but it was rather forced and full of concern, as when one whistles in a graveyard. Both he and Norton assured Schmidlapp that what was written by the correspondents came from their overheated imaginations, and that the sensational color given to their dispatches could not have been based on any statement given out by either.

Just here is where—and I hate to write the word in connection with the President, but it is just here where the duplicity comes in. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Griscom left the publication of the facts to the President and Mr. Norton. Mr. Roosevelt brought none of his correspondents with him and relied on the President and his secretary to give out the facts as they occurred. If they did not actually inspire what was written and dated from the President's train, they did so by innuendo and by making a joking matter of the whole conference. As I wrote you to-day, they encouraged the correspondents to make light of it, evidently thinking to put the Colonel in an embarrassing position. The reports which went out were certainly calculated to humiliate the ex-President. In fact, Mr. Small of the Associated Press made a joke of it to me this morning, and when I asked him where he got his authority for the statements he told me frankly that the President himself had "given him the steer."

Colonel Roosevelt, whatever his object was in coming to the conference, acted squarely and gave to the President every opportunity to get nearer to him. The conference was a great serious thing, not only to the two men concerned, but for the party and the country. Mr. Roosevelt treated it seriously, and the President did not. That is the truth of the matter, and in consequence the two men are farther apart than ever. But facts are more interesting now than comments.

Norton was for giving out a statement at once denying

that anything had come from either him or the President. Schmidlapp urged against it, and in this frame of mind we went in to dinner, just the four of us. Both [of them were] still fooling themselves that they were not in any way to blame—the President saying that what had got beneath Roosevelt's skin was the statement that he had come to him for help. Then he told us just what occurred.

He said that Roosevelt was not genial and quite offish, he thought, and talked on matters of a general nature. He said they did not touch on federal matters, but that he, in order to bring things to a head, brought up the New York matter and volunteered to help Mr. Roosevelt in his fight on bossism in that state. So, strictly speaking, Mr. Roosevelt did not ask for any assistance.

"But that was what he was there for," said the President, "and I went to the point at once, but Roosevelt said the conference was necessary to help bring the party together—that both of us owed that much to the party."

The President told Schmidlapp that that was practically all that occurred. What he told us as to what took place simply confirmed what I suggested this morning, that the whole meeting was merely a dramatic incident arranged to impress the people, and I am forced to admit that I do not think the President played his part in sincerity. But from what I gathered to-night from him he seems rather anxious to have the fight come.

"The fact of the matter is," said the President, "if you were to remove Roosevelt's skull now, you would find written on his brain '1912.' But he is so purely an opportunist that should he find conditions changed materially in another year and you were to open his brain, you would not find there 1912, and Roosevelt would deny it was ever there."

"That makes it all the more important," said Schmidlapp, "that you say nothing which will widen the breach

so that he cannot support you should you be renominated. If your administration is a success, the party will have to renominate you; if it is a failure, no Republican can be elected, and Roosevelt will be the first one to recognize this fact."

It was not a very cheerful meal, as you may imagine.

Norton scarcely touched his food. I blame him for everything, for he has done nothing but poison the President's mind against Mr. Roosevelt ever since he came to the office. He is now telling people that the President gave out the patronage letter without letting him know it. I heard him tell Senator Crane that last evening. Yet when Schmidlapp told the President after dinner that his speech at Winona and the patronage letter were the two serious mistakes he had made, the President told him that, had he seen the letter before it was given out, he would never have let it go out in that form. The President is too trusting to be imposed on in this way.

One more thing the President said to me, and which seems important. It was when we were alone. Schmidlapp had gone, and Norton was interviewing Billy Burns of San Francisco gift fame. I said I had not given up hope that the Colonel would yet hold the party together by keeping control of the insurgent wing.

The President said that was not his idea now, for he had seen a letter which purported to contain an interview between the Colonel and [Captain Butt leaves editor's name blank] the editor of the New York *Times*, in which Mr. Roosevelt had told —— that he felt constrained to say to the American people that he, the President, was not the proper man for renomination and he, Roosevelt, might himself feel forced to take the Presidency again. I reminded the President that this report had already sifted through one person—and how could he tell if it were true?

I have put this all down at length, Clara, because the

past two days may be very important ones and some day something may be needed, after you and I are both dead, to throw some light on this period of our history. This may not be interesting, but it is truthful and correctly describes the chain of events as they have passed before me.

Good-night. We will have a full day to-morrow—exposition, speeches, lunches, dinner, and an opera. Awful to contemplate.

With love,
ARCHIE.

Rival Camps Begin to Develop

Cincinnati, Ohio,
September 23, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

This visit takes on interest the longer we remain. House is divided against house and brother against brother when it comes to Roosevelt and Taft. Mrs. Storer has added fuel to the flame by sending over from Europe a batch of letters in which she tries again to implicate Mr. Roosevelt and condemn him for a traitor. She is Nick Longworth's own aunt, being a sister of his father, and she is a close and intimate friend of his mother. She has the reputation of being the cleverest woman, and her sayings one hears on all sides. She spares no one, not even her family.

The strangeness of it all was visibly brought to m last night when we dined at the Longworths' home on the Grandine Road. It was a queerly assorted table. There was the President, and to his left the mother of Nick, and to his right Maria Herron, who does not speak to Alice, because Alice did not return her call when she first came to Cincinnati. There were Nick and Alice, both assuming a friendship for the President, which in view of the recent events neither can feel.

Alice was looking lovely, and, while she tried to be cor-

dial to the President, both he and I saw the old spark was missing, and when he came home later and we were munching apples together before going to bed, he told me the evening had been one of inexpressible sadness to him, that he felt the difference in Alice and felt their old relations would never be the same again.

I had a long talk with Alice. When she asked me what I thought of the situation, I told her that if she could prove her loyalty to the former administration Jimmy Sloan and I would admit her sometime to our star chamber conferences, but we would not admit Nick under any conditions, he was too much on both sides to be trusted. This amused her immensely, and she wanted to know all about "Jimmy."

"Very well," I told her, and how he always asked after her behind his hand: "How's the Queen?" or "Have you seen the Bad One?"

This pleased her tremendously, especially his reference to her as the "Bad One."

We are not getting much rest here. We are lunching and dining out each day. But yesterday afternoon we spent the time on the golf links, the President playing with Jake Schmidlapp and I with Nick. The President is going out again this afternoon, and he heard Nick and Alice ask me to go through the exposition with them while he was on the links. At breakfast this morning he asked me not to go, saying:

"I don't want you to be dragged through there along with Herman and other of Nick's political lieutenants."

I told him, of course, I would not go.

He is feeling the defeat of Tawney very deeply. It hurts him almost as badly as the election of Poindexter in Washington, and of course he attributes both to the direct influence of Colonel Roosevelt. Then the Colonel seems to have won his own victory in New York State despite the

Old Guard, the Administration, and all the combined wealth of the state. The Vice President was even defeated for delegate in his own precinct of his own district. Out of it all Norton is coming to a proper understanding of the President's predecessor, and the sooner he does this and stops trying to set traps for him the better off everyone will be.

Cincinnati goes on its way as if it did not have a President in its midst. There is very little interest taken in his visit, apparently, but they gave him a splendid reception at the Movie Hall when he delivered his speech. We are told the streets were packed all the time Colonel Roosevelt was here—but then, he was a novelty and the President is an old story in the Crescent City. There is nothing very new in all this, but it has a dramatic side to it which may interest you somewhat, as you are well acquainted by now with the chief dramatis personæ of the drama.

We remain over until Saturday afternoon, and then, thank God, we go to Washington.

Good-bye. With love,

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LIX

"I AM DEEPLY WOUNDED," TAFT TELLS BUTT

Washington, D. C.,
September, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

How nice it is to be here again! My bathroom is not tiled, but it is the nicest bathroom in the world. The whole upstairs was repapered while I was away. I left the choosing of the paper to Millet, my artist friend who lives with me. Our tastes vary somewhat in wall paper, but I could

only praise it, despite the fact that it was just the contrary to what I would have chosen to live with day in and night out.

As I look around it now, I feel much as the guests did when the Emperor Elagabalus put them to death by smothering them with roses. I think it was that artistic if somewhat decadent gentleman who, when he wanted to rid himself of certain enemies both male and female, invited them to a feast and, after he had withdrawn, let down a shower of roses from the ceiling. They played with them at first and pelted each other with them, but they continued to fall until they were smothered to death by them. Both my bedroom and dressing room are walled with red and pink roses, from buds to full-blown flowers, and even when I shut my eyes I seem to see them tumbling over each other. But then I spent the whole day in my rooms unpacking and did not go out until dark, when I went on a motor ride with the President.

He asked me to come back to dinner, which I did, he and Norton and I dining together, as none of the Cabinet, which is to be his guest for several days, had arrived. I think the Cabinet members are coming to-morrow.

We had hardly sat down to the table when Senator Crane called up by phone from Pittsfield or some adjoining village. While Norton was out, the President said he was glad to have an opportunity to say something to me he had had on his mind for several days. He said:

"I know how it distresses you, Archie, to see Theodore and myself come to the parting of the ways, as we seem to be doing. I know how you feel, for I know how it distresses me. But what I want to say to you is this: I have watched the dignified silence which you maintain when he is under discussion, and I admire you for it. I want you to go on just as you have done, and you will never have to explain yourself to me, for I know you are fond of both of

us and loyal to both, and your silence will never be misconstrued by me."

I thought it fine of him to say this, and there was little for me to say in return. I merely said:

"It does distress me, Mr. President, for I believe you each need the other and are still fond of each other, but any criticism of him would be unpardonable, I know, in your eyes, and I could no more criticize him than I could criticize you. I feel that some people think it is a difficult situation to be placed in. I think so myself, but it would be an impossible situation if I discussed it."

"I understand fully, and your line of conduct is entirely satisfactory to me. I am deeply wounded, and there is nothing to do but get used to the pain."

What a fortunate thing it is I have had you to pour out my feelings to, else I might have been led to express my pent-up indignation to people at random. But after I write it all to you, I get it off my mind and start each succeeding day with my conscience clear and allegiance pure.

Norton came in to say that Crane had just discovered a plot of Roosevelt to name the permanent chairman of the Convention and thereby appoint the New York State Control Committee, which would put the whole of the state machinery in his hand, and that the President must prevent this at any cost, as it would mean an endorsement of Roosevelt.

"He wants you to send someone to Albany to see that the federal office holders block this scheme."

"I won't do it," said the President. "Old Crane is all the time finding some nigger hidden in the wood pile. You can call up Otto Bannard and tell him what Crane says, but you can also tell him I will not pull any wires from here, as Crane suggests, but I want my friends to see that nothing is done to my prejudice. That is all. All Crane ever sees is machinery in politics. Even if Roosevelt did name the

committee, it would not mean that he would get the state's endorsement over me, for when the fight is really on the voters would hear both sides. There is no use to precipitate the fighting until war is actually declared."

Crane called up again, but got no more satisfaction. The second time Norton came back from the telephone he said:

"I don't know what causes it, but Crane is head over heels in the fight against Roosevelt. He has a private wire to Ward and Barnes in Albany and seems to be running the opposition fight."

"Yes, but the trouble with Crane and Barnes and the whole kit and caboodle of them is that they depend too much on schemes and too little on the people."

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

When Roosevelt "Beat Them to a Frazzle"

Washington, D. C.,
September 27, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Really, Mr. Roosevelt seems to fill more of our lives in Washington when away from it than he did when he was here. The President at the White House with his entire Cabinet, with the exception of Secretary Dickinson, does not attract half the attention that Mr. Roosevelt does, fighting the Old Guard up at Saratoga. I am afraid little business was transacted to-day. Everyone at the White House, including the President, has spent most of the day hearing and discussing the news from New York. The Colonel did what he said he would do—"beat them all to a frazzle." There seems to be nothing left of them at all.

Bulletins were brought to the President as they arrived, whether he was at the table at lunch or at the office. It is a queer situation at the White House. Fully half the Cab-

inet are secretly rejoicing at the Colonel's victory, while the other half, with Norton and the President, are greatly cast down. And they cannot help showing it.

A new insurgent developed to-day in the person of Secretary MacVeagh. We had had a big dinner in honor of Prince Suun of China, who is a brother of the Regent of China and an uncle of the Emperor, and were on the point of breaking up when Secretary MacVeagh edged over to me and whispered:

"I know of one man here to-night who rejoices at the news from Syracuse."

"And are you another?" I asked, smiling.

"I certainly am, heart and soul," he said. "There is no one like him in the world."

"It is a pity," I said, "that others don't see it."

"Who is stirring up the President?" he asked me. "Since I have been here he seems to be greatly changed and is very bitter."

I asked him if he did not know, and he said he feared it was Norton.

"It is an obsession with him," I said. "He sees Roosevelt everywhere, and the President no sooner gets quieted down than Norton repeats more gossip and gets him all upset again."

Secretary MacVeagh says he never saw such a change in a man as in the President and feels that, if he permits himself to talk as he is doing now, there is little hope for a reconciliation of the two men and nothing but defeat for the party, unless Mr. Roosevelt can unite all factions on himself, which he seems to be doing now.

In a house party it is a queer mixture. Alice Roosevelt laughingly said to me when I was in Cincinnati that she hoped Meyer and Ballinger would be put in the same room; it would be such a joke on Mr. Meyer, she thought. It is just what happened. Meyer loves Roosevelt as he

does no one else in the world and hates Ballinger with equal intensity.

They were all at dinner to-night, and each one had a Chinee to take out to dinner. There were thirty of us in all, Palmer and I being the aides present. As they filed down the long corridor it was rather picturesque and at the same time ludicrous. The Chinese were gorgeously arrayed in their best gowns and kept on their red and black hats throughout the entire evening.

I met the Prince at the station last night and welcomed him in the name of the President and with Chandler Hale rode with them to the Willard Hotel. Captain Potts, who has been detailed to accompany the Prince as naval aide, said that after we left them the Prince made his entire suite of twenty put on all their court robes, and he made a minute inspection of each to see that they would appear well when presented at half-past two to-day. The Prince is only twenty-four, but looks anywhere from twenty to fifty, and reminds one of a fat old Mulatto woman. His brother, who was here last spring, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. The Prince seemed to awaken into some sort of life when the President said the same thing to him. By far the most interesting member of the party is old Vice Admiral Sali, a little dried-up and shriveled Chinaman, who possesses one of the master brains of the Empire.

It would have been a delightful evening had not the shadow of the ex-President hung over the assembly. There is no telling where it will end, and the foolish machinations of Norton, Crane, and, I fear, of the President, only result in their own humiliation and the Colonel's strength and popularity, whereas if they had only treated him half decently or met him halfway it might all have been otherwise.

Good-night.

ARCHIBALD.

At the Cabinet House Party

[Washington, D. C.,]
September 29, 1910.

My dear Clara:

I received your letter yesterday and note your protest for my not writing oftener since I left Beverly; but, my dear, after writing I have been afraid to entrust my letters to the mail, intending to forward them in one package through the registry office. This I will do to-day.

The Cabinet house party was to have broken up to-day, but the President has decided to continue it another day. I went horseback riding yesterday afternoon with him and presume he will be so saddle-sore to-day as to be hardly able to get about. As he got in the saddle and started off, he said:

"Is this my saddle? It seems to be higher in front."

I told him it was because the saddle was placed a little farther forward than usual, but I might have told him his stomach was much larger and hung over the pummel more than it was wont to do last year.

I dined at the White House later. The President sat at one end, and the members of the Cabinet as they do around the Cabinet table. I sat at the other end. On the right of the President was the Secretary of State, and on the left the Secretary of the Treasury and so on down to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Secretary of Agriculture. Good old Alice, Mrs. Roosevelt's colored cook who has hung over in the new French and Swiss régime in the kitchen as scullery maid, has been installed once more as queen in the kitchen, and her meals are better than those of the $75.00-a-month cooks the Tafts have had. One can, at least, tell what one is eating.

We had one of those all-night sessions at the table, which

frequently occur when Mrs. Taft is not present to make the President move. He and the Attorney General, Mr. Wickersham, did practically all the talking. The stories they told were mostly all legal jokes. At any rate, I thought them particularly dull, and evidently the others did also, for once, as I glanced around the table, I found MacVeagh, Wilson, Nagel, and even the Postmaster General fast asleep. We did not get up from the table until half-past ten, and then the President wanted some music from the Victor. Mr. Wickersham presided over this instrument and made the selections. The President went to sleep sitting upright before the first piece was concluded and never woke up but once, and then asked for the Prize Song. Before we got it started he was asleep again and never heard a note of it. In fact, he greatly marred its effect by snoring noisily through it.

The Attorney General picked out the Sextette and laughed when he put it on the machine—"for," he said, "it will wake anyone but a dead man." At its conclusion he whispered to me:

"He must be dead."

We did not like to wake him, and so we kept on grinding out this canned music until five minutes to twelve, when I let something fall, which woke him up, and he hurriedly said good-night.

Such is the picture of the social side of the house party. Secretary Meyer did not come down to dinner, sending word he had a touch of his old trouble and thought it better to stay in bed. I don't know what his old trouble is, but as he looked pretty well when I saw him come in, I thought most likely that he was suffering with an acute attack of loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt and preferred to be between the sheets rather than between the grindstones. His is not a comfortable position, but he told me that the question of Ballinger had not been discussed; that the

house party had been prolonged another day with the hope that Ballinger would be the first to go and the others have a chance to get on his case. But I think this is largely what Norton wants. I don't think the President or anyone else is anxious to stir up this question; for the present, at least, he is safe.

Good-bye. Hurriedly,
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LX

MR. TAFT RECEIVES A CARDINAL FROM ROME

[Washington, D. C.,]
September 29, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

The week here has been a trying one, but it has had some interesting features connected with it. Not the least of these was the reception of Cardinal Vanutelli yesterday afternoon by the President. Archbishop Ireland and the Papal delegate, with possibly twenty-five other princes of the hierarchy, brought him to the White House. The archbishop wrote the President and asked him to receive the cardinal in the East Room and have as much military display for him as it was possible to have. The President entrusted this to me, and I reduced the ceremony to four junior aides and myself, the same as we have for a Minister of distinction.

It was to be a political pow-wow, in a way looking to the Catholic vote for Taft as against Roosevelt. Only the cardinal, Archbishop Ireland, and —— were to be with the President at first. The President told me this much when I asked him if he wanted Palmer and me to leave them alone. He said he did, and so did we.

The cardinal is a splendid looking man, over six feet tall,

clad, of course, in scarlet, even to his gloves and socks. He is a brother of that Vanutelli who was thought of for the Papacy until Merry del Val spoiled all his chances by a counter move for the same high seat. He spoke only Italian, but spoke it so beautifully that all of us who know Latin and Spanish understood all he said. Ireland was to have interpreted for him, but he never gave him a chance —he talked so rapidly and continuously.

The three and the President were alone together for about twenty minutes, and I raged outside, knowing that they were stacking the cards on the Colonel; but he will be equal to them when the time comes. He [the President] gave no intimation of what happened, but he seemed very much pleased all the rest of the afternoon and evening. Sooner or later he will give me the details. I don't care especially to know them. I really have no desire to know anything which does not come under my own observations. Then, too, I know what was said as well as if I had been present. Whenever the President gets with any of the Princes of the Church, he begins in the most deprecating terms to express regret over the Rome incident, which he usually contrasts to his own "deep real affection" for the Church, etc., etc., etc.

After the others were presented, the President and I took a horseback ride. He spoke of how despondent Ireland looked and said he feared the publication of Mrs. Storer's letters had hurt the prelate more than Colonel Roosevelt.

After we came in from riding, the President asked me to come back and help entertain the Cabinet. I did, and it was a dreary evening. Secretary Knox had fled during the afternoon; he is not one to kowtow to any great extent. I think the politics of this administration bore him excessively. He likes to attend to his department's business without consultations. We sat around the table until nearly ten, and then the President went into the Green

Room to see a Mr. Seeley, editor of the *Georgian*, who came up to advise the President how to treat the press. He said afterwards that Seeley was a crank, and he gave him two hours of his valuable time, and then another hour to Oulahan of the *Sun*.

In the meantime, I had got the Cabinet into a row in the Red Room by commenting on what a splendid endorsement Colonel Roosevelt had given the Administration in the New York platform. Attorney General Wickersham literally grows frenzied when he talks of Roosevelt, and MacVeagh took up the cudgels for the ex-President and said he was the great figure in the world to-day. Wickersham grew almost speechless with rage, and I learned later that he and MacVeagh have never yet been known to agree on anything. The Postmaster General, remembering he had some matters at the Post Office Department, slipped away, and Secretary Meyer went to bed on the ground that he was ill. Nagel seldom says anything, but suggested that they go to bed. They appealed to me as to the etiquette of the situation, and I told them that while etiquette required them to sit up until the President retired, still I knew he would want them to retire and I would make their excuses. Mr. Wickersham said he agreed with me, which was enough to cause MacVeagh to say that he did not, and forthwith he went upstairs.

The rest of us, including the Postmaster General, who had entered in the meantime, sat about nodding and examining the furniture and commenting on the bad portraits of the Presidents, until one o'clock, when the President came out of the Green Room. He at once sat down and began to damn the press—*Collier's* in particular. He said that Seeley had told him that Hapgood and another of Collier's editors wanted to come to see him, but he had told them that he would not see them; that he regarded them as murderers and thieves, and he would,

if he had his way, condemn them all to hell and eternal damnation.

After this burst of temper, which he laughed over himself, he fell asleep, and I woke him once, but no one else liked to do so, so that it was after two o'clock when he finally roused himself and begged our pardons and went to bed. Doubtless the press would have described this scene as one of great importance—when the President and his official family sat up until the wee sma' hours discussing the welfare of the State!

The President was quite sarcastic about "old man MacVeagh" yesterday; before dinner he and Norton were giving the Secretary of the Treasury some pretty hard knocks. Norton tells the President he is incompetent to run the Treasury, in spite of the fact that those connected with that department say he is one of the ablest executives who have ever been there. Norton said yesterday to the President that MacVeagh was an insurgent, and that it was more necessary to get rid of him than it was to get rid of Ballinger. He always apologizes when he says those things about MacVeagh, seeming to give the impression that personally he loves MacVeagh, but that he is forced to admit these facts against his friend who first brought him to Washington and gave him his start. I see and others see that his ambition is to succeed MacVeagh, which he certainly would do if he could push the old man out. Even Hoover, the head usher, has noticed his abuse of MacVeagh. He said to me:

"Captain, I believe they will let out MacVeagh before they do Ballinger. The secretary certainly has it in for him and spends his time when with the President mocking the Secretary of the Treasury."

All the Cabinet left to-day, and there are no signs that it is intended to ask for Mr. Ballinger's resignation, and Ballinger shows no signs of offering it. This is one of many

schemes and plots hatched at Beverly between Crane and Norton which have not borne fruit. They have not eliminated Mr. Roosevelt, they have not harmonized the party, and not one part of their famous propaganda has been carried out.

We had a nice little dinner at the White House to-night. Only the Jusserands, the Beekman Winthrops, and the Hilleses were there. After dinner we had some music from the Victor, and the President, sitting by the side of Madame Jusserand, went fast asleep while they were talking.

Your devoted brother,

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt's Reason for Writing Letters

[Beverly, Mass.,]
October 5, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Gist Blair told me last night that I ought to keep a diary, but I made the same answer to him that I do to all who make such suggestions, that a man would be a fool to keep a diary, but a damned fool to confess doing it. He then told me how his mother had for years kept all the family letters and papers, and that it had been his father's intention to write his memoirs, using all these letters for reference. But his father died without doing so and his mother then burnt most of the letters, thinking that they might become public and do harm to someone long since dead.

Among the relics burnt were letters from Mrs. Andrew Jackson to her grandnephew, many of which related to the early life of Jackson, and some touching upon the duel in defense of her honor. Think of the value these letters would have to-day to the historian! All destroyed by a woman with a false sense of honor, as if characters could be changed or history perverted by such acts. Her excuse

for burning them was the fact that many of them contained grammatical errors and showed considerable illiteracy at times. Yet Gist, who has read these letters, says they were of a much higher character than one might think and would do much to bring the woman who wrote them clearly before the people, who have the right to know of her and her thoughts at that period.

I have my doubts at times if I am acting altogether the honorable part in writing to you so fully of matters which pertain to the family life of the present occupants of the White House. It is still a question in my mind if it is altogether proper, but having done so I should hate to think that any member of my family after me should feel called upon to destroy them merely because he or she might think that I had not done justice to the President, or had done too much toward the ex-President, and that I should not have dragged in names of people in society or laughed at others who had been kind to me. There may be a question, I say, if I am acting the best part by what I am writing; but after all these things help us all to add our little share to the sum of human knowledge and to history, and possibly help the great minds of the world to fathom, if only to an infinitesimal depth, the trend of human nature, whither life is tending, and help in some way to solve the riddle itself.

This is the first time I have ever defended myself, but it is the way I see things now, and I don't think my mind is warped from what is right, and that I see clearly wherein I may be to blame and where I deserve praise, for apart from anything else it takes great labor and great pertinacity to continue these letters with the hundred other things I have to do daily. Then, too, they mean nothing material to me, for while I live they can never see the light of day, and even after I am dead some stupid relative may burn them all, as Mrs. Blair did those letters of Mrs. Jackson.

ARCHIE.

Mr. Taft Learns That He Has Gout

Beverly,
October 6, 1910.

We got in late, but I had time to change into a uniform and get back to dinner. I found them waiting for me, and Mrs. Laughlin joked me about holding up the Presidential family while I primped. It was only a family party, I being the only outsider present. They don't think of me as a stranger, but I never feel at home as they would like to have me.

We had rather a jolly evening and talked about the old days in the Philippines. We each gave our favorite quotation, our favorite for that evening, of course, for we are hardly ever in the same mood for the same sentiment as to books or authors. The President, in giving his favorite quotation, struck rather a keynote to his career. I could not remember it, as he quoted it only once, but I have looked it up to-day, and think it worth preserving. He said it had aided him greatly in his work in the East and had come to him while lying on his back ill in the hospital at Corregidor. He found it heading a chapter of one of Kipling's stories. He said he read it over and over again on that occasion, and for all the rest of the time in the East it came to him like an inspiration, and for it he feels indebted to Kipling and will always owe him a debt of gratitude. It runs:

Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

Saturday, October 8, 1910.

The President did not play golf this morning; in fact, he is laid up with gout, his foot bandaged and he himself looking the picture of woe. Why is it everyone looks upon gout as a joke?—everyone save he who has it? I have suspected for some time that he was gouty, and once I suggested it, but he loomed up with such an indignant denial that I have not dared to suggest it again. However, he got the truth good and straight this morning from Dr. Jackson, but it is to be held a secret between us three. He is not even going to tell Mrs. Taft, but if Miss Herron does not suspect him when she sees him sitting bandaged as he is, I will be surprised.

He was to have played a foursome this morning in the tournament, with Mr. Hammond, Captain Sowerby, and myself, but when I went by the cottage for him I found him sitting surrounded by anxious women, all examining his foot, which he had bared and which he said had been bruised by a pair of new shoes he had worn the day before. He had such difficulty in walking that he abandoned all idea of golf, and on my suggestion he decided to go to Beverly Farms and consult Dr. Jackson. He was really in such pain that he agreed to go at once, so we started off. As soon as he saw the doctor, he entered into a lengthy description of the new shoes, and then the Philippine boy took off the slipper. The doctor looked at the foot and began to laugh, and the President began to grow red and finally forced a smile and said:

"It is, is it?"

"It certainly is," said the heartless Jackson, "and as good a case of it as I ever saw."

Then and there he told the President he would have to diet, and if he hoped to remain in good condition he must reduce himself. The result of the visit was a strict diet and a bandaged foot and a somewhat ruffled temper. The

President swore me to secrecy on the way back to the house, and I told him if it got out it would be only through himself, which I think will be the case, as soon as Mrs. Taft sees the bandaged foot. He cannot conceal things, and as soon as his sense of humor gets working he will laugh at the sorry figure he cuts and tell it all. But he is so sensitive to ridicule by the press that he may keep it away from his family in order to keep it away from the press. If it were known for a minute that he had an attack of gout, the press would rag him well with it, and every cartoonist in the country would take a whack at him.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXI

ROOT REPORTS TO TAFT ON NEW YORK POLITICS

Beverly, Mass.,
Monday, October 11, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

The President is still laid up with gout. He has been unable to play golf to-day, and Dr. Jackson informed him this morning that he would be unable to walk on his foot for several days more. The President was quite smiling this morning when the doctor arrived. He reported that since he had started on his diet he had lost one pound, weighing only three hundred and twenty-nine as against three hundred and thirty last Saturday, when he began to reduce. This is more than he has ever weighed before.

I went out on the golf links with good old Sowerby, leaving the President with Senator Root, who made rather a full report on the case he has been arguing at The Hague. But the political discussion was of considerably more interest.

The President and I took a long motor ride this afternoon, and he gave me some very interesting news. He said that Senator Root told him there was great fear of losing New York because of the uneasiness in business circles in New York over Colonel Roosevelt's position on new nationalism and other isms. The Senator said that the movement against Stimson was really against Roosevelt, directed against him to injure his chances in 1912. The President said Mr. Root told him frankly that if he came to New York and spent two days there, it would have some good effect; but if he were desirous to see Roosevelt defeated, there was no need for him to go. The President said he did not feel that the election of Stimson meant the endorsement of Roosevelt for the Presidency, and he felt it the duty of all the leaders to do everything in their power to elect Stimson, and so he agreed to spend Tuesday and Wednesday in the city at the home of his brother. The President also told me that in case New York did go Republican, he did not want it to appear that it did so in spite of the Administration, but rather with its assistance.

Of course, there is some good politics in this, for should New York go Republican and the Administration take no part in the campaign, it would be said—as it will be said anyhow, for that matter—that the Republican victory is a personal victory for Roosevelt. The President cannot afford to knife the ticket in New York, and the only other thing to do is just what he has decided to do, spend two days in New York City and urge harmony.

Senator Root discredited all the reports which came to him wherein Colonel Roosevelt was quoted as criticizing him unjustly. The President said that many had come so direct that he did not, could not discredit them, but that should he meet Colonel Roosevelt he would not resent them in any way.

And so it goes on, dear Clara, and the gods are smiling while they grind.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

Postscript.

One thing the President told me which struck me of importance at the time was this. He said:

"Archie, I think Roosevelt expects now to be a candidate in 1912, but before that time comes I think he will change his mind and for one of two reasons. He will see that his candidacy will split the party, and he may feel that he owes enough to it to withdraw when he realizes the extent of the division of sentiment within it. But what I expect to see more than anything else is his withdrawal for fear he may not be able to win, even should he remain a candidate. He will be moved by considerations of his record in the history of the country. After all he has had, he will not want to appear as a defeated candidate in the history of his country."

He then began to laugh and added:

"I can't help thinking what a predicament he will be in should he decide to take up someone else such as Cummins to pit against me."

I add this merely by way of prophecy. It may be interesting to refer to some day.

A. W. B.

[Beverly, Mass.,]
October 13, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

The President is a high-minded and lofty judge, and a pure and spotless man. I sometimes wonder, Clara, if I have done him any injustice in my letters during this past summer. I have thought over every word I have written and I am convinced that I have not been hypercritical on account of my great admiration for Colonel Roosevelt. I

have stated facts as they came before me from day to day, and if my own opinions have been rather too freely expressed, those opinions have been founded upon what I believed to be the facts.

It may be that you have read in these letters from day to day a higher, nobler purpose than that which I have in any one attributed to the President, and so got a better estimate of him than even I myself, who come in daily contact with him, seeing his petty faults and dwelling too much on his shortcomings. I have never wavered from my first position, taken when I really began to know him well, that he was one of the best men I have known in all my life. What else he is must be summed up from all his acts, official and personal, and the net results attained from them. Tell me if you think I am fair, and what you think of the summer's net results. It would be interesting for me to know.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

The President Questions an Immigrant

New York,
October 18, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

We left Beverly yesterday morning early and motored to Boston. The President kept me so busy the day before that I had not a minute to see Dr. Jackson, and in order to see him at all I was forced to motor to Beverly Farms before breakfast. The doctor seemed to think that everything now depends upon me. After urging me to the greatest secrecy, he proceeded to tell me that the President was in a most serious condition, and his diagnosis of his case was much worse than I had anticipated, though I was prepared for almost any report of an unfavorable character. In the first place he told me that his heart was in a very

bad state; that his exercise, which he had been taking, that of running each morning and throwing the medicine ball and rolling and bending, had been too violent and had only weakened the heart instead of strengthening it.

I told him how the President had a way of dropping to sleep as he was writing or playing cards, and he shook his head in such a way as to cause chills to run up and down my spinal column. He told me he had written to the President's physician in Washington, asking for an interview, but that Delaney had written to him to talk as freely to me as he would to him, and that I would tell him all he ought to know. I then urged upon him the utmost secrecy in turn in regard to this matter, and I tried to bring to his mind the result of the condition of the country should such a state of affairs become known—to say nothing of the fatal results to the President's political future if any hint of invalidism should even be whispered. He said he would not mention it to anyone. I reserved the right to tell Mr. Charlie Taft whenever I thought proper. With this understanding, I left him—utterly depressed, as you might imagine. Dr. Jackson also said to me:

"I have watched you all summer, Captain Butt, and I confess I don't see how you stand the strain you are constantly under. I have been expecting to hear of your breaking down, and since I have been in attendance on the President and seen what you have to do I marvel more and more how you keep up."

This morning we went to Ellis Island, where we tramped around for several hours—without learning much, I fear, for this cut-and-dried inspection is never very illuminating.

We spent one hour in the room where special cases were being considered. I should hate, myself, to be forced to decide whether immigrants should be deported or whether some members of a family should be admitted or sent back. But I believe I would be able to do it with more

intelligence than was shown this morning. One incident was very amusing. A Welshman with his seventeen-year-old daughter and five small children were brought in. He had a slight hernia, and it was therefore recommended that he be returned. The pathetic picture of the young girl taking care of all these young brothers and sisters rather appealed to the President. But the Commissioner, in order to make his case good, proceeded to ask a lot of stock questions to indicate that the immigrant was too ignorant to be admitted even if he had sound health. He asked him if he knew what form of government we lived under, and the immigrant said he did not know. He then asked him if it was a monarchical form, to which he also got an ignorant reply. The President, evidently thinking that even the majority of Americans did not know what "monarchical" meant, began to interrogate the immigrant himself, and the first question was:

"Do you know who is the chief of this country?"

And the reply was promptly given: "The President."

"Do you know who the President is?" asked the President.

"Yes sir; Mr. Taft," answered the immigrant.

The President then turned, laughing, to the Commissioner, and said:

"Mr. Commissioner, you cannot convince me of this man's total ignorance. He seems to know more than a good many Americans I have met. I think you might admit this family."

Affectionately,
ARCHIE.

The Gossips Tell Tales to Taft

New York,
October 19, 1910.

I do not like the fact that there have been so few efforts on the part of politicians here in New York to see the

President. We were rather prepared for a rush on him, but the expectation has not been realized, and some of those who have called have been men utterly without influence within the state and without standing outside of it.

Ralph Peters of the Long Island Road has been here, and so has Mr. Brown of the New York Central. Both are violent anti-Roosevelt men. Otto Bannard and Ezra Prentice, chairman of the State Central Committee, and Creighton Webb, a serio-comic club man, were among the callers also. They all bring rather bad news of the outlook in New York. Otto Bannard says the fight on Stimson is a fight on Roosevelt and thinks that he is being weakened by the fear that Stimson now means Roosevelt in 1912. He also said that without Roosevelt there would not even be the faintest hope of carrying the state for the Republican ticket. Most of the men we met yesterday were all money men. They literally weep with rage when they mention the Colonel.

The President is here ostensibly to help get things together for Stimson, but I don't think he is doing much, for he listens too eagerly to everyone who has a word to say against Roosevelt and rather gives the impression that Stimson more or less means Roosevelt. I suppose this is natural. Any of us in his place would possibly be glad to see Stimson defeated, though if the question were put to him in that way he would deny it.

He listens too much to this sort of talk.

Among his callers this morning was Voorhis of Columbus, Ohio. He reported a sad state of affairs there and seemed to think that nothing but money could save the state for the Republicans now. As a result he got a check for four thousand dollars from the President. This makes five thousand in all the President has contributed to the State fund. It is a damnable shame for them to bleed the President, for that is what it amounts to. I think it is just

five thousand dollars thrown in the gutter. Moreover, should it become known that he had contributed any such amount, it would ruin him politically. It could never be explained. They make him feel that it would be disastrous to his future if Roosevelt should carry New York and the President lose Ohio.

We had rather a scene at the breakfast table this morning. Mrs. Henry Taft told the President that the Troy *Times* was owned by a Mr. Francis, an old friend of hers, who had always written to her, but he had stopped writing, and she felt certain that he was attacking the Administration bitterly, and she was able to account for it. Troy, I think, is her old home. She said that Francis had told her two years ago that he was to be appointed ambassador to Italy; that President Roosevelt had got the promise from Mr. Taft, who was then just elected, to send him to Rome. Later someone else had been appointed, and Francis looked upon the matter as an intentional insult both to himself and the ex-President, and he was now taking it out on the Administration.

The President was indignant and proceeded to hit out right and left. He said that Mr. Roosevelt had never asked it of him as a favor, but merely expressed the hope that Francis would be named to Italy. He then said:

"I meet this sort of thing everywhere. One day, just after I was nominated, I told Roosevelt that, should I be elected, I did not see how I could do anything else but retain all the old members of the Cabinet who had been associated with me. I thought nothing more about it, but I learned later that Roosevelt had practically told every member of his cabinet that he was going to be retained should I be elected. The only one he made it a point to ask me to retain was Meyer, and I retained him. I am now placed in the attitude of breaking a promise to each of these men."

He said much more of a character to show how deeply he felt, but this gives the gist of what he said.

They all took a fling at the Colonel, and after breakfast Mrs. Henry Taft proceeded to apologize to me for having evoked such an onslaught. I tried to make her see that these things did not affect me; that Mr. Roosevelt was able to fight his own battles, and that as the President's aide it was not for me to enter any discussion concerning politics, and least of all with the man I was serving.

Of course, my position is a most anomalous one. I could not quit my post now without looking like a donkey and bringing about a discussion in the press, which would only put me in an absurd attitude and add fuel to the already well burning fire which has been built between the two men. The only thing for me to do is to hold my counsel and let off my opinions occasionally to you, and record what is actually occurring within the range of vision of my eyes and note the things grotesque which I hear with my ears. As long as it goes no farther than this, it will do no one any harm and offers a safety valve for me.

[Washington, D. C.,]
Sunday, October 23, 1910.

The President and I have ridden every day since our return except yesterday afternoon, when Mayor and Mrs. Gaynor arrived from New York. We all packed ourselves in the big White Steamer like so many Maine sardines and motored for over two hours. I went to the station to meet the Mayor and his wife. It was the first time I had seen him since the shooting, and I was rather interested to get a look at him and hear him talk. There was a crowd at the station, and the camera fiends were there in droves to get snapshots of him.

He seemed to be perfectly indifferent to them and walked like a stoic, looking neither to the right nor left,

seemingly indifferent to everything. This stoicism is not a new development with him. He has always been unemotional. He would have made an ideal Roman Senator in appearance, and if he could have taken with him into that period his rough uncouth honesty, he would have been a most useful one, doubtless, to the State. Mrs. Gaynor is rather young and pretty and very easy and gracious in manner.

Good-night.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXII

NOT EASY TO GET MONEY FROM CARNEGIE

Washington, D. C.,
November 1, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

Andrew Carnegie was to arrive at half-past three, and the President wanted me to meet him at the station. As I had not time to change into my civilian clothes, I was forced to go in my full-dress uniform. I cannot make the changes as fast as the President does.

The President said that nothing so indicated the canny switch in old Carnegie as the way he met their efforts to pluck him, as he put it, for campaign purposes. He would laugh so over the scene that he could hardly tell of the incident. When the committee in New York found that they would not be able to squeeze any money out of him, they called up Norton on the long distance and said he ought to be made to give seventy-five thousand dollars. The President asked him to come to Washington. This was at the request of Senator Root. After dinner, when they thought Carnegie good and mellow, they proceeded to open up the question of campaign funds.

"Ah," said Carnegie, "I think we all ought to contribute our share, and only this morning I sent my check to the committee."

The President said he was very glad to hear it, as the committee had expressed the hope that he would be generous. As the canny Scotchman did not volunteer to say how much he had sent, it took some maneuvering to find out. The President laughingly asked him what was the size of the check.

"Oh, I sent them a good amount," said Carnegie. "I first thought to send them one thousand, but when I learned how much they needed funds I sent them five."

Both the President and Norton gasped in astonishment. When the latter suggested that it would be only a drop in the bucket, so sorely was money needed to have enough even to send vehicles to bring the country people to the polls, he said:

"In my day the voters walked, and I do not think it well to teach them habits that they cannot indulge in except on Election Day."

He parried all their questions and hints, but finally, as a mark of great favor, said he would send five thousand to Ohio.

With love,
ARCHIE.

A Democratic Wave Sweeps Ohio

[Washington, D. C.,]
November 9, 1910.

Back from Cincinnati this morning. If the Republican party feels as gloomy as did the members of our party, the G. O. P. is indeed in a bad way. We had on board, besides the President, Norton, and myself, the President's brother Charlie; the Secretary of State, Secretary MacVeagh, for a short time while we were in Pittsburgh and

where we really got the worst news of the day's voting; Wade Ellis, Voorhis of Ohio, and that ubiquitous John Wesley Hill. Mrs. Wallingford and Mrs. Laughlin, Mrs. Taft's sister, came aboard at Pittsburgh.

Everyone took a whack at the Colonel. Each one said that he and he alone was to blame for the national disaster to the party, and what was proclaimed made the ears of Jimmy Sloan and myself tingle with indignation. Finally the President said:

"Well, that may be all so, and I fear Roosevelt did not help the ticket very much, but I am inclined to think that even had he remained in Africa the result would have been just the same."

Then everyone said what a beautiful, unselfish character the President was and tried to make him see things differently. He did not argue with them and got what comfort he could out of their grotesque flattery. The only person who might have got some comfort from the news as it dribbled in was myself, but this was marred by the fact that the Colonel had been defeated, or rather his candidate had, in New York, and that Ohio had apparently repudiated the President in the middle of his administration.

It is rather funny when one gets muddled up, as I am, with the great leaders of a party one has been brought up to regard as everything which is evil. Of course, I have outgrown all that long ago, and if I had a vote and was in politics I do not know but that I might choose to be a Republican instead of a Democrat, but a certain glow does come into the heart as one hears of the successes of his old friends and of his family's party, if even it be no longer his own. Whatever the President may have thought, he still hoped that the state of Ohio would go Republican. He sent his cabinet there, and the slogan of the last few days was:

"A vote for Harding is a vote for Taft."

The President was given the telegrams first, and he read most of them aloud. Often he would get me to figure for him. As I am not an expert, sometimes the assembled company would be detained before I could give a correct answer.

"Draper's head seems to be the first to fall," said the President. "In spite of what you say, Charlie, I fear Harding will be the next to show up with defeat. But I'll tell you one thing," he added, "if Harmon is reëlected and I am renominated, I would rather have him as an opponent than any man the Democrats could put up."

"Don't give up," said his brother.

"I'm not giving up. I am merely stating my hopes for the next campaign."

Secretary Knox said: "It seems to be a landslide, doesn't it?"

The President said: "Well, from what you tell me I should say it was not only a landslide but a tidal wave and holocaust all rolled into one general cataclysm."

ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

In Tropic Seas on the Way to Panama

On board U. S. S. *Tennessee*,
November 11, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

The warmth of the tropics is in our veins again. The President feels it, Admiral Staunton feels it. All on board who have had service in the tropics feel its glow, while others, like poor old Norton, think they are ill of malaria or have a fever of some kind.

We are somewhere off Salvador, but no land is in sight. Not a sail has been sighted since we left Charleston; only ourselves and the *Montana*, keeping at a distance of nine hundred yards as a convoy to us, dot the ocean. We have

kept up to eighteen knots since we started. Even the sailormen are exhilarated, for the *Tennessee* has made this speed but once before in their memory. Even with calm seas, the spray is thrown over the bow, and the decks are drenched with water halfway aft. It is even more exhilarating than breaking the speed laws on the North Shore. The President came on deck this morning, and when he looked at the blue sea and the blue sky and felt the warmth of the Bahamas creep through his blood like wine, he turned to me and said:

"What difference does it make to a man how Ohio went, when he can look at this scene and feel its warmth? Oh, how it takes me back to the Philippines! I sometimes feel —better forty years in Cathay than a cycle in what we call civilization."

Good-bye. With love, as ever,

ARCHIE.

P. S. The President has just read me a letter from Carnegie telling him that he wants to give ten or twenty million to the cause of peace and asking the President to advise him in the matter. In the letter he says the President's statement, made some time ago, that there is no question which cannot be arbitrated, even those affecting honor, will make him a great figure in history if followed up by some message to Congress to that effect. He wants the President to ask Congress to pass a bill giving to the Executive the right to arbitrate all or any questions he likes, even those affecting the so-called honor of a nation. This is the concealed proviso in his offer.

"The trouble with old Carnegie is," said the President, "he might secure what he wants in my message and then not give the money. I think I will go a little slow until old Andrew becomes more specific."

A. W. B.

All Play and No Work at Sea

Off the Florida coast,
U. S. S. *Tennessee*,
November 20, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We're steaming toward home at the regulation speed of eighteen knots, and the admiral says we are about in a line with Key West. The President played bridge last night with Mr. Charlie Taft, Major Rhodes, and myself until after midnight, so that those of us who were up early waited until nearly ten for our breakfast.

He took this trip because he said he could write his message going and coming, but the fact of the matter is he has not done a stroke of work save to read a few reports. It does not trouble me at all, nor does Norton seem to be able to get Mr. Charlie Taft excited on the subject. We both know that he cannot be hurried, and that when he gets ready to work he works easily and at a great speed. But Norton is fretting his young official life away because he cannot get the President into the routine which goes with the business of a Chicago life insurance office. It is rather amusing to see his efforts to turn the President from his habitual course and make a Chicago business man of him.

I don't expect to see him remain long with the President. He is holding this job until he gets the chance to step into some banking business. He is unable to use the President quite as he expected to do when he began. He mistook what so many people mistake, a certain complacency for weakness, but he is gradually discovering what we have all had to learn—not I, for I knew pretty well what he was from the old days in the Philippines—that he is as obstinate as a mule and as set in his ways as a Chinese idol.

We got a long wireless message from Washington this

morning giving an outline of the news since we left. One thing which evoked interest was the statement that Mr. Roosevelt had been accorded a splendid reception in Washington, but that he was still silent on politics. I am glad to say that the President has refrained from criticism of his predecessor while on this cruise, and he has rather tipped his secretary to refrain from expressing his opinion too freely himself. He realizes that the Colonel is the idol of the navy, and every jacky aboard would jump overboard if he should suggest it to them. Mr. Roosevelt has been aboard this ship once, when it was one of the convoys on his trip to Panama. He went on the *Louisiana*, and after the trip was over the men made a set of silver, hammering it out of pesos themselves and presenting it to him. He went all over the various ships, talked to the firemen and the stokers, and shoveled coal, and at the end of the cruise ordered a two weeks' shore leave given to them.

The President, on the contrary, has spent his time on the quarter deck or playing bridge; and Jimmy Sloan, who keeps in touch with the gossip of the men, says that they are very sore that he has not shown any interest in them. It is not natural that he should. He is built on different lines from the other, so that no comparison of the two men's methods is possible. But I have said this so often that I am getting weary of its repetition.

We weighed anchor at four in the afternoon and from that hour until midnight we were at the bridge table. I think the admiral and others aboard feel it strange, somewhat, that the President has not invited any of them to play; but he likes to do the same thing with the same people day after day and make no change in his routine. He has gotten interested in playing with his brother against Rhodes and myself.

Good-bye.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LXIII

Roosevelt Calls in the Tafts' Absence

[Washington, D. C.,]
November 24, 1910.

Dear Clara:

We went yesterday to the Westmoreland Club, [in Richmond, Va.,] where we had the most wonderful dinner that famous old club has ever served.

Hemphill read aloud the latest poem of Kipling, called "If." I have heard the President say that he could almost feel that Kipling had written the poem for him. He read it to me and said he felt that it fitted him and the situation in which he had found himself in during the last two years, when men had reviled him, and when he had tried to keep himself in restraint and go on unmoved by clamor or compliment.

I felt that it did not fit him more than it would any man in high office who was maligned and abused, and who, perforce, kept silent. There was nothing to do but keep silent. Certainly it is as applicable to Colonel Roosevelt as it is to the President, and just at this juncture more so, for the Colonel has had all the adulation which has never been the President's and is now more abused and condemned than ever the President was or will be. Yet he goes on his way unmoved and even happy.

The first thing we learned when we returned to Washington was that the ex-President, when here during our trip to Panama, had seemed as well and as joyful as if the press had not tried to lay the burden of the last election to him. He was given a perfect ovation here in Washington, from all accounts. Mrs. Norton wrote to her husband, which letter we got the day we reached Old Point Com-

fort, that the city had gone wild to get a glimpse of him, and that three thousand persons had been turned away from Convention Hall the night he gave his lecture; and the Supreme Court, that body which he was supposed to have criticized, much to the consternation of crooked politicians who tried to make capital out of it, attended the lecture almost to a man.

Mrs. Taft had gone to New York with Helen, and so there was none to welcome him at the White House save the servants and the clerks, but the warmth of their reception cheered his heart as nothing else could have done. He knew that Mrs. Taft had left, but he called and left his card. Hoover, the chief usher, told me that he recalled every old servant by name, even the scullery maids who waited on the basement floor to see him as he passed. When he saw one of the assistant firemen he turned to Hoover and asked:

"Which is the villain? It was a fireman who married Mrs. Roosevelt's maid."

And when he learned it was the man to whom he was speaking, he said:

"I'll bet you she has made a good wife, and if you have not made her a good husband you ought to be shot."

When he saw Alice, the kitchen maid, he asked her if she still made the corn bread. Alice told him that she sometimes made it for the servants, but no one ate it upstairs.

"They show bad taste, and I'll tell the President so when I see him."

Alice brought a piece to him on a plate, and he went on over to the office eating it as he went and greeting gardeners and laborers as he passed.

Of course there was no more work around the White House that day. He addressed each person just as he was wont to address them in the past. They still whisper about

it to each other, and Hoover said with tears in his eyes, to me:

"It is the only happy day we have had in nearly two years, and not one of us would exchange it for a hundred-dollar bill."

I give you this little scene because it presents a true picture of the Colonel.

It was the same thing over in the office. He inspected all the changes and expressed great admiration. He sat down at the President's desk and said how natural it seemed to be there. He looked at the new tennis court and said he thought the change a good one. In other words, there was no jealousy, no carping, no envy, nothing but what was wholesome and fine in his visit.

The papers, especially the New York *Sun*, tried to make his visit one of bravado, and commented at length that not a Taft was there to receive him.

When I get sidetracked on the Colonel, it is a pleasure to write about him. I don't suppose it is possible to convey the charm of the man and the noble generosity of his nature to you any more than it is to others who do not know him, for you all seem mad just now and think you see in every act of his some sinister design upon the life of the republic or some attempt to make himself dictator. The public will be clamoring for him again long before he will be bothering his head about the public's office. But we will let him rest here and go back to Richmond for a minute.

After the dinner at the Westmoreland Club we went to the Commonwealth Club, where the President held a reception and later had a supper. We got to the hotel at half-past eleven, but I did not get to bed until an hour later, for as we all rose to say good-night he asked me to sit down and have an apple, which was as much as to say he wanted to talk. We got on the Philippines and reviewed some of the old days just in the same way, even in the same

language, as we had done dozens of times before. It is always back to the Philippines he likes to go when he reminisces. On the trip to Panama there was not a meal that he did not end with some anecdote about the Philippines. Norton hates the sound of the name because he was never there and had no part in that life, but he is never able to sidetrack the President from relating the anecdotes he loves to dwell upon and the scenes which he pictures and which to him seem more real than any of the more recent years here in Washington.

November 25, 1910.

Secretary Knox does not bear malice. In fact, he is too lazy to do so. I heard the President say once that laziness was Knox's besetting sin.

"He makes a good secretary," said the President, "but if he were not so lazy he would make a great Secretary of State."

I rode with the President in the afternoon, doing about six miles at a nice gentle trot. It is the only exercise he is permitted to take now. He seems a lot better since he left off with his "Physical Redeemer" and is living a more normal life. My ride was important in one respect: I had the opportunity to talk with him about Colonel Roosevelt. He told me he was going to the Gridiron dinner and asked me if I knew whether the Colonel was to come over for it. I told him I had not heard, but suggested to him that it might relieve the situation mightily if he would invite the Colonel to stay at the White House should he come to the dinner.

"Do you really think so?" asked the President.

"I am sure of it, Mr. President," I said and then told him my reasons.

If they should meet at the dinner, the club might be able to open some wound as it did when it got President

and Senator Foraker to lock horns, whereas if the Colonel was his guest at the White House it would go far to dispel the impression that there was bad blood between them, and certainly any effort to bring about an open rupture would fail. Should the ex-President decide not to come to the dinner, at least the invitation could have done no harm and might do good. He said he would write the Colonel as soon as he got back, but he would say nothing of it to Mrs. Taft until the matter was settled one way or another. If I can only help to bring about peace between these two men, I will be willing to retire with only the blessing which is promised to the peacemakers. Nothing shakes my belief in the other man, no matter what the evidence is, and I feel certain that in his heart the President has an affection for his predecessor.

Secretary Meyer told me to-day that Gifford Pinchot and Colonel Roosevelt had quarreled. I hope this is true, for be it so, a great obstacle is removed from the path of reconciliation.

We ride again this afternoon, and to-night I am dining at the White House, going to see Fritzi Scheff in a revival of the *Mikado* later.

Hasta la Vista.

ARCHIBALD.

Mr. Taft Unhappy at a Début Party

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 2, 1910.

MY DEAR CLARA:

I helped to marry off Campario and Eleanor Terry at noon, went to a luncheon at the Kennards' at two to say good-bye to my friends the Oveys, brought out my second débutante at the White House at five; conducted Piatt Andrew, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, through the Masonic rights on the first degree at eight, and played bridge at the club with the Austrian ambassador until

two. Yet this morning I feel as fit as a lark. I ate little, drank nothing, and smoked hardly at all; that is the secret of keeping alive in the midst of such social and official turmoil. It has taken me some time to learn this lesson, but I think I know it now, and I am trying to spread the glad tidings of my discovery to others in my overfed and oversensuous family.

Edward had a touch of gout, and if Lewis follows his ancestral protoplasmic tendency he will soon be developing liver or kidney trouble, and my advice is to take him in hand now and hold him to a diet.

Helen's tea was lovely. Over twelve hundred guests came during the afternoon, but I found myself in good voice and scarcely tired when the presentations were over. The President stood with Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen, after his daughter, and he did not like it. Mrs. Taft insisted that he should assist in receiving, and of course there was no place for him except after the women of his family. He choked up the line a good deal, and when Mrs. Taft would tell him he must not talk too long to one person, he would laugh and say that he did not want to be there at all; he thought it an undignified position for the President of the United States, and he said he was purposely blocking the game so that she would never have him there again. He loves to say a word or two to people as they pass, and it is very hard to get through twelve hundred people if he even stops every fiftieth guest. But he cannot be changed. He got to be President by these methods; and if he is ever President again it will be these same gracious, kindly, complacent tactics which will bring it about.

December 4, 1910.

The conversation turned on the subject of John Sherman and the time that Justice Day was the Assistant Secretary of State under him. He [Justice Day] told the President

that Sherman's mind was infinitely worse than the public supposed it to have been. Day never dared leave him alone for a minute and always attended the cabinet meeting with him.

"It was published at the time and was taken as a joke," said Justice Day, "but he did once decide to declare war against Austria between the State Department and the White House."

"Didn't Mr. McKinley put him in the Cabinet just to make a place in the Senate for Mark Hanna?" innocently asked Mrs. Day.

"My dear," said her husband, "there are some things we do not admit even to ourselves."

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXIV

HUGHES NOT NAMED AS CHIEF JUSTICE

[Washington, D. C.,]
Sunday, December 11, 1910.

WELL, MY DEAR CLARA:

Not only does White get the Chief Justiceship, but Lamar gets one of the other places. I am delighted, of course, that the South seems to be reaping the benefit of her conservatism, but just how the President will explain it to Justice Hughes I do not see. But that is his own lookout.

I had gone to the White House last evening to accompany him to the Gridiron Club dinner at the New Willard, and when I was announced he sent for me to come to his room. He was still dressing.

"Well, Archie," he answered to my question of how he felt, "I am feeling better, for I have got the Supreme Court off my mind. I am going to name Lamar for one of the vacancies."

I could only say: "Is it possible?"

"Yes," said the President, amused at my surprise. "Do you think he will accept?"

Then I laughed, for I knew it was the fondest hope of both Mr. Lamar and his wife. I waited for him to say something about Hughes, for I cannot rid myself of the great interest I feel in this powerful man. He told me to telephone to Hughes and ask him if he could call at the White House at six o'clock the next afternoon. I did and going over to the hotel gave him the justice's reply that he would come. He would never have sent for him had he not decided to pass him over, so I felt that the tinkle of the justice's telephone bell was the knell of the justice's ambition for the Chief Justiceship. It was just as I thought, for the President said:

"I will have an uncomfortable half hour, but Hughes is young enough to wait, and if he makes good on the bench I may yet be able to appoint him."

The appointments will go to the Senate some time next week.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Hilles Comes Forward as Peacemaker

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 16, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

We had the first State Dinner last evening, and it was such a tiresome dinner. It was well cooked, beautifully served, and the singing was not bad, although there was too much of it.

December 17, 1910.

We walked down F Street, looked in at the shop windows, turned at the Interior Department, walked down Seventh Street and up the Avenue to the White House.

We were late getting in, and I in turn was late to Willing Spencer's dinner at the Shoreham. It was a jolly crowd he had got together. If we all had the courage to invite to our dinners only those whom we wanted, dinner parties would be delightful instead of the bores they usually are.

December 18, 1910.

I met Hilles in the club this afternoon. Hilles is the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and he has recently resigned to enter business in New York. I expressed regret over the fact that he was leaving the Administration, and he told me there was a possibility of his remaining.

"And you can do something for me, too."

He said he wanted to talk to the President alone; that he never had a chance to say a word to him without Norton overhearing what he had to say, and he asked me to make an engagement for him either to call at the White House or else have the President ask him to walk with him. He then said the President had asked him to remain in the Treasury, as he would need him politically; but he felt the fight, whoever headed the ticket next time, would be a losing one without Colonel Roosevelt.

"I have got to have an understanding with the President, for if I remain he will have to give me authority to patch up some sort of truce with Colonel Roosevelt. Unless he is willing to have me do this, I shall not remain with him but get out at once. Colonel Roosevelt hears everything which is said against him. Hill of the *Tribune* told me to-day that he knows of Norton's vilification of him and of course attributes it to the President."

I made the engagement for Hilles to take a walk with the President at five to-morrow afternoon, and I am anxious to know the result. If Hilles remains, it will mean that the President has agreed to make overtures.

ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 19, 1910.

Attended a dinner at the New Willard Saturday evening with the President. It was given by the Peace League, and there were some brilliant speakers present. Mr. Choate made a classical address. The President read his speech from the manuscript. He is afraid of these peace people. He indulged in a little pleasantry at their expense, but warmed their hearts when he advocated the settlement of every international dispute by arbitration, even disputes affecting the honor of the nation.

Thomas Nelson Page rambled rather than spoke. The French ambassador's address would have been masterful in his own language, but his English is so bad as to make it an effort to follow him.

There followed several indifferent speakers, and then came Bourke Cockran, rising to oratorical heights which made every speech before his seem tame and uninteresting. I did not agree with him. He advocated disarmament and drew terrible pictures of the poverty ensuing from the mad rush of nations to invent and manufacture instruments of destruction. But it makes little difference whether one agrees with him or not, one is fascinated by his power of oratory. Leonine always in his appearance, he looks like a lion ready to spring when he is speaking. His voice is like a low rumble of thunder, then has the sweetness of the lute in it. I had not heard him for years, but the moment he uttered his first sentence I felt that he had grown both in power and in sympathy.

As we left the banquet hall and were going home in the motor, the President said:

"Archie, you now see the difference between declamation and oratory. I believe Cockran is the greatest orator using the English language to-day."

"Greater than Hughes?" I asked, for I remembered he

said once that the New York governor was possibly the greatest orator in America.

"Yes," he said, "greater than Hughes. Possibly not so convincing at times, but, taken all in all, Cockran is the greatest orator in the world to-day."

ARCHIBALD.

A Friendly Act by the Tafts

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 26, 1910. Midnight.

DEAR CLARA:

I think I see signs of the clouds which have been hanging over the President and Colonel Roosevelt breaking up. It may be the result of Hilles's conference with the President, but there are signs, at least as far as the President is concerned, of kindlier feelings. They speak more kindly of him at the White House, and last evening the President took me in the corridor and got me to show him the little settee which Mrs. Roosevelt wanted to take with her when she left the White House, but which was not taken on account of the stupidity of Bromwell and the attitude of the Speaker's secretary, Busby. I spoke of this incident to the President and Mrs. Taft some time ago. I think I wrote you of it at the time. Both expressed disgust that Bromwell should have acted as he did and both felt the injustice in dragging Mrs. Roosevelt into it at all. However, she is going to get her sofa, and this time at the hands of the President himself. I seriously doubt whether she will appreciate it, but the President means only kindness, possibly mixed with a little policy; but whatever be the motive, it will be a graceful thing for him to do. If it has the effect of softening the feeling of irritation which certainly has existed at Oyster Bay, and brings the two families closer together, then it will indeed be worth preserving in a museum.

When I showed the settee to the President he said:

"What a miserable little thing to cause such a ferment! Now I want you to have it copied and then send the original to Mrs. Roosevelt. Don't say anything about it to Crosby or to anyone else, and when it goes I want you to write Mrs. Roosevelt just how it came about and that it is a souvenir from me."

Mrs. Taft has carried out her intention of making the Roosevelt china the White House china by filling it out at a cost of three thousand dollars. That is a big order when you think that Mrs. Roosevelt ordered enough originally for a dinner of one hundred covers. I think this and the settee episode will do much to establish the *entente cordiale* between the two families, for the Roosevelts are more susceptible people to personal kindness than any I have ever known. Anything like this goes straight to the heart.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Strives to Make Peace

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 31, 1910.

DEAR CLARA:

I have had one more chance to put in a blow for peace between these two men. Charlie Norton, the President's secretary, is spending the holidays somewhere in the White Mountains, and he wrote me as a Christmas card a letter full of warmth and good cheer, which, if he meant it, would leave the opening for me to say a good deal of what was in my mind to him. He told me what a help I had been to him, and when he went away he would carry with him the sweetest memories of our campaign here together.

I answered him in the same strain and told him that I had not offered him any advice, for as a rule I did not believe in doing so, but I had one piece of advice which I

would fire at him at long range. It was this: The President, I told him, could not hope for a renomination or reëlection without the support of Colonel Roosevelt, and I thought it the duty of everyone to do what he could to bring the two together, and I hoped he would not continue to say things of the Colonel which would be attributed to the President and which might make it more difficult for the Colonel to come to the support of the President when the crucial moment might arrive. I asked him to accept this advice in the spirit of kindness in which it was meant, and warned him that every word he said was repeated to the sage at Oyster Bay.

Yesterday afternoon, while walking with the President, I told him of Norton's nice letter to me and what I had written to him. I intended to offer the President this same advice over the shoulder of Norton. He said to me:

"I am very glad you wrote that to Norton, for possibly he has been a little unwise, but I do not think that anyone can ever say he has heard me say anything against the Colonel."

I told him I thought his action above criticism. I could say nothing else. I felt more like telling him that he had said a good deal more than he was willing to acknowledge; but he knows well enough what he has said and what he has left unsaid. I think he is on the right track now, and if he will stop Norton from talking so much I think he will remain so.

This is the last day of the year. I have gone stubbornly on in the course I have adopted—whether for good or evil I do not know. I have seen the two men I have served drift farther apart when my highest hope was to see them united. It has looked pretty black for both, but just as the old year is going out and a new one coming in there is a slight rift in the cloud, and I see a ray of hope that may brighten the horizon for the 1911. Whether it will dispel

the darkness which surrounds the President before 1912, I do not know. It may have come too late to accomplish anything, or it may forecast for the President a more brilliant period yet. I have tried to keep an impartial record.

What will follow may show how futile have been all my efforts for peace and harmony, or may discredit all my predictions and prophecies; but the facts remain, and I can truthfully say that I have set down naught in malice but with the hope only of preserving what I believe to be of interest and to complete a record which some day may be searched for a true history of events.

And now good-bye, dear Clara. I hope a happier New Year awaits us all.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXV

MR. TAFT, UNBIDDEN, ATTENDS BUTT'S PARTY

January 3, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

I know you would like to hear about my own New Year's party. It was a great success. There were about three hundred people present during the two and a half hours I received, and these included most of the ambassadors, heads of missions, five members of the Cabinet, and finally the President himself. The latter I did not invite and did not want, but it was lovely to have him come, nevertheless, and of course I felt very much flattered, and, I must confess it, somewhat honored. I thought I was past being affected one way or another by Presidents, but I found myself quite overcome when President Taft, unannounced and unexpected, entered the room. Usually I am part of

the show when it enters and makes its exit, so yesterday was quite a novel experience.

Up to the time of his coming everyone had been having a splendid time. You see, I had only asked my own personal friends; even in the Cabinet I only asked those with whom I feel on terms of intimacy, like Hitchcock, Nagel, Dickinson, and MacVeagh, though Ballinger came and brought his wife with him.

There were all the nicest people in the city here and most of the officials. General Wood and General Murray and Carter and, in fact, all the general officers of the army, came in, and two Supreme Court judges, and minor officials, and while most of these did so because of my connection with the President or else with a real kindly desire to help me out as they might think, still the young fashionable crowd came because they were my friends and because they had such a good time last year that they knew they would enjoy themselves this New Year's also. I sometimes suspect that I possess the art of entertaining, for people come early to my house and always stay late and seem merry while they are here.

It was a very cheap party; that is, it cost me very little money, but many a millionaire on Massachusetts Avenue would have given a hundred times as much as I spent to have had the success which mine proved to me.

Mrs. Lamar received for me. She and the new justice arrived a few days ago, and I thought it would be nice to present her in just this way to the people it would be nicest for her to know after she wakes up and finds out that the Supreme Court set is a little slow for her and the justice. I have long wanted to do something to show her my gratitude for the beautiful tribute she paid my mother when she offered resolutions before the Colonial Dames Society announcing her death. My mother always admired her, and I find that I ask nothing more than that in making

up my list of friends. I could not have found a more beautiful way to testify to this gratitude than what I did for her yesterday. She met everyone she ought sooner or later to meet, and in a way that she might not have done had she remained here a lifetime. She was charming to everyone, and I could see that she made a delightful impression on all she met. I stood first, received my guests, and then presented them to Mrs. Lamar and then to the justice, who was not very far away at any time.

I had three eggnog bowls going at one time, and these were presided over by Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. Winthrop, the wife of Beekman Winthrop, whom you met last summer on the North Shore, and Helen Taft. I had only intended to have two at each end of the table in the dining room, but, these becoming overworked, I started a third one going in the library and pressed Mrs. Spencer Cosby into service. Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Gibbons relieved each other alternately. I had nothing but eggnog and homemade cakes and hot biscuits buttered, with Smithfield ham between them. I never saw anything disappear as did those biscuits. But they must be served hot, and to do this I got Carrie, Belle Hagner's cook, and Fanny, my faithful washwoman, experts in the cooking of them, and with a hot oven they kept the supply equal to the demand until after seven o'clock, when the last of the guests left the house. No one seemed to touch the cake, and I shall never have cake at another eggnog. The hot biscuits are the only things which should ever be eaten with eggnog. The ham gives just that touch needed to counteract the sweetness of the nog.

Last year, you remember, it gave out; so this year I was determined to have enough and made preparations accordingly. I was forced to borrow cups from the neighbors to put it in, as it overflowed every bowl I had in the house. I rented three bowls and all the glasses and napkins,

but when we began to beat the eggs and the cream and to mix it, we saw that there were not enough receptacles in the house to hold the frothy stuff. Altogether we had eleven gallons, and there was only a pint left to send to Mrs. Taft, who did not come. As I went out to the automobile with the President, he said:

"Archie, this is the best party I ever attended. I really congratulate you. I don't think I ever saw so many nice people together who seemed to be having such a good time."

When he came in and had shaken hands, I said to him that he should not be troubled with an aide on this occasion, but I soon saw, before he had got halfway through the first room, that aides were necessary. I hastily summoned Captain Harry Lay, who was looking splendid in his full-dress uniform of Marines, and asked him to precede the President and act as his special aide until he left. The President cannot push people aside, and he gets hemmed in and cornered if someone does not look out for him. Harry carried and filled the rôle even better than I could have done, for I should not like to put one guest over another, even if he be the President. This sounds strange coming from me, does it not? But I think you catch my meaning.

Now, mind you, all this occurred after the New Year's reception at the White House, where I had presented by name over five thousand persons and the President had shaken hands with that number. As a rule, the general public is not announced by name, but under the present system which prevails at the White House all presentations are made by me and not repeated by anyone. We got through so quickly that we found ourselves a half hour ahead of the program, and for fear of getting through the reception so early as to cause people to think it was a

failure, I resorted to the device of announcing the name of everyone who passed down the line. Even with this I was forced to hold them back and make them pass more slowly in order to avoid the charge of the press that the reception was not as large as they usually are. You see, there are some tricks to every trade.

We had finished by two o'clock, and when I reached home I found that the colored women with the aid of six Filipino boys had separated the eggs, beaten up the whites and whipped the cream; so little remained to be done but to mix. Cosby sent his gardener and contributed a dozen government vases with roses, and the rooms looked as if a fortune had been spent on flowers. As soon as the reception at the White House was over, the flowers were sent here and so did double duty. I knew I had done good work in the matter of this entertainment, but just how good I had not realized until Mary Patten, who sees in every closet and behind every sham, laughed with me (not at me, for she is a bully friend) when she said:

"Well, you have killed more birds with one stone than anyone I ever knew. You send out New Year's greetings, you invite to a tea on the same card, you present Mrs. Lamar to fashionable Washington, you clean up your social score, and we all come to pay our respects, including the President."

"And what do you suppose it cost?" I said, laughing.

"One who did not know would say a thousand dollars," she said, "but I should say about a hundred."

"Then you would say just fifty too much," I told her, and she added:

"And this party will be talked about when the McLean cotillion and the Leiter dinner dance are forgotten."

I have gone into all this, for I thought it might amuse you. Don't keep this letter, for I should not like the secrets

of my own household to be revealed, no matter how much I reveal those of my friends.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

Norton Ready to Quit Secretaryship

[Washington, D. C.,]
January 10, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The expected has happened, at least what I expected. Norton is going to resign his position as secretary to the President. He has chosen me to confide in and has asked my advice as to his successor.

The two men are divorced but friendly, and the President is now certain, it seems to me, of the Colonel's support for the renomination. The Colonel can do him more good in an impersonal way during the campaign than if he attempted to carry on the whole campaign himself, as it would end in his doing if they remarried politically with Loeb as the magistrate. This is the way I see it. The President and the Colonel are corresponding in a friendly sort of way. Only yesterday he wrote to Colonel Roosevelt giving his views on reciprocity and frankly asking for the Colonel's.

But all this hardly interests you. It did Norton, however, and he said he agreed with me, that he saw things in a new light. Whether he did or not, I don't know; and I really don't care much. But he wanted me to suggest someone, and I suggested Beekman Winthrop. He had never thought of Beekman. He does not think Beekman knows anything about politics. He is mistaken, and what is more important, Beekman knows the President. He will let the President be himself; that is the important thing. And he is as great a friend of Colonel Roosevelt as Loeb is. Norton said he had told the President and gave to him as

his reason that he felt himself a failure. Possibly the President accepted this with the same amount of salt as I did.

Good-bye.
ARCHIBALD.

Taft Grieves over Roosevelt

[Washington, D. C.,]
January 19, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I had a conversation with the President about Colonel Roosevelt. I repeated to him what Mr. Griscom had said to me the night before at the diplomatic dinner, which had saddened me very much. I could not get out of my mind all day the picture he drew of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. He and Mrs. Griscom had gone down to spend Sunday, and he said that he had found the Colonel in a most depressed state of mind; all his old buoyancy was gone, and he really seemed to him to be a changed man. Mrs. Roosevelt, he said, seemed more depressed than the Colonel, and this I realized came from the state he must be in, for if she could have her wish it would be never to hear of politics again. But if he is wounded, she shows her distress just in this way. Her depression told me, better than anything else which Mr. Griscom could have said, the state of the Colonel's mind.

At any rate, I told the President just what Griscom had told me, and when he got to the White House he asked me to come in, as he wanted to talk, and while I took off my things he walked ahead of me and turned on the lights in the Red Room and sat down with his overcoat on.

"Tell me again what Griscom said. It is strange he never told me any of this."

I told the President that Griscom had said he would not

repeat it to anyone else but myself, for he knew my interest in and love for the family.

"Archie," said the President, "I don't see what I could have done to make things different. Somehow people have convinced the Colonel that I have gone back on him, and he does not seem to be able to get that out of his mind. But it distresses me very deeply, more deeply than anyone can know, to think of him sitting there at Oyster Bay alone and feeling himself deserted. I know just what he feels. It is a dreary spot in winter, and the surroundings must have a bad effect on both of them."

The President stopped talking and looked hard ahead of him. He reached up and wiped his eye. I don't know whether a tear had formed there or not, but I could see that something of a big nature was going on in his mind. He may have been reviewing all those years of intimacy and come face to face with some thought of disloyalty on his own part. I started to rise, but he waved me back, and he sat for some time longer in absolute silence. When he broke it again, it was to say:

"It may be that a break had to come. The situation was a most difficult one for both of us, but no harder for him than for me, and I don't think he ever saw my side of it. What he is undergoing now may be the thing most needed to get him back to a normal frame of mind. The American people are strange in their attitudes toward their idols. This is not the first time this sort of thing has happened. They have even led their idols on and on to cut their legs from under them later and apparently to make their fall all the greater.

"Where I do blame Roosevelt is for allowing them to get him in this position. He should have kept aloof and not given the people an opportunity to do what they have done. But I don't know when I have had anything to affect me as deeply as the picture which this conversation brings

to my mind. To feel everything slipping away from him, all the popularity, the power which he loved, and above all the ability to do what he thought was of real benefit to his country, to feel it all going and then to be alone! I hope the old boy has enough philosophy left to take him through this period; that is all. If he could only fight! That is what he delights in, and that is what is denied to him now. The papers in the East have adopted a policy of ignoring him, of never mentioning him. I had heard that this was done with a view of driving home the iron. This robs him of the right to hit back, to fight, and leaves him in a way without an audience. I hear Pinchot has deserted him and that his old allies are weakening. It is all sad! Well, do you see where I could have acted differently?"

He appealed to me for comfort, for in his mind there was the still small voice saying I know not what, but enough to make the quiver in his voice genuine.

"I don't see how you could have done differently," I said.

I wonder if I lied. I do think he did all he could do at the time the Colonel went away and at the time he came back, but what other things he left undone he only knows himself. Looking back, I see a good deal he might have done, but after all it may all have been inevitable and working to some end which none of us can see.

All great souls have their hours of darkness, and the Colonel is having his now. But it is heart-breaking to those of us who know him well and who love him sincerely. I am glad I waked the President's conscience in regard to him, for I feel that my conversation has done this. The past twelve months in the lives of both can never be wiped out entirely, but they may be able to build up their friendship on some basis even more enduring and lasting than the old one. I don't know how it can come about, but I should love to see them united once again.

News came yesterday of the reëlection of Senator Lodge. Nearly everyone is delighted now that it is a fact.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXVI

TAFT'S OPINION OF HIS CABINET ADVISERS

[Washington, D. C.,]
January 26, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Just returned from a long walk with the President and Norton. Rather a nice jovial afternoon, too. We went around the monument and up the Mall to the Botanical Gardens and then out to Pennsylvania Avenue and back to the White House. The President was in good humor. He had just dispatched his message to Congress, the one which you will read to-morrow, transmitting the reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. The Maine Senators say that the treaty just wipes Maine off the map, and the President expects a fight from them. He thinks, however, he may be able to force its ratification at this session.

Norton told him there was a strike on in his cabinet, and the President anxiously asked what it was, and the secretary told him that the members of the Cabinet were striking on having to listen to Secretary Dickinson's stories during cabinet meetings and complained bitterly that these stories introduced into all discussions an air of frivolity that often prevented them from considering matters seriously. The President was greatly amused over this matter and said:

"Well, if the Cabinet can find any way to choke Mac off from telling stories, I should like them to do it. I have

never been able to do so, and sometimes I have tried hard to checkmate him too."

Norton went on to say that the chief complainants were the Attorney General and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

"Well, the fact of the matter is," said the President, "Nagel is worse than Dickinson, for Dickinson does have some amusing point to his stories, and often Nagel and Ballinger will take up all the time of the meeting with a lot of unnecessary detail and have no point to their reports when they finish. They make Dickinson a blame sight more tired than Dickinson makes them, I am sure of that."

Then he went on to talk about the members of the Cabinet, and some of it was rather interesting. He said that Knox was by all odds the most concise member and could transact business much more rapidly than anyone else he came in contact with. He said he was a marvel in presenting matters with clearness and distinctness, while Secretary Meyer's long business training had been such that even his diplomatic career later had not been able to make him obtuse and complex. He said it was a pleasure to have Meyer present his case, though sometimes he presented it too well, for he failed often to give both sides of the contention.

I asked him about the Attorney General, for I was surprised not to hear him mentioned first among them.

"Wickersham is wordy, strange as it may seem," said the President. "You think he is clear and concise, and it sounds so when he is talking, but I find that after he has finished he has been neither, and I had missed the very points which I would have expected him to bring out. If Dickinson did not illustrate every report so voluminously with anecdotes, he would be the best of them all, possibly with the exception of Knox. I can never make

out exactly what Hitchcock is talking about, and I usually wait for his specific recommendation before deciding any proposition he brings up to me.

"Ballinger is as bad as Nagel. They take up my time with questions of no moment at all, as if I had the time or the desire to pass upon the proposed dismissal of a janitor or the promotion of a clerk. Nagel is afraid of me for some reason. The trouble with him is, he associates with Mrs. —— too much and has imbibed some of her absurd notions about the Presidency. Whenever that woman comes to the White House and begins curtseying to me and Mrs. Taft, I feel like putting both my hands on her shoulders and pushing her all the way to the ground. Some day I have a horrible presentiment that I shall do this very thing."

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

The President in Fighting Mood

[Washington, D. C.,]
January 28, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I think the President is putting on his fighting clothes. He says that even Senator Root is taking water on the matter of expelling Lorrimer from the Senate. He says he has permitted the Vice President to have some influence over him.

"Sherman tells him that I will lose the Catholic vote if I do not stop fighting Lorrimer. I think I made myself pretty plain to Father Kelly yesterday. I was very angry, but I controlled myself and said to him in my softest voice that if the entire Catholic Church stood before me I should not be moved in my attitude toward Lorrimer. I have sent this wily priest away very angry with me, but I have long since lost my fear of one priest or one archbishop, for I find that they are by no means so united as they would

make out. I always deal with each one of them, however, as if he alone carried the entire Church in his pocket."

He went on to say that the beef packers were all in favor of Lorrimer, as well as all the Catholic interests and all the lumber interests, and thrown in with these influences was the Vice President.

"I am always disappointed when Root leans to the wrong side. Root is a lawyer, if you know what I mean by that. I can always tell when Sherman has had hold of him. They are both from New York, and they really belong to the same society. I think I have got far enough now in my administration to let some of the timber I don't like drop overboard, and I propose to begin from now on to show my teeth."

He was great this afternoon. He made me think that his period of suppression was over and from now on he would see in a different way altogether.

Last night he went to the Townsends' dance. I dined there and went for him at half-past ten. It was a wonderful entertainment, the most delightful given here this winter. She never shone to a better advantage than last evening. She gave a dinner of two hundred people, and it might have been a dinner of ten, so beautifully was everything served and so deliciously prepared.

The President enjoyed himself at the cotillion. He danced twice himself: the first time with Alice Longworth and once with Mathilde, now Mrs. Gerry. Mrs. Taft was not well enough to go; in fact, the President discourages her from going to these entertainments with him. He likes to drop in merely to show his appreciation of the fact that his daughter is the guest of honor, and his coming does add a dramatic touch to the entertainment which it would not otherwise have. The danger is that the demands will become so great on him that he will be forced to adopt the rule of President Roosevelt, never to appear at any private

entertainments at all. But he loves dearly to get out of the strict routine of the White House occasionally, and I should be sorry to see him forced to forego the enjoyment he gets from this recreation.

Mrs. Townsend had some of Mathilde's in-laws at her home last evening.

There were many bitter hearts last evening in Washington, for Mrs. Townsend culled Washington society down to two hundred and would not have one more.

ARCHIBALD.

Society Chatter of the Capital

[Washington, D. C.,]
January 29, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

To-day is a ripper for rain, sleet, and wind. The President and I were going walking, but when the rain turned to sleet he gave it up and ordered the limousine. Taking Mrs. Taft with us, we motored to the Newlands', where we spent most of the afternoon. He always enjoys Mrs. Newlands, and this afternoon more than usual, it seemed to me. She is a great mimic and gave a glowing account of Mary Patten's description of the Perry Belmont ball.

It seems that Mrs. Belmont asked George Howard to lead the cotillion, and Hoerstmann of the German Embassy and Pejaesevitch to assist him. George resents the fact that he is a leader of cotillions, and to offset this fact he does it in the most brutal fashion possible, for fear somebody might suspect him of enjoying the job. I know just how he feels. I will not lead cotillions.

When the cotillion began, George seized the favors and started around the room with them. Hoerstmann and —— (I cannot look up the Austrian's name again to spell it correctly, but it is the same one mentioned above) rushed to George and asked him what they could do, and he said,

"Nothing." They said that Mrs. Belmont had told them to assist him, and he turned to both and said:

"If I need any assistance, I will call the servants."

Both left the house in high dudgeon, and now poor Mrs. Belmont has the disfavor of the diplomatic corps for not standing by them and disciplining George. He is not American except on his mother's side, his father being Sir Somebody Howard, the present Minister from Great Britain at The Hague. George has elected to live in the United States and has taken out naturalization papers and so in this sense is an American.

Good-night.

ARCHIBALD.

The Withering Touch of Penrose

[Washington, D. C.,]
February 2, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President was rather grouchy, I thought, over his appointment of a commandant of the Marine Corps. I think he has reason to be. He says he feels as if he were held up on the public road and relieved of his purse and his watch. He had intended to name Major Waller, and this in spite of the fact that Waller had once been court martialed for shooting a few of the little Brown Brothers in the Philippines without a trial of any kind. But Waller is the idol of the corps and certainly the only man in the entire body who has any fitness for the position at the present time. His appointment was recommended by Meyer and agreed to by the President, and his name was practically written, when Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania called on the President, and in five minutes Waller was sidetracked and Colonel Biddle elevated to the place in command. He happened to be a cousin to the junior Senator from Pennsylvania.

The whole thing was characteristic of Penrose. And if

you could only see and know Penrose, you would wonder how he could have anything done. It is that which grips the President's conscience in the matter. Penrose is a gentleman by birth, but a guttersnipe by instinct. He owns Pennsylvania, and every member from that state in the House and every office holder back in the state is an abject tool to him in politics. For instance, Representative Butler of the House, who has a son in the Marine Corps and who is Waller's greatest friend, withdrew his endorsement on a whisper from Penrose. Butler had actually fought for Waller and told the President that unless Waller was appointed his son would resign from the service. Penrose went to him and said:

"See here, I want you to withdraw from this Marine Corps fight at once," and Butler fell from it as if he had fallen from a ladder.

Penrose then went to the President and said: "I want this appointment for Biddle," and when the President told him of his unfitness, his only reply was that Biddle was from Pennsylvania and the ranking officer of the corps. He never mentioned the relationship. The President said he never saw a man more vulgar in his demand.

When the President told him he did not see how he could very well name Biddle, Penrose said to him:

"Well, you can't expect me to aid you in your legislative schemes if you can't give me an appointment which is mine by rights as far as I can see."

Presidents have always used the army and navy for trading stamps, but I had hoped that the President would throw down the glove to Penrose or rather pick up the one Penrose threw at his feet; but it was not to be.

Midnight.

The Secretary of the Navy has an eye to beauty and Mrs. Meyer to elegance, and she says that by the time

their friends have run the gauntlet of the pencil her dinners represent both. It was certainly true last evening. There was Mrs. Gordon Abbott of Boston, one of the North Shore's most famous women, and there were the Goelets, Mrs. Goelet being the loveliest woman in New York, in my opinion; the Whitney Warrens and the President of Yale and Mrs. Hadley bringing up the intelligence average, while the Reverend and Mrs. Cotton Smith of St. John's Church did not lower the standard in that particular. Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt contributed some beauty, much charm, and wonderful diamonds, while Mrs. Richard Townsend gave presence and pearls, and Captain Andrew of the navy and I the gold lace. The Murray Cranes were simply the Murray Cranes. Dion Piatt Andrew and Bob Bacon added greatly to the pulchritude of the male element present.

After dinner Miss Ada Sassoli, a young and beautiful Italian girl, played upon the harp. She is wonderful and holds her audience spellbound by her marvelous technique and delicacy of touch. She is here visiting the Loudens. Mrs. Louden was Miss Eustis of New Orleans and she married Louden, who is the Minister from the Netherlands. Some day I want to devote a whole letter to this couple. You cannot dismiss them in a paragraph. They stand for all that is best in the diplomatic corps, and she is the head and front of the musical world of Washington. One never sees anything of her entertainments in the papers, and half of social Washington doesn't even know they are here. A visiting card with the date and music is all that one ever gets from them, but this single invitation presages often a musical treat which can scarcely be had at the Metropolitan Opera House for dollars, or at the John McLeans' after weeks of heralding through the press.

Good-bye.

ARCHIBALD.

An Anecdote of President Lincoln

Washington, D. C.,
February 5, 1911.

Dear Clara:

Mr. White [Horace White] told several good stories on Mr. Lincoln, one of which he said he had never seen in print. He had been traveling with Mr. Lincoln, who he said always wore a long linen duster. President Taft asked if he spoke in it, and Mr. White said no, that Mr. Lincoln always took it off, at least when he was with him, and as he wore a duster without a coat he frequently spoke in his shirtsleeves. But on this occasion, he said, Mr. Lincoln entered the speaker's stand with his duster on and sat down next to a very pretty girl. When he was introduced he arose, took off his long duster and folding it up, laid it in the lap of the young lady, saying as he did:

"Hold my coat while I proceed to stone Stephen."

I am in receipt to-day of a letter from Mabel Boardman, asking me to bring the President to her house to-morrow evening. She has had several of her evenings, and he has not been present at one of them, while last year he missed only one. It is a great tribute to my influence when Mabel asks me to get the President to do something for her, and Charlie Norton relies on my suggestion to get him to dinner. I begin to feel that the witticism got off by Mary Patten at my expense may have some foundation in fact. When Mrs. Townsend told her that the President was coming to her party, Mary Patten said:

"Oh, it is no compliment to you. He only goes where Archie Butt drags him, and he only drags him to the people whom he likes."

None of this is true, for if I had my way I should never let him enter a private house. He goes where he likes to go,

and I have little to do with it, but in the case of Miss Boardman I shall certainly suggest to him to go, for I don't like his friends to think he is fickle. He is easily influenced to do what he wants to do, but he is as stubborn as an ox when he gets set in the other direction.

Good-night.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LXVII

A PLOT AGAINST BALLINGER

[Springfield, Ill.,]
February 10, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Here we are again! This time to Springfield, Ill., to pay our respects to Lincoln and to lay a wreath on his tomb. We left last evening, the President and I coming direct from a dinner given in his honor by the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Ballinger.

Norton, the President's secretary, met us at the car. The conversation which we had late in the evening is the reason for this letter this morning. I do not know whether he was smarting over the fact that he had not been invited to the dinner or not. At any rate, he began to ask about the dinner, and I had to confess that it was not the most cheerful banquet I had ever sat down to, and I expressed the opinion that Ballinger himself looked ill and very nervous.

"He ought to," Norton said, "for if my plans carry he will be discredited within a month and feeding in the cold."

His language, as you will see, was vindictive. As soon as the President got to bed, he took me into a compartment and, tapping on his coat where I could hear the rattle of some paper, asked me what I thought it was. I told him I had no idea, and he whispered:

"It is the resignation of Ballinger. I have extorted it from him."

"How?" I asked.

"By persuading his classmates at college that he should offer his resignation to the President in order that the President may have a chance to refuse it and vindicate him by a letter. I even drew the letter myself and gave it to King, whom you may have met at dinner to-night. He and his wife are old friends of my wife, and I asked them to visit us in order to bring about this very thing. So he and Ramsey and another classmate agreed to get the resignation in writing, and I have it here; and now, if the President does not accept it, he will have a row with me that will do him more harm than holding on to Ballinger. I will hold this resignation until Ballinger does something to irritate the President, and then I shall spread it before him and get him to act while he is in the humor for it."

He is so full of his own schemes that he never suspects that anyone can play a counter game to his. He does not have the least idea that I, for instance, am enlisted in the cause of Ballinger. I am convinced that should the President sacrifice Ballinger to the public clamor it would react on himself within twenty-four hours, and he would lose much more than he would gain by the act.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Taft Talks of Lincoln and Roosevelt

En route from Springfield to Washington,
Sunday, February 12, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

During the trip to Columbus, Governor Harmon asked the President what he could do for him. The President broke into a good laugh and said:

"Nothing, Jud, unless you sail in and wallop that collegiate disciple of that wild-eyed Jonathan Bourne."

Later, when I asked the President what he meant, he told me that Woodrow Wilson was gaining strength every day, and it looked as if he would defeat Harmon for the Democratic nomination. He hoped to have Harmon as his opponent in 1912, as he felt he would be the easiest to defeat.

He said to me at the breakfast table this morning, in speaking of Lincoln:

"There is nothing so strange to me as the way men fool themselves. Roosevelt once told me that when he was in doubt as to what action to take he always thought of what Lincoln would do under the same circumstances and shaped his actions accordingly. Now if there were ever two people dissimilar in every particular, they were Roosevelt and Lincoln. There is a decided similarity between Andrew Jackson and Roosevelt. Roosevelt would have done just what Jackson did in removing the currency from the National Bank, and he would have sent the same answer to Congress as Jackson did from Florida. Imagine what he would have done with McClellan, and see what he did do with General Miles. He had the same disrespect for law when he felt the law stood between him and what he thought was right to do. But between him and Lincoln there is nothing in common. Yet I really believe he thinks their characters are modeled after the same fashion. Roosevelt was a great President, but not in the way he thinks he was great. He got a great hold on the public mind and used it. But as for placing himself in the attitude of an antagonist and seeing his point of view, he could not; and yet that is one of the greatest characteristics of Lincoln."

At this point Norton came to breakfast, and I hurriedly changed the subject for fear a further discussion might

bring out some arguments which would show that Seward and Ballinger were not similar cases at all.

Good-night.
ARCHIE.

Taft's Victory on Reciprocity

[Washington, D. C.,]
February 14, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

It has been a day of excitement about the White House, an unusually exciting day. Ever since the President came home yesterday morning, he has done little else but hammer away to get the Reciprocity Treaty through the House. He found his chief opposition from the Speaker and Mr. Dalzell, the member from Pittsburgh and also chairman on the House Rules Committee.

Yesterday afternoon, when the President attended the conference of the Pan-American Union to make a speech of welcome, he found Champ Clark also there, and the two had some good-natured sparring in their references to each other. But after the meeting was over the President and the Speaker-that-is-to-be retired into a side room and held an important conference. When the President was going home, he said that Champ had told him to expect a bitter fight from the old guard on the Committee on Rules. It does seem strange, seeing the President and the leader of the Minority hatching plots to defeat the plans of the Republican party in the House and Senate. But such is the case. The President declared himself and Champ to be partners in this business.

Well, this is how he has been busy all day, seeing members, writing some of them letters, and sending messages to others to bring about a meeting of the Committee on Rules. He found every effort blocked by the Speaker and

Mr. Dalzell. He wrote a letter to Dalzell last night, but this seems to have done no good to that representative of the protected industries. This is mere preamble to what is of interest—or so it seems to me—and right here happens one of those freakish antitheses which make life dramatic in its detail.

This evening is the dinner to the Speaker, a function set apart to show special honor and respect to the cardinal official. This was done last winter when the President was defending the Speaker and the tariff bill against all comers. This is the largest he has given, with the exception of the one of the diplomatic corps. He made out the list and had on it originally eighty-five. Of these seventy-two accepted, and Mrs. Taft was somewhat indignant, upbraiding the President for being so profligate in his invitations. He laughingly told her she had no political acumen, that he hoped great things from this dinner, and that she would find everyone at it whom he hoped to cajole into voting for reciprocity. She was not at all appeased and at noon to-day, when he told her that the Speaker was fighting reciprocity and that the old guard was playing the most dastardly tricks, her only reply was:

"So you see this entire dinner is wasted. Twenty-five would have done just as much good as seventy-two. Now I do wish you would consult me before you do these things. I could have told you that nothing will move that old Cannon when he gets his head set, and it is a waste of good material to lay a dinner before him."

The President laughed at this sally, and he knew it was true. He then went into the East Room, where he addressed the men at the head of the Boy Scout movement. As he left for the office he said:

"Archie, change your uniform and let's take a walk."

I hurried home and came back to the office, and there I sat all the afternoon. Word came from Jim Mann, who is

managing the bill, that there was no hope of a meeting of the Committee on Rules. The President said:

"This is the lowest politics I have ever seen played in Congress and, damn them, it is my own party which is playing it. Cannon told the country and still insists that the House rules and not the Speaker, and yet we cannot get the chairman to call a meeting of the committee."

He talked with eight representatives during the afternoon, and each time he damned Cannon and Dalzell all the louder. He was very much wrought up, but appeared to be helpless. He told Mann to remain in session all night and he would declare the Speaker's dinner off, and was about to give the order when Mann called him up again and said that it would not do for this to occur, as the country would take it as an open rupture between the President and the Speaker. He said he would hold off, and by that time six o'clock had rolled around. I was in the office with the President and his secretary when Norton was called to the phone. It was Mann at the other end to say that Dalzell had yielded and a rule would be brought in at once. But he told the President it would be impossible for the members to get to the dinner by eight o'clock. In the meantime messages were pouring in from other members asking if they could be excused or what would happen if they were forced to remain at the Capitol. Finally Crumpacker telephoned asking if his wife could bring their son in place of himself, as he feared it would be impossible to get to the dinner by eight. The President said it was a choice now whether to postpone the dinner until nine or declare it off. I strongly advised postponing it, and he said:

"Wait, there is one to be heard who may have something to say in the matter."

He walked over to the secretary's desk and asked the exchange to get Mrs. Taft on the phone at once. While he

was waiting for Mrs. Taft to come, another message was received saying that the House would vote at once on the rule and then on the bill and then on recommitment, and each vote would take a half hour or longer, and it was then half-past six.

Mrs. Taft came to the phone. The conversation was a most characteristic one and indicates better than any incident I have ever seen the methods which the President pursues when he wants to accomplish something very much. I could hear only what he said. It was so interesting and so indicative that it is worth putting down just as it occurred.

"Is that you, my darling?

"I say, is that you my darling?

"Come closer to the phone, dear. Is that you, Nellie?

"It would be a little more grammatical to say, 'It's I,' but I don't care what pronoun you use as long as you utter it sweetly.

"Yes, 'me' does sound more natural, but we can't change the English grammar. I couldn't, at least; but I don't feel so sure about you.

"Well, they can do without you for a few minutes.

"Don't hurry me so.

"I thought you might be interested in the good news. They have got the Reciprocity bill up in the House and are now voting on it. Yes, I thought it would interest you.

"I am afraid it will make some of the members who are coming to dinner late.

"No, I don't see how we can help it. Would you mind having dinner a little later, say at a quarter to nine?

"Too late, is it? Well, I don't want to upset your plans. What do you think we had better do?

"All right, then, we will say half-past eight, and I will notify all our guests at once. No, I will do it from here.

Archie is here, and he has the list. That is sweet of you, my dear; then, half-past eight. Better tell the cook.

"Of course, I might have known that you would think of that. Good-bye, darling. You are a trump all right."

Turning to me with a bland, childlike smile, he asked:

"We can't come down until you notify us, can we, Archie?"

I told him no; then he said:

"Send a telegram to each guest at once saying that the dinner is postponed until a quarter to nine, and you see to it that the cook knows of this corrected hour, and see that she does not give our secret away, and then have the operators call up the Senators at least by phone and notify them. Now we will go and take a walk around the circle."

He put on his coat and we made a hasty trip around the circle, and he was so interested in the fate of the bill that he came in after walking around once and began to telephone for news. I do not know what has taken place. I came on home to dress and get back as soon as possible in case some of the guests should arrive three quarters of an hour ahead of time. I have just an hour to spare, and so I am writing down this little incident, as I think it interesting. As he came into the office the President said, laughing:

"Well, Nellie will have another one on me. Think of my giving that old fox a dinner of seventy-odd, and on the very day of the dinner he is fighting me to a finish in this way! I wonder what the old scoundrel will say to me when we meet this evening. Any other man would feel sheepish, but I think he will rather enjoy the situation. I shan't mind it myself, as long as they put through the bill before he comes. I don't know what I should feel like doing if he succeeds in preventing a vote."

Midnight.

I am just back from the dinner. It was as interesting as I had expected it to be. The bill passed the House, and we

did not get seated at the dinner table until five minutes after nine. It was nearly half-past eight before I got to the White House. Only one couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, had not heard of the change and were on time. I found them sitting disconsolately in the lower corridor and tried to make apologies.

The Speaker, when he entered the Blue Room, took his position at the door and hardly uttered a word until after dinner. The President greeted him most cordially, but he got not a smile in return. Even Miss Cannon, I thought, was somewhat chilly.

The President walked up the stairs with Dalzell. I was just in front of them, and I heard the President say:

"Well, John, I love you just the same. It makes no matter how you fight me, I will not change."

"I only hope you have not killed the Republican party," said Dalzell. "That is all, Mr. President, I was trying to say."

"It will be stronger than ever when it adjusts itself to this new idea. You must remember there are other things besides high protection for which the party stands."

Good-night. Let me hear from you soon.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXVIII

AN EXCITING TIME IN THE SENATE

[Washington, D. C.,]
March 8, 1911.

MY DEAR SISTER:

The day I spent with the President at Congress was one of the most exciting I ever went through and one of the most interesting. I should love to have written you of it

at the time, for so much happened up there to bring out his character in bold relief. I was with him every minute and saw Senator after Senator come in and protest against an extra session. I heard Crane tell another Senator that the President would not call it.

I witnessed a part of the Owen filibuster, when he held up all the great appropriation bills until a half hour before the adjournment. I heard the President send him word to come in and speak to him, and the answer that he would not. I listened to the colloquy between the President and Senator Bailey, in which it was planned to yield to Owen's demand that the Senate agree to take up the Constitutions for New Mexico and Arizona jointly, and I witnessed the scene in the President's room when Owen yielded the floor and came in looking like a fighting Indian and told the President that he had yielded. I saw the President smile and thank him when he felt like killing him, and I heard the order given to set back the hands of the Senate clock in order to pass the General Deficiency and Sundry Civil bill, the latter carrying the fortification for the Panama Canal. I saw the President sign bills and hold conferences at the same time, never losing his temper once and keeping his head when all those around him were losing theirs, and I heard him say to Cannon and a committee of Republicans, who, encouraged by Crane, came over to protest against the extra session:

"It is no longer a question of when. On this point I am willing to confer with you."

I stood back of him in full-dress uniform and tried to hold back those who had no business with him. As he signed the Sundry Civil bill, I made him do it with three pens. The first one I have sent to Colonel Goethals, the other two I have for General Wood and General Aleshire. I saved the pen with which he signed the General Fortification bill for General Murray, the Chief of Artillery.

And now that all is over we are going for a holiday. We go to Atlanta to-morrow at four and spend one hectic day there, and then to Augusta for a week of golf. I will call you on the telephone as soon as I arrive and come in at the first opportunity to see you and the old man.

Now good-bye. With love for all, I am, as ever,

Affectionately,

ARCHIE.

Dissension over Policy Toward Mexico

Bon Air Hotel, Augusta, Ga.,
March 11, 1911.

We reached here this morning, having spent a tedious day in Atlanta. We went to the Country Club, where we attended a charming banquet. The President made a great speech on the Federal Judiciary.

Finally Woodrow Wilson, the scholastic Governor of New Jersey, got up. He proceeded to say he would not think of boring the audience which had come to hear the President, and promptly proceeded to hold them forty minutes. But everyone wanted to hear him, and a pin could be heard to fall save when the people applauded his sentences. It was the first time I had heard him. I am not sure what I think. It was a most polished and masterly address, and he speaks like one who thinks clearly, but his speech was aimed at wealth and its corrupting influence. The President said it was the polished utterance of a politician. But he has got to be reckoned with. I can see that.

Another thing the President told me was the fact that he had refused three times to accept the resignation of Ballinger, but was finally persuaded to do so and by the members of his cabinet. Knox, he said, came over to see him to tell him it would be wiser to accept it and added

this memorable expression, which the President laughed over as he recalled it:

"By refusing longer to accept this resignation you are pulling at the beard of death!"

Sunday, March 12, 1911.

As soon as we got back, the President was met by the news that Secretary Knox, angered at the Mexican policy of the President, was going to resign from the Cabinet. The President pooh-poohed the idea, but nevertheless I saw that he was troubled, and later he told me that, while Knox had not been present, still he felt that the Secretary of State would endorse his action in ordering the troops to Texas. It was a good deal on his mind, and he declined to go motoring with Mrs. Taft. He remained and wrote a long letter to Secretary Knox at Palm Beach, Fla., and another to General Wood. The report later that President Diaz had decided to suspend the constitutional guarantee and put the country in partial martial law buoyed him with the suggestion that his action regarding the troops was the best.

"If we have got to be the guardians for all foreign property on this continent and the Monroe Doctrine is to be upheld, then we must demonstrate our ability to handle our own, rapidly and effectively."

But news came later in the day which upset him very much. He learned that our fleet—or a part of it—had assembled in the Gulf off Tampico, and the Mexicans were naturally expecting an invasion. He said he had never given such an order, that either Meyer had misunderstood him or else was acting too independently. At any rate, he dictated orders at once, taking the ships from Mexican waters, and had Norton get Beekman Winthrop on the phone to get an explanation of this move.

Mrs. Taft and he and I went out in the motor about

ten o'clock, and she strongly urged him to go back to Washington, that he was not getting the rest he came for, and was even more troubled than had he remained at his work in Washington. He said he would like to do so, only every act on his part would arouse suspicion and add to the general uneasiness. So he thought it better to stick the week out here.

He and I and Norton sat on the piazza of the hotel until midnight, and I am so wide awake that I am sitting here by an open window in my room writing these notes. They may be worth keeping, as the situation is becoming more complex daily.

March 13, 1911.

The President is still much worried over his Mexican policy. He feels that he has done right, yet fears the criticism which seems inevitable. He has bolstered up his position by his letters to Wood and Knox, but there are still rumors that his cabinet may buck over this act. I can tell how worried he is, for he whistles to himself instead of talking, and he is up early every morning writing letters, which he invariably destroys before mailing. Norton tells me the Cabinet is not with him entirely in the Mexican matter; that they resent the fact that he did not hold a cabinet meeting or even consult with them before ordering the troops to Texas.

He consulted with Meyer and Dickinson, but with no one else. This would not have been so serious had he not done the same thing about Ballinger's resignation. He kept his cabinet waiting nearly an hour while he was writing the now famous letter accepting the resignation. He ordered it given out at noon, and it was given to the press while the cabinet meeting was in progress. As the cabinet officers left the Executive office, some of them were asked about the resignation, and, of course, knowing nothing of

it, denied the truth of the rumor. They were very angry that the President had not spoken to them about it, and Wickersham, almost always legal, said it was an act of discourtesy and expressed himself so strongly that when the President heard it over the telephone at lunch time he left the table and wrote a note to each cabinet officer explaining that he had not mentioned it at the meeting for fear of embarrassing Ballinger.

This is what gives him concern now about the Mexican matter, and he is busy, very busy, trying to prevent the suspicion becoming known that he acted without consulting with his cabinet and also to prevent a break in the Cabinet itself in consequence of it. If it were not for this, he would be having a splendid rest here.

March 18, 1911.

The President was greatly relieved by a letter he received from Secretary Knox to-day. It came while we were at the table. It had been opened by the stenographer and was sent in to Norton, who, seeing its importance, handed it at once to the President. When he had looked through it (part had been penned by the Secretary himself), the President said:

"It is funny, but Knox can't spell," and began to laugh.

"What can't he spell?" asked Mrs. Taft.

He hesitated to say, but laughed again and said:

"Well, for instance, he spells 'virile' v-i-r-i-l and 'wiggling' with one 'g,' but I don't care whether he spells or not, I am very glad to get his letter, and it must have cost Knox a good deal of labor to write all this himself."

He then read it to Mrs. Taft, who waited to hear it. It was a general endorsement of the Ballinger letter. Knox was in Florida when that was done, so he had no reason to feel aggrieved. But most of his letter concerned the Mexican policy. He did not endorse it unreservedly, but

said at a time like this, when De la Barra was protesting against arms and ammunition going over the border, with our ambassador, Mr. Wilson, "throwing fits," and business men with capital invested there "wigling" in agony at home and newspapers demanding news good or bad, what else could the President do but consider the case in all its phases and act as he thought best? Whether it had been the wisest thing to do or not was beyond discussion, but he, the Secretary, was prepared to stand with the President in defense of what had been done.

The President said he would make no explanations of his act until compelled to do so. He would not submit the facts to Congress even should it call for them, but when the people got good and ready for an explanation he would give it to them straight from the shoulder. It would be summed up, he said, in the one short sentence:

"To be in a state of readiness."

If Mr. Wilson's fears proved groundless, the army would have had valuable maneuvers. If the predicted volcano should burst and chaos reign in Mexico, the result would illustrate the importance of his act. No matter which happened, he believed that the American people would always approve any act which had for its object the protection of American life and American interest and the upbearing of the Monroe Doctrine.

A Story about Roosevelt

[Washington, D. C.,]
March 22, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We had the French Ambassador to-day at the White House. He came to present the officers of one of the naval ships now in the harbor. I heard the President telling the ambassador of an incident which was told to him by Cecil

Lyon. He could hardly tell it for laughing. He said that when Colonel Roosevelt was in Texas he was holding some big reception and, as was his wont, was shaking every man by the hand as if he were the only intimate friend in the country. One old fellow came along and said:

"Mr. President, I am so glad you are here. We are in terrible trouble. Our young son has been captured by the Mexicans and is kept in a vile prison incommunicado, and we fear is ill."

Colonel Roosevelt, who had not heard one word he had said, grasped him by the hand and said in his characteristic way:

"Fine, fine, splendid!"

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
March 25, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

The President said he would not go out this afternoon. I passed by the office early in the afternoon and found Senator Crane there. I told him the President was not coming over and asked him to go to the house, as Mr. Taft was laid up with pink eye and would welcome a visitor.

"If you will take me over, I will go," he said, and I agreed to do so.

As we passed in the darkened recesses of the basement near the kitchen, he stopped me and said:

"Butt, is Norton here?" and I told him no.

Then he said he would continue, but if Norton was with the President he did not want to go near him. I laughed, for I could but recall the time last summer when Crane and Norton pretended to think each other the most remarkable find of the period, each hoping to gain some advantage by a defensive and offensive alliance.

"Captain Butt, do you know Norton?" Crane asked me.

And when I laughed at him and said I had always known Norton, he said:

"But does the President know him? Does he know that he has separated him from almost every friend he ever had in public life and has almost made him hateful in the eyes of the House and Senate and with every public man who was his friend?"

"I don't know," I said. "You can never tell just what the President knows or doesn't know about those nearest him, for he is very careful never to discuss one subordinate with another."

I thought this incident would round off the story of the intimacy of these two men and would be a sort of requiem to their alliance of last year. I talked out to you all my bitter feelings last summer regarding Norton, Crane, and Aldrich, and after it went out of me in this way I thought no more about it, and I find that both men are trying to hold me as a friend.

With love,
ARCHIE.

[*It is only fair to say that Major Butt's views of Mr. Norton's political activities were not universally held in Washington. The situation was much discussed in the newspapers at the time, and Mr. Norton's side of the matter was clearly stated in the press.*]

CHAPTER LXIX

TAFT THINKS OF GOVERNMENT ECONOMY

[Washington, D. C.,]
Sunday afternoon, March 26, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Yesterday afternoon I went walking with the President and Norton. We began talking about efficiency and econ-

omy of government, a hobby the President is riding very hard just at this juncture. I suppose all Presidents sooner or later mount this steed, but little ever comes of it. The investigation is usually very expensive, and before anything can be done there is a change of administrations and another investigation is begun.

I am afraid I have started him, however, on a line which may lead to something. I told him if he really wanted an economic reform he should put all the supply departments of the army, including the Pay Corps, under one head and reorganize these departments from top to bottom. I told him frankly that the Quartermaster's Department could take over the Commissary Department with hardly an additional clerk. I did not know it would strike him as forcibly as it did, but he asked a hundred questions and seemed to be very familiar with the workings of those departments. When he got back he sent for Norton and told him to get hold of Representative Hay, who would be at the head of the Military Committee, he thought, of the next House of Representatives. The only way it could be worked, he said, was to get Hay to father the scheme, and he would be willing to let the Democrats have all the credit of bringing about this reform provided it would show a saving to the government. It ought to be done, but it will raise an awful stir in the army when it is proposed.

My luncheon to-day was not near the failure it might have been. I had the Spanish Minister and Madame Riano, Baron and Baroness Hengelmüller, Mrs. Townsend, d'Alte, the Portuguese Minister, and Mary Patten. Everyone was in good humor, and most of the conversation concerned the diplomatic corps.

Good-night.

A. W. B.

[Washington, D. C.,]
April 5, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I feel sorry for the ex-Speaker, not even nominated for Speaker by his own party, that honor going to Jim Mann. When Mrs. Taft said at the dinner table last evening that she felt some sympathy for Mr. Cannon, the President said:

"I don't see why you should. I have never liked him, but I have had to fraternize with him at times for the sake of harmony, and the hardest thing I have to bear by way of misrepresentation is the reports that he and I are friends and that I like him."

The President is responsible for this report himself, for when he thought it necessary to wheedle the old Speaker he was wont to put his arm around him, call him Uncle Joe, and speak of him in his speeches with some degree of affection. But they are now far apart, and the old Speaker is vindictive. The other evening he entered the theater and took his seat within a few seats of the President's box. He refused to look once at the box, and this in spite of the fact that the President smiled toward him for quite a time and tried to catch his eye and bow. Finally the audience caught on to the fact that the Speaker was sullen, and the President turned red and never looked at Cannon again. I felt rather mortified that the President should have placed himself in such a position; he did it with a sense of decency and what was fitting to be done, but it gave to Uncle Joe the opportunity he had been seeking to snub the President in public. The President said nothing of the incident afterwards, but he has been bitter in his remarks regarding the old man ever since.

Good-bye. Love to all.

ARCHIE.

A Conference with W. J. Bryan

[Washington, D. C.,]
April 7, 1911.

My dear Clara:

We had a pleasant walk this afternoon—the President, Hilles, the new secretary, and I. It was the first day we had had for a week without rain. The President was in rare good humor and did most of the talking and much of the laughing, for he always enjoys his own jokes. He told me that he had a visit in the morning from my political leader, Mr. Bryan, and then imparted to Hilles and myself what occurred during the interview. He said that Bryan told him he was with him in the reciprocity business and approved of his action in sending the troops to Texas. Bryan's approval of these two pet subjects evidently pleased him mightily, for when I asked him if he regarded Bryan as a truthful and sincere man he said:

"Bryan is the least of a liar I know in public life. I have always found him direct and honest, and he never goes back in public on what he has said to me in private—a rare thing, I find, in public men. I find him pretty frank," he added, laughing, "especially when it comes to his prejudices. He told me, for instance, that he would like to tell me what he thought of Bailey, but it was too long a story. I might have told him of an interview I had with Bailey a few evenings ago, when Bailey assured me that should Woodrow Wilson be the next Democratic nominee he would support me for reëlection."

Hilles told the President that while he and Bryan were powwowing in his office the Cabinet was kept waiting for forty-five minutes. The President wanted to hear the comments of each one of these men, and Hilles gave him a rather good account of how each took the delay. He said

that Nagel fretted a good deal and walked up and down the room, but said that should Bryan be won over to help reciprocity he would not mind waiting a whole day. Knox's only comment was that he wished he was in the conference, as he liked to hear Bryan talk. Wickersham was doubtful if any good was to be had from such a conference, and Dickinson stalked up and down saying:

"I'll be damned if I would give thirty minutes to the blatherskite."

And when the half hour lengthened into forty-five minutes he exploded and said that Bryan was simply holding up the government by the throat.

The President laughed immoderately at this and added:

"In other words, the only real kick came from the only Democrat in the Cabinet?"

"Except MacVeagh," said Hilles, "but he made no comment."

"You know why that was," said the President. "Because MacVeagh has the greatest admiration for Bryan and he was hoping that Bryan was converting me rather than I was converting Bryan."

With love and good-night,

ARCHIE.

April 9, 1911.

The President said he had received a letter from Carnegie stating that he was coming to Washington to aid, as he called them, that trinity in a holy cause, the President, Knox, and Ambassador Bryce, to secure a treaty with Great Britain which should contain a clause agreeing to refer to arbitration all questions, even those of honor.

"I get great fun out of Knox by sending him Carnegie's long diatribes to read. He thinks him the monumental fraud of the period. 'Why, Mr. President,' said Knox, 'all that old Scotchman is investing all this money for is to

have a funeral oration preached over him once a year at the anniversary of everything he has put a nickel into. He has bought up most of the orators of the world to-day, but what is worse, he is bribing everybody who will be able to talk from now until eternity.'"

The President then told of an interview he had with Carnegie a short time ago, which he said illustrates the canny Scotch which is in him. He held up his finger against his nose just as I have seen Carnegie do a hundred times, and wagged his head and squinted his eyes so that he actually looked like the Scotchman while talking:

"Mr. President," said Carnegie, "I can still find ways to help you pass the treaty if votes are needed. There is Champ Clark, for instance. He wants me to give three thousand dollars to his church out in Missouri for a new organ. There is Senator Cummins, who wants fifty thousand dollars for the State University, and Borah has a pet charity which he thinks needs a few pennies. Now you let me know those who are liable to give you trouble, and I think I can get them."

Everybody told a little piece of gossip for the benefit of the President, but none did he enjoy more than when Marion Wise, the young niece of Mrs. Newlands, said that the McLean baby had a rattle which contained a fifty-thousand-dollar emerald at the end to chew while teething.

"If," said the President, "she needs an emerald to cut her eye tooth upon, what will she require for her wisdom teeth, I wonder."

We had tea and toast and a lot of jolly stories. It was pretty cold driving in, but we were all in a better mood for our visit to the Newlands'.

One thing the President told regarding Knox and Carnegie was amusing, I think. He said that the Secretary of State pulled a letter out of his pocket one day from Carnegie and, calling him an ignorant old hypocrite, read

out the misspelled words in it. One was "doters" for daughters, and another "nebors" for neighbors, and still another was "onest" for honest.

"I suggested to him that it might be phonetic spelling," said the President, "but Knox said he had satisfied himself on that point by referring the letter to Roosevelt, and that Roosevelt had written to him that it could not be charged to phonetic spelling, as Carnegie's letters to him before he had ever heard of this method were just as badly spelled."

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Busy Days in the Social Whirl

[Washington, D. C.,]
Thursday, April 20, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We have had two terrible days of social activity, and I ought to be resting, for we are on the go again to-night; but it seems to me that we have been so long without sleep that now sleep has left me for good. How Mrs. Taft stands the strain is more than I can see. The President stands it because, as I have had occasion to remark before, he has no nerves and sleeps while the rest stay awake. He has no conscience about taking naps when he is tired. If sleep overpowers him while he is talking with the Chief Justice or anyone else, he promptly closes his eyes and takes cat naps between sentences.

Let me see what we have been doing since I wrote. This is Thursday. Well, Tuesday, for instance, he had a hard day in the office over this Mexican business, and at half-past two he received the new Mexican ambassador. No, that is all wrong. We received the Mexican yesterday, because Tuesday we went to Annapolis and witnessed the unveiling of the monument erected at St. John's College to the soldiers and sailors of France who fell there during

the Revolutionary War. It was a tiresome trip because we went by trolley and had to make conversation with people speaking broken English all the way there and back. The President made a speech, and we heard several others just as stupid as the one he made, only longer. We reviewed troops, attended a tea, and got back to Washington with just enough time to have dinner at the White House and attend Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in the evening.

We got back from Buffalo Bill's noisy performance a little before midnight, and I went to the Loudens' to a cotillion in honor of Miss Helen. We danced until half-past three and then turned in, there being no other place to turn. We did something early the next morning—opened the D. A. R., I think—and received the Mexican ambassador at half-past two, giving him all the military honors which the White House can assume on such functions. We do these things well at the White House now. Everything is by rule, and the functions pass off with the greatest dignity and formal ceremony. I invariably have to call a rehearsal of the aides a half hour before the reception, for we receive so few ambassadors that they invariably forget half what they have to do between receptions.

After the reception of the ambassador, the President and Mrs. Taft received the Daughters of the Revolution in the Blue Room. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Donald McLean were there, but we put them in the Green Room, so that they could hold their own reception after the Daughters had passed the President and Mrs. Taft.

It is marvelous to see the power Mrs. McLean wields over these women. She never knows one of their names, but she has a compliment for each one. She will call one her little Black-eyed Susan from Seattle, her dear little Pansy from South Carolina, her Sweet Pea from Pittsburgh, her Pearl from Ohio, and so on, using up the entire list of flowers, birds, and fish even, to describe her

followers. It was because she absorbed all the attention and put the President in second place that we were forced to move her into the Green Room, away from the President.

I presented by name sixteen hundred and fifty Daughters and the President and Mrs. Taft shook hands with every one. Two hours later Mrs. Taft gave a dinner of twenty-four and a dance after that, which lasted until nearly four this morning. Now, being a woman, do you see how she does it? When I suggested having the band play "Home, Sweet Home" at two, she thought we might wait until half-past two. It was half-past three, an hour later, when she suggested that the dance end with the Virginia Reel. We were all tired out. Osterhaus, Bristol, and Adolphus Andrews, who are visiting me, came in looking fagged out and asked me how I stood it.

This morning I prepared to remain in the house until lunch time, but at ten I got a telephone from the White House that Mrs. Taft wanted me to go to the Capitol with her, and so all the programs were broken, and I got there on time. She and Mrs. Exstein of Cincinnati spent several hours there and heard Hobson deliver a speech in favor of reciprocity, which was a mighty good speech, by the way. They sat for a while in the Supreme Court and got back to the White House by lunch time.

At three there was to be a reception of the Children of the Revolution, and I had already directed one of the junior aides to be there to present them to the President, when I got a message from him that he wanted me and no one else. I was somewhat mystified until I learned that ex-Senator Aldrich with his daughter and his daughter's husband, Mr. Rockefeller, were to be at lunch, and that nothing was to be said about their being there. It is strange how men in public office shudder at the names of Aldrich and Rockefeller.

All guests for luncheons enter the White House by the

main entrance, but the President gave the tip that he wanted Mr. Aldrich and the Rockefellers to come in unobserved; so the usher, wise old Hoover, who has learned to know a thing or two, telephoned to the Senator to drive to the east entrance, where he would meet them and take their wraps. Of course, the Senator understood the matter, but Rockefeller would not understand unless so advised by his father-in-law, and it is not likely that Aldrich would admit that he was such an object of suspicion as to be hustled into the White House through the side entrance. The President said he wanted no note of the fact that they were there at luncheon entered on any of the books or made known even at his office, and it was to shut off all avenues by which the guilty visit might become known that he directed that I and no one else be present for the Children, knowing, of course, that whichever aide was there would see Aldrich and Rockefeller leave the dining room.

Isn't it funny what politics will do to a man? There is no one in all the world so little prone to fear appearances as the President, and yet there he is entertaining Aldrich and his son-in-law at a simple family luncheon with the secretiveness which might mark the clandestine meeting of anarchists. But he knows the public, and he has not forgotten how the friendship of President Cleveland for the Benedicts left him open to the charge of corruption and every other slander which the papers could heap upon him on account of that intimacy.

After the reception of the Children, the President went into the Blue Room to pose for his portrait. Mrs. Taft said she wished me to ask the President if he wanted to go to the opera.

"He has told me he wanted to stay at home, but you ask him if he would like to go. Don't tell him what opera it is, for he has never heard of it and will be sure to think it poor and not go."

I entered, looked at the painting for a few minutes, asked what he wanted to do in the afternoon later, and wken he said he could do nothing else, I suggested that he might like to go to the opera.

"Well, if you think I will enjoy it and Mrs. Taft has nothing else to do, see if you can get a box."

When I told Mrs. Taft what he had said, she laughed and said:

"Well, I don't think he will enjoy it, but we will. We won't say anything more to him about it, but just take him. So come to dinner at half-past seven."

She went off laughing to herself, as she had got the best of him. It reminded me somewhat of the way Mrs. Roosevelt was wont to get me to suggest things to the President when she felt he might not do them if she suggested them. I suppose all wives have to use a certain amount of duplicity with their husbands.

Since I came home I have looked up the opera and find it is *Herodiade.*

Love to all. As ever, affectionately,

ARCHIE.

Postscript.

It is near midnight, and we have just returned from the opera. It proved a most delightful surprise; the music is Massenet's best, and the voices were wonderful, as a whole. The French ambassador occupied the box next to the President, and during the entr'actes he came in and with his breezy conversation helped matters out materially. So the President took naps only during the performance, when it was dark and he could not be seen. It is always embarrassing to have him fall asleep in the full glare of the lights. We got to talking as to the scope of the powers of the French President. I asked the ambassador if he had as much routine duty to perform as the President.

"Not one half," said the ambassador. "Mr. President,

do you realize that there is no one sovereign on earth or any one body which has half of your power and authority? The Emperor of Germany has not, the King of England does not begin to have your authority, and since the Duma has come into effect not even the Emperor of Russia wields the power you do."

"That may all be so," said the President, "but when I begin to exercise that power I am not conscious of the power, but only of the limitations imposed on me."

While we were in the theater a dispatch was brought to the President which had just arrived. It was from the consul at Ciudad Juárez, the city just opposite El Paso, where we attended the banquet given by President Diaz. It stated that the preparations were being made for a great battle at that point between the Revolutionists and the Regulars. The consul reported that he had received a communication from the Revolutionary leader, Madero, advising him of the coming conflict and requesting all Americans and noncombatants to withdraw. He said he had been notified of the same thing by the commander of the regular forces, who was throwing up entrenchments and preparing for a continued resistance.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXX

MR. TAFT FINDS A REFORMER IN HIS CABINET

[Washington, D. C.,]
April 23, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Went walking with the President and Hilles this afternoon. The President told us he believed that his new Secretary of the Interior might be found supporting La

Follette for the Presidency. This announcement fell like a bombshell on my ears, though Hilles did not seem to be the least bit surprised.

We had started from the White House rather late. We had both given up all idea that the President was going out at all, when he suddenly called for his overcoat and overshoes and called to us to come. We took the same old walk out Connecticut Avenue to Dupont Circle, then out New Hampshire Avenue to U and Sixteenth, and down Sixteenth to the White House. Just as we were turning the corner at U Street, Bailey was mentioned. I related his discussion with Secretary Fisher during dinner at the Nortons' last Sunday evening.

"It sounded rather odd," I said, "to hear Secretary Fisher arguing in favor of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall, while Senator Bailey was denouncing the doctrine as un-American and opposed to our governmental principles."

"It would not have surprised me at all," said the President.

"No," said Hilles, "he is with La Follette in that matter."

"And in a good many other matters besides that," added the President. "My only hope is that he will not find himself advocating the nomination of La Follette for the Presidency, but from what I hear it would not surprise me at all."

"Did you know of his views, Mr. President, when you put him in the Cabinet?" I asked.

"Well, hardly to the extent that I now know of them. Of course, I knew him to be somewhat of a reformer, and I might have judged something of them; but somehow it never occurred to me that he would accept a place in my cabinet if he held the views which it now develops he does hold. Have you talked with him, Hilles?"

Hilles said he had talked with him only the day before at luncheon at the Metropolitan Club.

"And did you reach the conclusion that he would support La Follette for the Presidency?"

"Well, not exactly that," said Hilles, "but he told me that La Follette was not the demagogue that some people thought him and that he felt him to be one of the biggest statesmen of the period. He says that even the business men of the West have ceased to have any fear of him."

"Everything he says, it seems to me," said the President, "shows that his tendency is all toward the insurgents, and I believe that he will be opposed to me when the time comes for the nomination, but it makes no difference what he does then. I think he is going to be very useful to me now in the matter of conservation and securing proper laws for conservation, and I am not going to bother my head about what he may do in the future. I find a great deal of comfort when people come to me telling me what Fisher will do and urging me to get him out of the Cabinet before he can do any harm."

"I don't think Fisher is disloyal," said the secretary, "but he holds rather extreme views for a member of the present Cabinet, and I think he felt that you knew of them when he entered the Cabinet."

"The fact of the matter is I ought to have known of them, but those who could have informed me kept the knowledge to themselves, and I was surprised to hear of them first from Fisher himself, when he began to defend the Referendum and the Recall. I think he is a man of honor, however, and should he make up his mind to oppose my renomination, either openly or privately, he would withdraw from the Cabinet."

I was surprised to hear him speak so freely, and while he was perfectly frank he showed no bitterness at all.

Mrs. Taft gave her last dinner and musicale last evening.

She had some good vocalists from the Boston Symphony and invited the majority of Congress to hear them. In the morning I was called to the phone by Representative Harrison. After some coughing and hesitation, he said:

"Major, you are a man of infinite tact, and therefore I feel that I can come to you in my dilemma and you will advise me what to do. My wife and myself have received invitations to the musicale this evening, and in view of what happened last spring I do not know whether to go or not. Can you tell me if the invitations are the result of an accident?"

"Quite the contrary," I said. "The President himself ordered invitations sent to you and your wife, and only yesterday asked me if they had gone."

He seemed very much relieved and said he would most certainly come, as would his wife. The President gave the same orders regarding Representative Rainey and his wife, but the Raineys did not come and sent no regrets.

I am glad the President and Harrison have made up, for feuds of this character are always awkward. The President hates to be at odds with people, and it makes him unhappy to be forced to cut anyone. As Mr. Harrison entered the Blue Room, the President gave him a warm welcome, calling him Brother Harrison, a term he uses more often when he dislikes people than when he likes them. He was always wont to address the Speaker as Brother Cannon, and I could almost tell when he began to sour on Senator Bourne, for simultaneously with his growing dislike and distrust he began to call him Brother Jonathan.

Adolphus Andrews and Bristol and I spent the afternoon at the French opera. Even Bristol, who lays no claim to musical knowledge, was delighted with the singing of *Carmen* and took quite an exception to the expression of Andrews that the song of the Toreador was the best music in the score. On leaving the theater we witnessed quite a

novel incident. Just as we crossed into the Park, we saw a squirrel carrying in its mouth what appeared to be a baseball. It proved to be, however, a young squirrel which had evidently fallen from its nest and which the mother squirrel had found and was taking back. The young one was almost as large as the mother. She held him in her teeth, and the little one's fore legs were wrapped around the mother's neck. We followed the two quite a distance and wondered if she would be able to climb to the nest with the young in this position. To our surprise, when she reached the tree which contained the nest, she sprang up it as readily as if she were merely carrying a nut. We followed her with our eyes until she reached an overhanging limb and there deposited her young. She returned at once and began to beg for nuts from those passing by.

Unless you have seen the squirrels in Washington, you have no idea what pleasure they can give a whole cityful of people. Wherever you go, in whatever direction, you see old men and women and children feeding these little animals. They seem to have lost all their prenatal fear of anyone, for they leap on the arms of those who are accustomed to feed them and play with children as cats might do.

As we were returning through the Park a few evenings ago the President stopped suddenly and pointed to a man squatting on the ground trying to coax a squirrel to feed out of his hand. Neither Hilles nor I had recognized the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, but the President had, and he kept us standing until Mr. Nagel had finally coaxed the little park pet to come close enough to him to take the nut from his fingers. He looked quite guilty when he turned to see the President laughing.

"Don't be ashamed," said the President. "I never see the children feeding these little pets without wishing I could do the same thing. But if I indulged once in this

desire, the cartoonists would probably make use of the incident to illustrate the fact that, having failed to get the insurgents to eat out of my hand, I was now practising on the animal kingdom."

Well, I am off to the Townsends' to dinner. The President sleeps to-night, and therefore all of us can take a holiday.

Good-night.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXI

A HECTIC VISIT TO NEW YORK

[Washington, D. C.,]
April 28, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

After a whirlwind tour of New York City, lasting for two days, we returned this morning, all of us perfectly bedraggled and worn. Mrs. Taft went over on Monday and bought, she tells me, three complete outfits for her garden parties. As she has very good taste in dresses, I expect she will look very lovely when she wears them. The President had a hard time getting her at the beginning to be profligate in the matter of clothing, but she is well launched in that direction now, and I don't know any woman who dresses better or with more taste than she does. She says she cares nothing for dress and goes in for that sort of thing only because it pleases the President, but I am inclined to think the microbe has got in its work and she will never be willing to go back to the old simple way of gowning herself.

The President told me that up to the present time he and Mrs. Taft together had saved eighty thousand dollars, which he says is doing pretty well for two years. I think it is myself.

"And I don't think," he says, "that we have been close or stingy to our friends, Archie."

I told him he had been lavish, for they have been. When the history of this administration is written, it will be seen that they have entertained more people and more elaborately than any couple ever in the White House. There is nothing cheap or shoddy in their way of entertainments, either. Everything is done on the best scale and in the best form. The dinners at the White House are the very best given in Washington, and the most critical old gourmets, such as Senator Hale and Senator Root, for both of these are exquisites in the matter of food—pronounce the cooking at the White House the very best in Washington. I know that the tobacco is the best and the wines are above the average, and to Mrs. Taft's credit be it said that she never entertains with punch or cheap wines, but at all her entertainments she serves champagne, and a very fair vintage at that.

But here I am sitting down to write you of our trip to New York and, as I usually do, branching off into other topics, possibly of more interest but not of as much value.

We left Wednesday at eleven, arriving in New York at a quarter to five, and here is what we did in that time: We went to the Waldorf, where the President received the members of the Society of Foreign Wars and made a speech, the *sine qua non* of all entertainments given to him, or for him, or even by him. We took a few minutes to dress at the Henry Tafts' and then went to a dinner at the home of Miss Winifred Holt. She is the daughter of Henry Holt, the publisher, and had as guests at her dinner many of the old-time New Yorkers, all of whom had nice manners and seemed simple and unaffected, as all real people do everywhere.

Mr. Choate was, with the exception of the President, the

guest of honor. He looks very young for seventy-six, and his voice is like a silver bell. We love to think of him as a typical American, but we speak of him just as we describe those lovely old homes in the South, those with white pillars and broad porches, as typical Southern homes, knowing that they are not typical but the exception with us. Mr. Choate is a type to live up to, and in that sense I suppose he is typical, just as the Montgomery home on the hill is a type we ought to copy more than we do.

I saw and met Miss Helen Gould for the first time. There was nothing of the poser about her, and I can easily imagine her shrinking from all notoriety and publicity.

Mrs. Borden Harriman was there, resplendent in jewels. I met also Mrs. Warburg. She is the daughter of Jacob Schiff. Just now Schiff is demanding that the President abrogate the Treaty of 1832 with Russia and threatened him with the hostility of the Jews if he continues to refuse to accede to their demand. He and a number of Jews came to the White House a few evenings ago and practically told the President that unless he abrogated this treaty or secured some amendment to it by which Jews could secure passports in that country, the entire Jewish people of this country would not only oppose his renomination but would support the Democratic candidate, whoever he might be. The President rose to the occasion, and not only told Schiff and his committee that he would not abrogate the treaty, but that he would not even countenance the attempt to do so, and that he and his people could take whatever course they wanted; that if he had to purchase the next election with his honor or by sacrificing what he believed was the national honor, then they must look elsewhere for a candidate to support.

There were also present Governor and Mrs. Dix, Mrs. Ed Hewitt, Mrs. Henry Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton Winthrop, and the Cuttings, the Fulton Cuttings, and the

Satterlees. Mrs. Satterlee is a daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan.

So you can see the company was very respectable.

We went to the Metropolitan Opera House, where the President opened the Industrial Exposition for the Blind. It was a splendid exposition, but very depressing and saddening, for all around us were the poor blind people, and while they could not see us they could hear the horribly depressing things the speaker told about them; even the President's optimistic smile was lost on them and his words were anything but cheering. Had I been blind, I should have felt like committing suicide. Mr. Choate, who is also an optimist, gave such lugubrious statistics and in such an attractive, mellifluous voice that one poor blind woman near me began to sob as if her heart would break. It seems to me that all charity must in the nature of things be sad, and the recital of the facts lends even a sadder aspect to it.

I had a chance to speak to Mrs. Douglas Robinson for a minute. She is looking better, but I am sure her heart is still breaking over the death of her son. You remember he was killed by falling from his window the day the President and Mrs. Roosevelt went to Newport News to greet the returning fleet, back from its trip around the world. I brought her from her box around the great amphitheater where she could speak to the President as he passed out. I did not think he greeted her and Mr. Robinson as cordially as he should have done. I never can tell how deep his resentment to Colonel Roosevelt really is, but it seems to me that, after she and her husband had come all that way to speak to him, he should have been cordiality itself.

This is not the place, however, to discuss the possible ill-will of the President to the clan of Roosevelt, for we were in a hurry to leave the hall, and this may have accounted for his little distrait manner toward Mrs. Robinson. We were bustled out at a great rate and rushed to the

Seventy-first Regiment Armory at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Colonel Bates was in command, and he was thinking far more about presenting his wife and family to the President and Mrs. Taft than putting his men through their proper formation. They were uniformed in the old blue coats and white trousers, and looked well, and did some very good marching. In our inspection we stopped twice to be photographed, but neither time would the flashlight work. Mrs. Taft and the Fred Grants had joined us at the Opera House and followed us to the Armory.

As soon as we finished this stunt, for stunt it was, we rushed to the Waldorf, where the Sixty-ninth Regiment was having a banquet. This regiment is made up of Irish Catholics, and a husky-looking lot they were, too. I felt that they could fight when called upon. They had certainly been feasting well before we got there, for it was with difficulty that the President could speak, he was so often interrupted by hilarious but good-natured yells from enthusiastic Irishmen.

This brought us to about eleven o'clock, and we started downtown to attend a dinner given by the Republican Hungarian Club at the Café Boulevard. It was a supper rather than a dinner, and before sitting down I presented over four hundred of them. Imagine presenting four hundred Austro-Hungarians by name! No wonder I slept until eleven the next day and then could hardly raise my head from the pillow, I was so exhausted. We did not get away from this supper until nearly three o'clock. The food was so good and withal so strange that one could not resist eating something of every dish. We were a sad-looking lot that gathered at one the next day to go to the Henry Clews' to lunch.

Mrs. Taft did not take in the Hungarian banquet, although I think she would have done so had she known that some nice Hungarian women were in the balconies who

would have kept her company. She loves to hear the President speak and to see the enthusiasm he arouses, and I think it makes her very happy and takes her thoughts from her own troubles. She is a good sport and never seems to tire after she is once started.

We had a good lunch at the Henry Clews'. I sat next to Willie K. Vanderbilt. I did not know who he was, but found him so charming that we became rather close luncheon friends at once. I thought he had been presented as "Mr. Venable." I told him we had a good many people of his name in Georgia, and he said he hardly thought they were relatives and asked me what they did. I told him they were stone people and had some marble quarries, and he then felt certain that they were not related and said he had never heard of any relatives in Georgia, though he had some cousins in North Carolina.

"Well," I said, "they are rather nice people, and the women of the family are particularly beautiful."

"Then I know they are not related to us," he said, "for there was never a good-looking woman in our family."

I still thought his name was Venable and talked on in that line with him.

We got to talking about Cuba, and he told me of his trips there. He asked me about Roland Fortesque. He said he had heard Fortie speak of me often. I described meeting Colonel Slocum one day and asking after Fortie. The colonel said to me:

"Fortesque is perfectly worthless. One of these Vanderbilt fellows has come to Cuba, and Fortie has not shown up at the office for two days on the ground that he is Vanderbilt's most intimate friend. So I have given him the choice to go to the Isle of Pines or to get out of my employ altogether."

I noticed that Vanderbilt laughed more heartily than the recital of the joke seemed to call for, and finally he asked:

"So that is the way Fortie went to the Isle of Pines? He wrote me that no one could solve the problem there but himself and so he had consented to go."

I asked Vanderbilt how he happened to know so much about it, and he then told me that he was the cause of it, for he had taken Fortie on a motor trip to Matanzas—and then I woke up. I told him then I thought he was Venable, and he enjoyed the situation as much as I was annoyed at it, and we had to make friends all over again on the Vanderbilt basis. He is the first good-looking Vanderbilt I have ever seen. He would be strikingly handsome if he were a little larger.

After the lunch the President, Hilles, and I motored up in the Bronx for two hours and then returned to Mr. Harry Taft's. We went then to a dinner given by the newspaper men of the United States, some nine hundred persons. It was an extremely interesting dinner, and the President spoke on Reciprocity and the Arbitration Treaty, and was given a great reception. At half-past ten we attended a dinner given by the Methodist Social Union at Sherry's. At eleven we went from there to a dinner at the Astor given by the Aëronautical Society, and fifteen minutes later to another banquet in the same hotel given in honor of ex-Representative Olcott. We reached the station a few minutes before midnight, and, utterly exhausted, fell into our bunks.

Mrs. Taft had followed the traveling show and had heard all the speeches from galleries. She was piloted by the Grants, who are rather active when it comes to getting in and out of places.

These are the official things which were done. There were a lot of things which were even of more interest if I had the time to tell them to you. I had a long talk, for instance, with Griscom at the Hungarian banquet and he told me that the Vice President was knifing the Adminis-

tration and was in search for delegates for the next convention, hoping to be the nominee of the conservative wing of the Republican party. He said he wanted to see the President and tell him just what he knew of Sherman's manipulations in New York.

The President told me later, when I spoke to him about it, that both Griscom and Herbert Parsons had called on him while I was asleep yesterday and told him of this plot of Barnes and Sherman, but that Barnes had also called to say that he and the machine were determined to throw the state to the President and were busy looking to this end at the present time. The President gave Barnes a whole hour of his time and listened eloquently to everything he had to say. The President said he knew full well that Sherman would sacrifice him if by doing so he could secure the renomination for the Vice Presidency. He does not think that Sherman wants to be nominated for President, but does think he wants to be able to be in a position to trade the New York delegation off for the Vice Presidency. A lovely pot of soup to be found boiling in one's own administration!

One person whom we are wont to see on these visits did not show up, to wit, Cromwell of Panama fame. The President said that Cromwell had been growing rather lukewarm in his friendship of late, and he felt that it was just as well to encourage this withdrawal. He had never been the same, the President said, since he offered him fifty thousand dollars for his campaign and the President declined it.

I am off with the President for a motor ride, and tonight I am entertaining thirty-odd people at poker and bridge—and, well, there is no end, for when the night is over I expect to be a corpse.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

One thing happened at the newspaper publishers' dinner which may be worth recalling. It was the result of a visit that Norton paid to me early last Sunday morning. He came to my house before I was out of bed and told me that Villard, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, who was to preside at the banquet, intended to attack the President and for the President to be prepared to sit on him. It sounded rather fishy to me, and I said I did not see how this could be, as Villard had extended the invitation and had been most instrumental in getting the President to attend. However, he urged me to say this to the President, which I did this afternoon, and the President declined to believe it.

I took the precaution to tell Hilles, however, who at once telephoned to Melville Stone in Chicago, and he in turn telephoned to Villard to submit his speech in advance. When he did so, there was nothing but encomium to the President, and we thought that was the last of the incident. It was the beginning only, as we found out.

As soon as we reached the hotel, Villard came to me, white with rage, to ask where I had got my information, and I told him it came direct. I declined to tell him, but he said he knew all about it; that it came from Norton, and he proposed to ruin him in New York and show him up. This amused me very much, for Norton is a cousin-in-law of Villard and always uses this relationship to its full limit. Villard said Norton was inspired to make this attack on him because he had refused to place him at the table for distinguished guests. As soon as we reached the dining room Norton came over to speak to me, and I told him what had happened about Villard, and he then approached Villard in a jocular spirit to laugh away what he had done. Villard turned like a scorpion on him and told him that what he had done sometimes landed people in jail. He refused to speak further with him and added:

"What I have to say I will write to-morrow, and it will be something which you will take to the grave with you."

As we left the dining room Villard said to me:

"I hope you are convinced now that I am a gentleman, at least. Many unkind things have been said of me, but never has it been intimated that I lack the first qualities of a gentleman."

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXII

PRESIDENT TAFT'S WORK FOR PEACE

[Washington, D. C.,]
Sunday, April 30, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Attended the dinner last evening given by the American Society of International Law, of which Senator Root is the president. Apart from its being a charming social occasion, it was of great international importance. There was only one question discussed, the proposed arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

The dinner was laid on small tables of eight or ten. The President, of course, had the British ambassador on his right and the Japanese ambassador on his left. Senator Root put the Chief Justice on his right and the Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, on his left. I think, had I been seating the table, I would have given the place of honor to the visiting Chief Justice and placed Justice White on my left.

The dinner was delicious. I sat between Senator J. Alden Smith, who spent most of the time denouncing the reciprocity agreement, and Mr. Gordon Cumming, a brother of that Cumming who became famous, or the

contrary, in a game of baccarat in Scotland when the Prince of Wales was present.

Nearly all the interest centered around the Chief Justice from Canada. I had sat next to him at the publishers' dinner in New York, and toward the close of the evening I thought it would be a kindness, certainly a courtesy, to present him to the President. He said he would gladly go, and before I could introduce him the President seized him by the hand and, calling him Sir Charles, greeted him as an old friend. I think they had spent several summers together in Canada, but such are the British that it never occurred to him to say that he had known the President, as most of our own countrymen would have done. He is rather stiff and awkward in his manner, however, and I have found that a lot of this seeming indifference comes from shyness. He is not large and has a ruddy complexion and a small mustache. He spoke after the President.

The President made a very graceful after-dinner speech, in which class of speeches he excels in a truly marvelous way. When he speaks in this way, he is lightsome in his touch and most graceful in his use of English. If he prepares his addresses, they are apt to be ponderous but strong. As he sat down I took my menu and wrote on it, "A very graceful and charming speech." William Alden Smith wanted to know what I was writing, and I told him, and added that I always kept my impressions of the President's speeches and the effect they seemed to have on the people listening to him.

Senator Root presided as toastmaster, of course, and he is always at his best in this rôle. His prolonged efforts have a tendency to be tiresome, but when what he has to say must be condensed he is marvelous and always witty and humorous. Sir Charles spoke from manuscript and delivered a very carefully prepared address, speaking at times from the paper in front of him. He had memorized

most of it, but occasionally he would get lost in the fog and would then stop to think, just as a schoolboy might do who had forgotten his declamation; and when his memory failed to act he would turn over page after page until he found the sentence he wanted and start over again. I have never seen anyone save an Englishman who could do this without being visibly embarrassed. One could have heard a pin fall, so close was the attention given to him, and he was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. This was especially so when he quoted from a great French philosopher who said that wars could never be done away with.

"If we cannot put a stop to wars, we can at least prevent the hideous crime of fratricide," he declared, and the coupling of the two nations as brothers met with the heartiest approval.

Baron Uchida spoke, delivering a prepared address in a broken tongue, but we gathered from what he said that the flags of the two countries were such as to make the killing of each other impossible—the stars of America and the rising sun of Japan united us in high things.

When we left, the President spied Senator Smith, whom he wanted to convert to reciprocity, so he asked him to get in our car and let us take him home.

Neither he nor Smith mentioned reciprocity, and it was just as well that they did not. The Senator is wedded to the opposition. He told me during dinner that it would pass, but that it would ruin the President.

"He might have gained what he has lost," said Smith, "had he not called this extra session, but the Democrats are going to kill him with bird shot. He will be so full of little holes when they get through with him that his best friends won't recognize him. I like Taft personally. My chief complaint is that he knows nothing about politics."

We were to have gone to the Loudens' to a musicale. At least, I promised Mrs. Taft to bring him by there for her, if he got away from the dinner early enough. It was only twenty minutes past eleven when we dropped John Alden, but the President said he was worn out, and so, after a little run out Sixteenth Street, we went back to the White House, where he got out and asked me to go for Mrs. Taft. On our way back I spoke of the way every speaker dwelt on the arbitration treaty and how they all seemed to recognize the fact that, should it be ratified by the Senate, the whole history of international law must be changed and all books on the subject rewritten.

"You were the only speaker, Mr. President," I said, "who did not mention it."

"I mentioned it casually," said the President, "but I am not hunting this big bird with a brass band. I realize that if it goes through it will be the great jewel of my administration. But just as it will be the greatest act during these four years, it will also be the greatest failure if I do not get it ratified, so for that reason I do not want to stir up too much hostility toward it by appearing to be too eager for it. I would rather the country should get aroused for it without my leadership, if this can be done. There are men up in the Senate, Archie, who would try to kill it just because I advocated it."

"It is strange," he said a few minutes later, "how one happens on this sort of thing. When I made that speech in New York advocating the arbitration of questions, even those affecting the honor of a nation, I had no definite policy in view. I was inclined, if I remember rightly, merely to offset the antagonism to the four battleships for which I was then fighting, and I threw that suggestion out merely to draw the sting of old Carnegie and other peace cranks, and now the suggestion threatens to become the main fact of my four years as president."

I had heard him say this very same thing before, and I wanted to get a chance to put a stop to just such statements. He always underrates what he does. So I said:

"Mr. President, I hate to hear you say that, because it might be misunderstood. That speech and the others which followed it on the same line are a part of yourself and were the outcome of your convictions."

"Yes," he said, "that is true. I have always believed these things, and I suppose if I had not said them then I would have got them out of my system sometime later on; but I do not hide from myself that the object at the time was not to bring about universal peace or enforced arbitration, but, as I have said, to lessen the hostility toward the upbuilding of the navy."

There was no use to argue with him. He always sticks to his point when a question of veracity is involved.

After leaving him I went to the Loudens', where I heard the Minister and Madame Louden sing solos and duets. They are the nicest people in all Washington. I never fail to interpolate this whenever I have occasion to mention their names to you. There is the sob of the motherless woman in her voice when she sings, or at least I seem to hear it so. They both idolize children, and the only sad thing which shadows their lives is the fact that they have none. Von Weede, his secretary, told me this last night when I spoke of the pity that two such people had only each other.

I took Mrs. Taft home and then returned to find Adolphus Andrews asleep on the lounge in my room. I think I wrote you he and Bristol were staying with me. Some day I will take a day off and tell you of Andrews. Men, women, and children all love him. He is from Texas and a grandnephew of Jefferson Davis. I learned to know him years ago when he was with Gibbons on the *Dolphin*. It was for him that Katherine Elkins was at first supposed

to have discarded the Duke of the Abruzzi, and the notoriety which followed the continued publication of this story forced him to ask to be relieved as a junior aide under President Roosevelt and ordered to the China coast. The story still follows him, and the fact that there is no truth in it does not prevent it from being rehashed whenever he appears upon the scene. He is now on the *Mayflower*, the President's yacht. When the *Mayflower* broke down recently while at Norfolk with the fleet, the President ordered Andrews and Bristol and Spencer to Washington much to the indignation of the Navy Department, which, *sub rosa*, threaten all sorts of revenge on these young officers when the department gets another whack at them. Andrews is supposed to be here taking a course in compass practice, while Bristol and Spencer have some odd job over at the department, but they are seldom there, as Helen [Taft] and her young friends keep them pretty much on the go with tennis, yachting trips, and riding.

My friend Gibbons has been named as superintendent of the Naval Academy, and it is a splendid tribute to him. He wants Andrews as his aide and yet is afraid that the department will refuse if he asks for him. I have put my intrigue cap on, and I think I can arrange it. It can only be done by Gibbons writing me a letter saying he wants Andrews as an aide, but hesitates to ask for him as he is on the President's yacht. I will then read this letter to the President, and the President will generously not stand in the way of the young officer and so tell me; and with this to go on I will whisper it to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that the President wants Andrews to go with Captain Gibbons, and it will all be settled before the Bureau of Navigation has a chance to put a stop to it. This is the only way it can be done, for the President will never go back of the department once the department has taken a stand. Thus will I serve two of the best friends I have. I

will let you know if it works out. If the Navy Department suspects what is being hatched, it will block it before Gibbons has a chance to write the letter.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Taft Wishes He Had a Baby !

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 1, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Yesterday afternoon I went motoring with the President and Mrs. Taft. We went on the Potomac driveway, the first time we have driven there this spring. Every Japanese cherry which Mrs. Taft planted last year had flowered, and very soon, when the trees get a little larger, they are going to make a startling avenue in the early spring. Mrs. Taft actually clapped her hands in delight when she saw the cherry blossoms. Even the President waked up from his lethargy to show his pleasure in them. From the driveway we went through the Mall, up around the Capitol, and out to the Soldiers' Home and from there into the Park. Once we passed a man rolling a baby carriage, and the President said:

"Nellie, I never see a father and mother walking and the father pushing the carriage that I don't have a pang in my heart and wish it were I."

"Well, I don't see what you can do now," laughed Mrs. Taft, "unless you get another wife, and you will have to give me alimony if you do."

"Whom would you suggest as your successor?" said the President.

She mentioned no names when she answered:

"I don't know. Some of your friends are too old to have children and you might get a young one who would not have any. Girls are so queer these days."

They dined at home alone, and what a comfort it must have been to them!

I dined at the Wetmores' with Miss Edythe and Miss Maud. Both are perfect types of the Newport young women. Edythe is affected and talks French so much that she speaks English with an accent. Maud is the mannish kind, goes in for athletics and charity on a rough-and-ready scale.

ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

No Rest from Entertainments

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 6, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Another week is over, and the Presidential family still living. As I started the letter with the above sentence, I read it out to Adolphus Andrews, who is sitting near writing out checks for the Andrews estate, and his only comment was:

"The wonder to me is that the whole caboodle of you are not dead. Unless I get away from here soon I will succumb with the little that I am called on to do."

Everyone is busy. It is the horse show week, and the first time in the history of the shows that the association has met with anything like success. The President and Mrs. Taft were there at the opening Thursday afternoon, and the scene was quite a brilliant one, all society being present, including the famous French poodle of Mrs. Ned McLean, which attracted as much attention as the horses. The President and I withdrew just as the jumping began, as he had to leave for Philadelphia at four o'clock. We attended a dinner of a thousand doctors at the Bellevue-Stratford, which will always be memorable in my mind on account of the milk chickens which were served with the salad.

Mr. Charlie Taft came over to Philadelphia to meet the President, and he and I sat next each other at dinner. His trunk did not come, and he had to borrow a dress suit from one of the head men at the hotel.

The President and I returned from Philadelphia at midnight and got out of our car at seven in the morning. Mr. Charlie Taft did not come over until last night, reaching the White House while we were at the dinner table. The President was so occupied yesterday that, had his brother come over with him, he would not have been able to discuss business with him. He had a busy day at the office, and at three we went over to the Bureau of American Republics, where a great powwow was to take place over Andrew Carnegie. The Latin Republics were to present to him a medal for what he had done in the cause of peace and for his generosity in donating the bureau to the Pan-American Union. The President groaned and grunted all the way over, that he should be called upon so often to attend meetings either called by Carnegie or else in behalf of the canny old Scotchman. But they were all there, state officials and diplomatic society folk and hangers-on.

Everyone who could make a speech did make one, and it amused me very much to see Secretary Knox try to work himself up into a state of enthusiasm. As we left the building, the President stepped one side to have a few confidential words with Oscar Davis regarding some sensational reports which had come to the New York *Times* from Mexico City, and I found myself standing next to Knox.

"Mr. Knox," I said, "I think you and I are entitled to one of the Carnegie hero medals for the number of speeches we have heard him make, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I think so, but there is one who deserves one even more than we do. Mrs. Carnegie ought to have one for living with him."

As we drove to the White House the President said

Davis had told him that the *Times* was on the track of a secret circular issued by Diaz and directed against the Americans. He said he did not credit the report.

He had only one hour between the meeting and the Garden Party. I went for him at five, and he was still working on some papers. He looked up, saw me, and after that it took fifteen minutes to get him out of his chair, and then he stopped twice to pick up papers and glance over them. Mrs. Taft, when we reached the lawn, gave him a good scolding, at all of which he laughed. When she suggested that he wear his silk hat, he refused to do it and walked down to the trees where they were to receive. I whispered to her that I would send for his hat, which I did, and the first thing he knew Hoover had taken off his derby and slipped the silk hat on his head.

"Confound it," he said, "who did that?"

"I ordered it," said Mrs. Taft. "I feel that I am good in letting you keep on the coat you have. You ought to be better dressed for my garden party."

"Archie told me that I was all right," he said.

"No, he did not," said Mrs. Taft, "because he told you you ought to dress better for them."

This was said during the arrival of people, and finally he said:

"Look here, Archie. Are you my aide or Mrs. Taft's? I want you to back me up and not sell me out as you have done."

The fact of the matter is he was very well dressed. He had on a cutaway coat and a derby hat, but when he saw every other man who arrived wore a silk hat he succumbed gracefully. She regulates his dress by what the aides wear. I got out the order yesterday for the aides to wear blue, and on all invitations to army and navy officers invited there was written on the face of the invitation, dress uniform, and for the navy uniform A, which corresponds to

the dress uniform of the army. At the next garden party we will prescribe white. I am going to have the army aides in white uniforms and white riding breeches with patent leather boots. With this uniform Mrs. Taft will have the President wear a light cutaway and straw hat.

The garden party was one of the best ever given by Mrs. Taft. There were not many local celebrities, for, at the request of Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Taft included the entire Civic Federation, consisting of several hundred out-of-town women who gather here once a year. The President says he never can tell exactly what the Civic Federation is. All he can find out from Mrs. Hammond is that she's for women, whatever that may mean. Mrs. Hammond sends him speeches to read, but he never reads them. Mrs. Taft tried to tell him that the Civic Federation stands somewhat between the suffragettes and the women who don't believe in doing anything.

"Well, my dear," said the President on our way back from a dinner at the Hammonds' last week, "don't you be for men like Henry George nor for women like Mrs. Hammond, but just be for your husband and your children; then you will be at least for three men and one woman. If all women will do as much, there will be no need for the Mrs. Hammonds in this world."

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXIII

MR. TAFT MAKES AN ANGRY SPEECH

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 8, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Went horseback riding with the President this afternoon. He had had a very exciting experience in the East

Room just before we started. He had an engagement to receive some forty-five children and tourists at half-past two, and then a few minutes later some twenty-five strangers. The meeting was supposed to be of such minor importance that I detailed Lieutenant Bristol of the navy to be present merely to present the visitors by name. It was from Bristol I first learned the facts, and later from Hoover and Jimmy Sloan, and finally from the President himself.

As the President entered the East Room, a Mr. Hull, the master of the Michigan State Grange, stepped forward and said he would like to say a few words. The President told him to let him shake hands with those present first and then make his address. But still he had no idea what was coming and was utterly unprepared when Hull stepped into the middle of the room and began a tirade against his reciprocity policy and threatened him with the enmity of the farmers of the Northwest if he persisted in it.

The President thinks he was put up to it by someone and is inclined to think that Hines of the Lumber Trust was at the bottom of the attack. At any rate, all those present said the President got madder and madder as Hull continued, and when he had finished the President practically exploded. Bristol said to me:

"I would not have believed it was in him. By George, he was great!"

Jimmy said: "I never saw the old man so mad. He was hopping, and he gave them hell."

Hoover told me the President was as red as a beet before Hull had finished, and when the President had finished he was pale with excitement. He hammered Hull and his fellow grangers well and told them he did not care whether he was reëlected or not, that he would continue to push reciprocity with Canada, despite whether he was renominated or reëlected.

He is always at his best when he gets angry, and whenever he gets that way he makes a hit with the public. When he came out to his horse he was laboring under a good deal of excitement.

"Their daring to come to me and threaten me with their miserable votes! I want this country to know that I will do nothing I do not think to be right if my reëlection depends on it. We must all play politics, and I am willing to play my part so long as it does not involve any sacrifice of principle, but there my politics end."

We had a good ride, and by the time we had got back he was all good humor again and sent for his speech to the grangers to revise. I saw he had modified his feelings, and I feared he would modify his remarks, so I said going into the office with him:

"Mr. President, I hope you are going to let that speech stay just as it is."

"Well, I thought I might tone it down a little. Why? Do you think it had better stand as spoken?"

"By all means," I said. "Mr. President, the people like a jolt every now and then, and you gave them one, and I would not have a word of it changed for the world if I had my way."

"All right, old Solon," he said, laughing. "Tell Hilles to let it go out as said, and the devil take the consequences."

I am sure it will be well received, and if we could get him mad oftener I am sure the people would like him the better for it.

In the evening I went over to dine and go with him and Mrs. Taft to the theater to hear Fritzi Scheff. We three dined alone. While we were at the table the dispatch was sent in from Colonel Duncan saying that there was a battle on at Juárez and that four Americans had been killed. The President read the dispatch, handed it to me, and I read it out to Mrs. Taft.

"I suppose, Mr. President, you hate to contemplate what may be the outcome of this Mexican business," I said.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do, Archie. I am going to sit tight on the lid, and it will take a good deal to pry me off."

"Do you think we are going to have war with Mexico, Will?" asked Mrs. Taft.

"I don't know, Nellie. I only know that I am going to do everything in my power to prevent one. Already there is a movement in the Grand Old Party" (this with a certain sarcastic intonation) "to utilize this trouble for party ends. I believe the old stand-patters would be glad to see any trouble come which could unite the party and snatch another victory at the polls. I am afraid I am a constant disappointment to my party. The fact of the matter is, the longer I am President the less of a party man I seem to become."

"Are you a Democrat?" asked Mrs. Taft.

"Hardly that," said the President, laughing, "but it seems to me to be impossible to be a strict party man and serve the whole country impartially."

He got into a brown study after this and did not speak until we started for the theater. We found the Vice President and Mrs. Sherman and a row of younger Shermans, all replicas of the Vice President, in the box. The V. P. was trying to talk softly, but his voice could be heard in every little crevice; he has one of the most discordant voices I ever heard, not loud, but nasal and twangy. After the first act the President handed over the dispatches from Colonel Duncan for the V. P. to read, and the latter came into the box and the two talked most friendlily over them. The President feels very badly over the report that the Vice President is playing him false in New York, but he forgives everything on the ground that human weakness

is a natural law. He does not feel as bitter toward him as he does toward Joe Cannon.

The other evening at the McLeans' the speaker was intentionally insulting in his refusal to come up and speak to the President. It was most marked to me and to those who knew it, for everyone else in the room came up and shook hands. He never came near Mr. Taft then or later. On our way home the President said:

"I wonder if old Cannon thinks he hurts me by not speaking to me. It only goes to show what a venomous old rascal he is. He has never forgiven me for the fight I made on the glove schedule."

After the theater was over last evening, the President and Mrs. Taft and I went home, and I continued to the Willard, where I had supper with the Gibbons and Fritzi Scheff. I had met her before. I found her this evening quite natural and quite unconscious of herself.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Deluged with Quilts

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 12, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

To-day is the second garden party, and it looks now as if we may have rain. Yesterday the President and Mrs. Taft received the Association of Railroad Conductors and their wives, who are here from California. We received them under the trees and Mrs. Taft had a table spread near by with coffee, sandwiches, and cakes, and lemonade. Before the party was half over, the table looked as a bamboo tree looks in the Philippines after the locusts have flown by. We had to hurry and scurry and get more of everything for the last comers. But they enjoyed them-

selves. I took it upon myself to order cigars, and three boxes of these disappeared—more than one for each man and woman. Coates, the butler, said they took them as souvenirs.

In the evening the President and Mrs. Taft went to dine *en famille* with the Dickinsons. The Secretary of War and his wife have been in black all winter on account of the death of their son. The dinner was a suggestion of mine, as I knew the President would enjoy a quiet evening with "Old Max," as he calls him. The only other person there was Natabel Maury, the daughter of Judge Maury. We had a great discussion as to the location of the Lincoln Memorial. Mrs. Dickinson is enlisted in favor of its taking the form of a bridge across the Potomac. This is bitterly opposed by some members of the Commission. The President said he was a member of that commission, and there were seven members on it. He told how he had set up the cards and got the promise of four members to refer it to the Commission on Fine Arts of the District.

"But I know what is going to happen when the report comes back. Cannon and Champ Clark and Senator Money will oppose the report, and the fight will narrow down to one of extreme bitterness between Cannon and myself. He knows nothing about art and has no reason for any recommendation he might make save that it will benefit some friend if placed in the Northeast of the city. I want the memorial placed on the Potomac River, and we will then get another appropriation to erect the bridge which will connect it and the home of Lee on the other side of the river."

We had a nice chatty evening. We dined at half-past seven and remained until half-past ten, just talking in a real old-fashioned way. We all told stories, the President making me retail several of my experiences with the Negroes for the benefit of the congenial company. After the

dinner the President, Mrs. Taft and I motored through the Park, Mrs. Taft protesting all the time, as she had no hat and the wind blew her hair in every direction.

It may interest you to know that we landed Adolphus Andrews as aide to Captain Gibbons in Annapolis, much to the disgust of the Navy Department. Everyone is wondering just how it was done, and I think they would be pretty upset if they really knew.

Did you see the joke the Howells are playing me in Atlanta? When I was there I went motoring with Albert and, seeing a lot of old quilts hanging on a line around some Negroes' cabin, I suggested that we stop and buy one. He told me if I would not make them stop he would send me as fine a one as could be had in Georgia. He advertised only last week for one, saying that it was for the bed of Major Archibald Butt, the President's aide, and called for them to be submitted on the twenty-second of May. The advertisement was sent, telegraphed out all over the country, and in consequence I am deluged with offers of quilts. Most of the letters are very sad and give me the history of the writers and how poverty forces them to part with them. They nearly all beg me to keep their names secret. I am surprised how many quilts were made in 1861, and the number made by grandmothers.

Of course, I can't begin to answer all the letters, and when I wrote to Clark Howell protesting against such a joke he replied that the people of this country had to have news of me all the time, and that this sort of thing did one good and not harm. That is the newspaper point of view. I have four quilts in my room now which must be returned. I have the chance to get a great collection, but it would take a fortune to buy one tenth of those submitted. It almost makes me weep to read some of the letters. They are all written by older women and seem to have a tear and a heart throb behind each offer. If you want any quilts

down your way, let me know. The local papers suggested that this desire for quilts on my part denoted approaching nuptials.

Adios.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXIV

SECRECY IN SECRETARY STIMSON'S SELECTION

Pennsylvania Limited
between New York and Harrisburg,
Sunday, May 14, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

On my way home Friday evening I stopped by the club, where I saw some friends, and George Howard asked me what I was doing. When I told him "nothing," he said they were having a dinner party and I would have to come with them. We telephoned May, his wife, and she made room by adding another seat, putting me at the foot of the table next to that fascinating little person, the Countess Gizycki. Just before we reached the sweet, the butler announced that I was wanted on the telephone, and a shout of derision went up, led by Alice Longworth, who said she knew it was a put-up job between me and the club to be called away so that I would not be dragged into a poker game, for such was the motive of the dinner party.

When I arrived at the White House, the President and Mrs. Taft were already wrapped up ready for a motor ride. He said he was sorry to have dragged me away and asked me if I did not want to go back. I told him that I was glad to leave, that Alice seemed in a bad humor, and that Mrs. Howard and the Countess were in high dudgeons with each other from a row they had got in only a few evenings before, and, as far as I could judge, it would not

be a particularly cheerful evening. We had a good laugh over this chit-chat. When we got back to the White House, he took me in his study and told me of the resignation of Secretary Dickinson and his determination to appoint Mr. Stimson to succeed him in the War Department.

The President and his party stopped off at Newark, where we attended a banquet given by the St. John's Lodge of Masons in commemoration of its founding, one hundred and fifty years ago. We remained in Newark until half-past nine and came on to New York by special train in order to fulfill an engagement to attend a banquet of lawyers at the Hotel Astor. Here he was to make a speech. When we reached the hotel we were surprised to hear that Mrs. Taft and Mr. Harry Taft had been there since eight o'clock, having attended the dinner. As we entered the banqueting hall we passed near Mrs. Taft, who was looking lovely and happy. I thought, as I watched her while the President was speaking, how truly pretty she was and how well she was looking. She always looks happy when listening to the President. She joined in the applause, especially when he gave a lick to the recall of judges, for she had been urging him to come out openly against this fallacy in governmental reform for some time. After the President finished, there were cries for Heney, the great reform lawyer and public prosecutor of San Francisco, who apologized to the President for disagreeing with him, but declared in favor of the recall of officials, even of judges, and then depicted the hopeless condition of public corruption in California.

Mrs. Taft joined us as we left the hotel, and we all went back to Mr. Henry Taft's house together. We sat around for nearly an hour, some taking Scotch and soda and others eating apples all in rather a pleasant frame of mind. Mrs. Taft recounted an interview she had read in an afternoon paper, in which some Senator, whose name was not given,

predicted the defeat of the President for reëlection and described him as weak and vacillating. The President read it and said that a good deal of what he said was true, and seemed rather pleased at some of the allusions, though he scoffed at the charge of weakness in his character. Mrs. Taft did not take it so good-humoredly, and said she would like to know his name, as she would never again invite him to the White House or have anything to do with him. The President laughed and said she would forgive him at once, even if she could learn his name. She protested she would not.

"If he had come out against you, giving his name," she said, "I would not have minded in the least, but I think he is a coward to say all that and then refuse to let his name be used."

We all tried to guess who he might be; one guessed one Senator and one another. It was nearly one o'clock when the President moved we go to bed. I had received a letter by special delivery from Secretary Dickinson enclosing a letter to his successor, Mr. Stimson, which he asked me to deliver in person. Stimson had met the President in Newark and later had come over to the banquet in New York. I had one of the secret service men hunting him up and so felt called upon to remain up until I should locate Mr. Stimson or else fail to do so and so get to bed.

That is what kept me up. I failed to locate the new secretary and had just turned in when I heard the President come into the hall and call loudly for his brother Harry. I first thought that he might be ill himself, his voice sounded so full of alarm. It never occurred to me that Mrs. Taft was ill. I opened my door and listened, and when I heard Mr. Harry Taft join the President and both go into his room, I thought it was one of those midnight conferences which often come when the President is sleepless and has something on his mind. I was awakened early

by Mr. Harry Taft, who came in to tell me that Mrs. Taft was ill and that all plans must be changed at once, and asked me to get hold of Hilles and come to the President as soon as possible.

On the train between Harrisburg and New York,
Sunday afternoon, May 14.

We have finished the day, and how the President got through it I don't know. He has wonderful nerve. We were given a great reception, all the streets were lined with people, and the military escort and bands gave the celebration a very festive appearance. A part of the escort was the State Constabulary.

We went to the theater, where the President made a magnificent speech. He had spent all the morning preparing one which was written with great labor and distributed to the press, but when he got to the hall he discarded it and spoke extempore. He told the trainmen that since seeing them he felt more like talking with them than at them, and that a manuscript always seemed to be a veil between the speaker and the audience. He spoke against the right of government employees to form labor unions and hammered it into them. After he had spoken, we went to the home of Mr. Olmstead, where Mrs. Olmstead held an informal reception for him. From there we went to the house of James Lamberton, where the President was made a member of what is known as the "Vestry"—a unique organization made up mostly of would-be statesmen, I imagine—and from there to the governor's. Mr. Lamberton is a classmate of the President and a very good friend. It was he who got up the Yale dinner at the White House when the President wanted to give a dinner to the surviving members of his class. One member of this class was a Negro, I remember, and the question came up whether he should be included in the list of guests. The President

decided to send all the invitations to Lamberton, who distributed them for him and wisely saw that the invitation to the Negro never reached him, or else, if it did, that the Negro never accepted it.

I enjoyed meeting the Governor of Pennsylvania, a big stalwart man, handsome as a young Greek athlete, and frank—and I hear honest, for Pennsylvania. He was a professional baseball player twelve years ago and while on a trip to Massachusetts married a girl from Haverhill. He was one of those baseball players who went around the world in exhibition games and on his return settled in west Pennsylvania, made money, went to Congress for one term, and was then elected governor.

While here, I called up New York and talked with Howard Taft, who told me that Mrs. Taft was about the same and that Miss Helen had started for New York and would be there at five. Our plans are uncertain now, but I suppose the President will return to-morrow.

The President seems delighted that Stimson's appointment has met with so little opposition. So far only the New York *Sun* is inclined to view it askance. The paper sees in it Roosevelt influence, whereas the Colonel was not consulted about it at all.

When the President, Mrs. Taft, and I came back to the White House last Friday evening, the President asked me to come in, and we sat in the study for a long time. He told me how he enjoyed springing the resignation of Dickinson and the appointment of Stimson on the public as a surprise. He really seemed to get a good deal of fun out of the way he had handled it. He told me he wanted me to know the circumstances, for he felt certain that the effort would be made to have it appear that he had forced Dickinson out of the Cabinet or else that Dickinson had resigned on account of the silly stories that Secretary Knox was jealous of him and demanded that he resign.

"The fact of the matter is, Max resigned purely on account of business reasons and I hate to see him go."

He had thought of a number of names: Tawney, Otto Bannard, who managed Stimson's campaign last fall, Weeks of Massachusetts, Tom Carter, and Flint of the Pacific Coast. Carter, he said, was connected with Ryan of New York and would not do. Some of the Cabinet suggested Kellogg, the trust buster, but the President said that, while Kellogg was a trust buster before the country, he had mighty weak spots in his armor for a real trust buster; that he was one of the counsel, certainly one of the advisers, of the Steel Corporation, which fact sooner or later would become known and only embarrass his administration more than if he had not essayed the rôle of trust buster at all. One by one they were eliminated with the exception of Bannard.

The President said he called up his brother Harry, who thought Bannard would be an excellent appointment, and he had practically decided to appoint him when Secretary MacVeagh suggested Stimson, whose name appealed to him at once. The President said his appointment, while it might not heal the differences in New York, would at least have the effect of allying the Administration with the decent element in that state and put an end to the gossip that he was seeking the support of Barnes and the Vice President. He said he had not consulted the Vice President, and he felt that it would further alienate that member of his administration, and while he did not say so, he seemed to welcome this by the way he smiled. It was evident that the President enjoyed the situation which would be created, for he knew that Stimson was opposed last fall not only by his attorney general but by his own brother Harry, and he awaits with some degree of pleasure the first meeting of Stimson and Wickersham as members of his official family.

He sent Hilles, he said, to New York last Thursday to offer the portfolio to Stimson, who was evidently as surprised to receive it as the President was to offer it. He said that but for the Mexican situation he would have appointed Bannard, but at this crisis he thought he ought to have a more virile type as Secretary of War. Stimson took the matter under advisement, and Thursday afternoon he and his wife motored to Oyster Bay and spent the night with the Roosevelts. He was perfectly frank in this matter and sent word that he wanted to discuss the matter with his friend. The upshot of the visit was that Stimson accepted the appointment.

The President then called in Senator Root and advised with him. He did this on Tuesday, after he had decided to offer the war portfolio to the New Yorker. The Senator thought it well to advise Barnes of the fact, which he did by telephone, and brought the word back strongly advising against the recognition of Stimson in this way. The President paid no need to his protest, and he will send in his appointment to the Senate as soon as he gets back to Washington. But what he enjoyed more than anything else, I believe, was the way he scooped the newspaper boys, who think they know in advance everything that goes on. No one had an inkling of the proposed change. Even I had no thought of it, although I dined Wednesday evening with the President and the Dickinsons. He can be as secretive as an old owl when he wants to be.

I never knew him to be so frank with me as he was in discussing this appointment after it was made, or rather settled upon.

"You had no inkling of it, did you?" and I confessed I had not.

"I think I scooped everybody, even Mrs. Taft. I will tell Nellie when I go upstairs to-night, and I don't think she will be any better pleased than were Wickersham and Harry."

His cabinet is getting to be a sort of hotchpot by degrees. Fisher is an outsider in a way, and now comes Stimson, who does not add to the congeniality of the official family. But the President will weld them together and make them harmonious. He has that way with him. The only person he could never make one with the others was Norton.

I hope you can make out what I have written. I never reread or correct my letters. I have decided to postpone that until my old age, if I have one, when it will help me to pass the weary hours on the retired list. Perhaps, who knows, I may have the good sense to burn up all the letters, feeling by that time that nothing counts save a decent, respectable old age with a kindly thought of friends as one passes into the grave. Some people put their shoulders to the wheel and some their hand to pen. Whichever be the choice, I suppose it is fate which drives one on until the end.

Your affectionate and devoted brother,

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXV

A Reminiscence of Roosevelt

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 16, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I am done with writing for the present. I would like to get one evening off and go to bed before midnight, but that seems an impossible fancy.

To-night I am dining at the White House, and at eight-thirty I go the Jewish Temple with the President and later to the Meyers' to a musicale. I think some people think it very funny of the President to go out when his

wife is ill, but those who criticize him do not know him. He is perfectly natural and sees no reason to remain in the house with closed blinds when there is illness. He is a poor reader and never spends an evening with his books unless there is something of specific nature he wants to get out of them. If he is left alone, he soon gets tired and goes to sleep. And after a day's hard work and serious thought he needs some mental recreation, or else he would go to pieces. If he permitted these troubles to crush him, he would be unable to do the work he has at hand. He must go on as he is doing.

ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 19, 1911.

The President gave a tiresome dinner to the Fur and Seal Commissions from Russia, Japan, Canada, and this country last evening. There were to have been women present, but the invitations to the ladies were withdrawn, and it was turned into a bachelors' affair. These countries are making one more effort to preserve the seals, and it looks as if their efforts might come to something this time. The men who make up the commissions are experts from various bureaus of their governments, but they are a hopeless lot when it comes to entertaining them at dinner.

To-day is the garden party. The President will receive, and he will be assisted by Miss Helen.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
Saturday, May 20, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

"What was the other incident which you said you would relate to us?" asked the President [when the Chief Justice was dining at the White House].

"Oh, yes," said the Chief Justice. "It relates to how near I came to making a lawyer out of Roosevelt. If I had succeeded, he would have been saved from just such mistakes as he made when he permitted himself to be swayed as he was in the Sampson-Schley case.

"It was while he was Vice President. I met him one day in the early spring, and he asked me about the law, whether it would be *infra dig.* for him to study law. He said there was very little for him to do as Presiding Officer of the Senate, and he felt he ought to know something of law. He said he would like to attend the lectures at the George Washington University or some other college that was convenient and wanted me to recommend to him such a course if I thought it would be of benefit to him.

"I told him it would be of the greatest advantage to him in his future work, but said candidly that I did not think it compatible with his position to attend a course of public lectures with a lot of fledglings, as no end of fun would be made of it in the press. But if he were in earnest, I said I would map out a course for him and would then take one evening a week and quiz him on his reading, and not only would such a course of study be of great value to him, but would be invaluable to me, as I felt sure I would be unable to pass a rudimentary examination were I called upon to stand one. We agreed to this plan, and Saturday night was the one chosen for the quizzing.

"I began the next day to prepare for this course. I got out all the books I had and piled them in the corner, and those which I had not I wrote for, and when I had gathered all the condensed knowledge in accordance with the curriculum of the best law colleges, I sent him the books and suggestions as to the best course to pursue. He came to see me and told me that he felt he would postpone the law until the fall. He said he had rented Bellamy Storer's

house, and when he took possession of it he would be ready to begin. Of course, that was the last I heard of it.

"By the time we were to have begun he was President —and, well, you know the rest. But I believe that, had he devoted even those few months intervening to the study of law, it would have kept him from many a quagmire."

After dinner we went on the back veranda, where I smoked and the President and the Chief Justice drank White Rock and continued to talk. Later we went motoring through the Park and back by the way of the White home on Rhode Island Avenue, where the Chief Justice got out. The President and I continued to drive for another hour. I went where the spirit moved me, for the President went fast asleep and never woke up until we arrived at the White House.

The past few days have been very, very warm. I am leaving this evening at five o'clock for Beverly to inspect the summer house and see that everything is in readiness. Mrs. Taft will not go until the first of July, and there is no telling when the President will be able to leave, as he will remain here until Congress adjourns.

We have just installed a marvelous system in the executive office for his comfort. We have an arrangement by which we pump cold air into his office. It is funny to go into his own room and see all the windows pulled down as if to keep out the cold. Yet the temperature is actually chilly. It seems to be too chilly for health, but the doctors say not. To go into the adjoining room is like going into a furnace. We use up three thousand pounds of ice a day by the process, but if it makes life endurable for him I suppose the country has no cause for complaint.

Good-bye. With love,

ARCHIE.

A Dull Week and a Good Story

Washington, D. C.,
May 28, 1911.

Dear Clara:

The week has been so quiet that it seemed useless to think of writing a letter or keeping any notes of the few passing things which occurred. A trip to New York the early part of the week, last Tuesday I think it was, broke the week. Nothing resulted from the trip but a tiresome hour at the opening of the Public Library, a motor trip to the Bronx Zoo, where we spent two hours, and finally a dinner at the Cadwallader home on Fifty-fifth Street, where I met two women, either one of whom would be sufficient to make an evening a pleasant one—to wit, Mrs. Cadwallader Jones and Mrs. Ledyard. The latter was a Miss Morris of New Orleans and is a sister-in-law of that exquisite Mrs. Morris whom I met a year ago in Bar Harbor.

The opening of the Public Library was rather an inferior function. Mr. John Bigelow presided, and he could not be heard two feet away from the stand, and the Mayor, Judge Gaynor, made one of those cryptic, spiritual speeches for which he is becoming famous, and there were two or three other speakers, members of the Board of Directors, each praising himself. Finally the President made a good speech and was given a great ovation. He referred later to the speech of Judge Gaynor in the same language as I have described it above. He said that Gaynor was largely monkish in his nature, and there was always in his speeches a sad, mysterious note which to him was very alluring. I always find myself wondering what his next sentence is going to be—or how he is going to finish the present one, in fact. But he always gives to each a turn

which comes as a surprise and which lends a very distinctive charm to his oratory.

The part of the afternoon spent at the Zoo was instructive and very agreeable. We went from the lions to the tigers and the elephants, and the reptiles were quite friendly after their fashion. The keepers did special things for the President, and I was in mortal terror lest what was done to make a holiday for him might get into the papers. They fed live rats to the mongoose and live frogs to the alligators and a small pig to the boa constrictor or cobra. They punched up the rattlesnakes for our benefit and stirred a sleeping polar bear so that I feared he might break out of the cage, so enraged did he become. They took the hideous baboons and orang-utans out of the cages, and the President shook hands with them and talked with the chimpanzees. But what amused him most was the lioness which was caught alive by Buffalo Jones in Africa, near where the ex-President did some of his greatest hunting acts. She is perfectly wild and remains crouched in the darkness all day and only comes into the open part of her cage at night, but in order that the President might see her the keepers poked her from the rear, when she sprang out into the open and rushed to the bars of her cage.

There is something in the idea of Buffalo Jones and his cowboys lassooing wild animals which is excruciatingly funny to the President. He says it has made animal hunting in Africa ridiculous, and he loves to have me tell him how Jones, if he caught the animals where they could not be photographed, would order them turned loose until he could lassoo them in front of the camera, which was carried by a man on horseback.

I got him on the golf links yesterday afternoon and asked General Edwards to play with us. I think the President was right glad to have the old general back on the reservation, and we had a nice chatty afternoon, going

over the new links and laughing over the scientific bad playing of the general. He has been taking lessons and plays worse than ever. The President played our best ball, and while he did not win on this score he defeated me two down and the general three down. When we reached the home green we heard applause and saw Senator Brandegee and ex-Senator Carter and Swagar Sherley, the representative from Louisville. We joined them under the trees and ordered an orangeade for the President and Baccardi rum punches for the rest of us. We stayed there over an hour, laughing, listening to good stories, and growing mellow with the setting sun. Tom Carter told one which I think worth repeating.

He said that George Gould, while inspecting the Missouri Pacific recently, got out to inspect the make of the train. He asked an old fireman, who happened by, what he thought of the wheels. The fireman answered that they were as poor as it was possible for them to be. Gould then asked him what he thought of the rails.

"They will do for the wheels," said the fireman.

"And what about the cars?" said Mr. Gould.

"They are no better than the wheels or the rails," said the old employee.

"You can't know who I am," said Mr. Gould, a little restive under the wholesale criticism of his road.

"Oh, yes, I do," said the fireman. "You are Mr. George Gould, the president of the road, and your father was Mr. Jay Gould, and he was president before you, and he will be president again some day."

"You are right in part," said Mr. Gould, "but my father will never be president again because my father is dead."

"Yes, he will be president again," said the fireman, "for the road is going to hell."

Adios.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LXXVI

Entertaining the New, Hostile Senators

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 30, 1911.

Dear Clara:

The President lunched with me to-day. Since I moved into this nice old-fashioned neighborhood there have been more automobiles and carriages seen here than for ten years past, and the neighbors have become accustomed to seeing me and other officers dash in and out in uniforms panoplied for teas, dinners, and garden parties, but they were hardly prepared to have the President lunch in their block. By the time we left the house quite a contingent had gathered to see him go out.

I had asked Mrs. Laughlin and Helen to lunch, inviting only the young officers whom they had known on the *Mayflower* last summer and who are still on duty. The President had an engagement to make a speech at Arlington. It being Decoration Day there, and all the pot-house politicians of the surrounding country being gathered there to honor the dead, it was incumbent on him to be present also. When I got to the White House he asked me if his family were not going to lunch with me, and when I told him I thought so, he said if I had enough for him he would come. There flashed through my mind the fact that I had only enough alligator pears for six and that possibly other things would run short, but I told him to come by all means. When we got back from Arlington, which was near two, we went by the White House and picked up Mrs. Laughlin. Fortunately Miss Helen telephoned that she and Spencer would not get back from their horseback ride, and so we had an abundance. I think the President

enjoyed himself, being unconscious of the fact that we enjoyed ourselves the less because of his presence. Where he is, there must always be some restraint, I suppose. There is no getting away from it.

He golfed with his brother in the afternoon, while I sat around the clubhouse with Mrs. Newlands. She told me a story which I will not repeat to the President, as I want him to hear it from her.

It seems she had a German governess, whom all called the Fräulein—as far as I know, and I have known her as long as I have known the Newlands', she has no other name. At any rate, she has a high sense of duty but none of humor. This information I received from Mrs. Newlands. Among Mrs. Newlands' friends for whom the Fräulein had a great admiration was Representative Bartlett of Colorado. One day the Fräulein came to Mrs. Newlands and whispered to her that Mr. Bartlett was ill in the hospital, and she thought Mrs. Newlands should send to ask about him and send some flowers. Mrs. Newlands knew Mr. Bartlett was not ill and paid no attention to the Fräulein. So, getting no comfort from Mrs. Newlands, the Fräulein went to the Senator a few days later and told him that Bartlett was ill and that she thought someone ought to make some inquiries about him. The Senator said he had heard nothing of his friend's illness and asked the Fräulein what she knew about it.

"All I can say is this," whispered the Fräulein, coming closer and looking around to see if anyone could hear her. "I heard Senator Flint say the other night that they had cut off Mr. Bartlett's booze, and the gentleman to whom the Senator was talking said:

"'Poor Bartlett! I am awfully sorry, but I felt it would soon come to this.'"

The Senator began laughing, and the Fräulein said in horror:

"What is his booze?"

Mrs. Newlands says that booze now has a worse effect upon the poor Fräulein than it had upon Bartlett.

When the President and his brother came in from the links we had a cup of tea with the Senator and his wife, and by the time we reached the White House it left me with just enough time to rush home and get into uniform and be back in time to receive the new Senators. The President never needs more than ten minutes to get into his evening clothes. He is the fastest dresser I have ever seen. And it is not as if he did not make a thorough toilet, for he does. He always takes a tub before putting on his evening clothes. Mrs. Taft says he has never taken more than ten minutes to dress and sometimes not so much. I have known him to dress in eight, myself.

There were thirteen new Senators at the dinner. Luke Lea of Tennessee was absent, and so was Senator O'Gorman; and Senator Hitchcock fell fainting in the street yesterday morning, so of course he had to withdraw his acceptance. They came straggling in in pairs, one looking more frightened than the other, possibly with the exception of Senator Kern and Senator Poindexter. These two, by the way, were the most interesting of the new men, but of course they have had more experience than the others.

Senator Kern was not the farmer that we expected to see. He had a beard, but it was well trimmed. He had on the best evening suit in the room, and altogether made a fine appearance.

Senator Poindexter was rather ill at ease at first—and so was the President, I thought, when he met Poindexter. Of course, neither could forget that the President had done all in his power to bring about the defeat of Poindexter, and I happen to know that the Senator carries a knife with him always for the President. They did not permit

themselves to be together without others being present. The smiles of the President were wasted on this man. He is for La Follette for President and stands rather in advance of the insurgent party in the Upper House.

Senator Works, or Judge Works as they called him, from California, was a kindly looking old gentleman—and rather an able one, I should say. He has come to Washington with his heart set against the President, and I don't think the President's genial welcome to him softened him a bit. Hilles and I watched them carefully as they talked together, and we both came to the same conclusion, that the Californian had already discounted the President's kindly manner and that the latter was making no headway with him at all. He is openly for La Follette for President.

Senator Lippitt is the finished product of the East, a typical club man from Rhode Island, but hardly looks up to the rôle of Senator. He might be an Aldrich in embryo, but I suspect that he is more after the pattern of John Kean of New Jersey, who has all the strength which comes from being a gentleman, but none that is derived from any other source.

Senator Martine was an interesting figure, not because he is heavy and pompous and puffy, but because he bore the endorsement of Woodrow Wilson and was the club used to kill ex-Senator Smith. . . .

Senator Townsend is a pretty able man, but he looked unusually insignificant last evening. He seems to have shrunk since his election to the Senate. But there is no need to try to give you a picture of all these men, for they may develop in adverse ratio, although I think I should be safe to consign Watson of West Virginia to everlasting obscurity and classify Senator Johnson as one of the good-natured vulgarians of the Senate, with a lot of good anecdotes and a hearty, cheerful manner.

Senators Reed and McLean are rather the nondescript

types. They might possibly develop into leaders of the Senate or remain forever as quiet, inoffensive members of that body, voting only after getting the cue from the older men.

Senator Gronna of North Dakota can become prominent only by becoming a freak or doing something unexpected, such as throwing a book across the chamber or voting against his party. He is the kind of man whose name one never can remember. The same would be true of Senator Meyers if his nose were less like that of Cyrano de Bergerac. Not that it is so large, but it runs to a point, and the last half inch is perfectly blue. When you talk to him you can't keep your eyes off it.

There you have what most of the new Senators look like, at least. How they may develop it is impossible to predict. Senator Kern said when we were discussing this point at dinner:

"The ones we would now consign to obscurity may become the leaders of the Senate, and those whom we think now to be destined to play a more prominent part may become mere figureheads."

The average would have been higher had Luke Lea and Senators O'Gorman and Hitchcock been present, for each of these are marked men in appearance. I hardly think they would have been less so in evening dress, although the conventional evening dress has a way of shriveling some men up.

After dinner we had an inferior violinist, a constituent of Senator Owen, to play several selections in the East Room. Mrs. Taft says she will do a good deal to propitiate the insurgents, but in the future she will draw the line on admitting their musical friends to the White House. As soon as he had finished, which he was allowed to do without an encore, the President ordered the band to strike up a waltz, but this did not move one of that stolid bunch.

The President danced with Mrs. Pomerene and directed me to dance, which I did with Miss Helen, and Hilles took a turn with Mrs. Chilton, and Mr. Harry Taft with Mrs. Hilles, and there the dancing ended.

"One might as well have tried to get the dead to dance," said the President later.

Mrs. Taft, who always goes to the center of things, said after we were talking it over when the last Senator had gone:

"Well, you have had your new Senators, and I don't think you made much headway with them. Senator Kern was the only one who showed the slightest appreciation of the dinner."

"I'll bet you he praised the cooking, the old fox," laughed the President. "But I don't care whether I made headway with them or not. I know it was the right thing to ask them here, and I am glad I did it, even if I had to include Poindexter."

Good-night. With love,

ARCHIE.

A Baseball Hero Visits the Capital

[Washington, D. C.,]
May 31, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I had another distinguished guest for lunch to-day. No less a person than Ty Cobb, the great outfielder on the Detroit team and our fellow townsman from Augusta. He came to see me this morning and brought with him the phenomenal pitcher, one Lively. The latter looks like a big farmhand, but he is a wonder in the box. Ty says Lively was caught in a trap twenty miles from any railroad, at a place called Hopla in Alabama. As he is a Southern boy, Ty has taken him under his wing, and for the same reason I have introduced him to the President

and saw that he went everywhere he could around the White House.

When I asked Patchin to come to lunch he said he had an engagement, for which he was sorry, as he regarded it as a much greater honor to be asked to meet Ty than to meet the President. The Detroits open here to-morrow and the President has promised to attend.

I have just been glancing over what I have written yesterday and to-day, and I find it all rather cumbersome. I could have put it all in one sentence—to wit, that the President lunched with me yesterday and Ty Cobb to-day, and that of the two luncheons the one to-day was the pleasanter.

Justice Lamar came by to say good-bye to-day. He has bought a nice new house built on Colonial lines, and Mrs. Lamar is very happy. They have gone to Augusta, where I suppose you will see them, and they can tell you the latest news of me.

June 2, 1911.

We are leaving this afternoon for Chicago, where the President goes to make an aviation speech and one on reciprocity. I have been lying in bed most of the day, due to something queer I ate last evening at the White House. I have dined there every evening for a few days, and we either motor or play bridge after dinner. Last night and the night before the President and Mrs. Laughlin played against Clarence Edwards and myself. I never saw such a run of luck as we had. The first evening we did not win a rubber, and last evening only one.

We went to the baseball game yesterday afternoon and saw Detroit win by only one run. Ty made several sensational plays. He is the most marvelous player I have ever seen. He is simply an idol here, and once when he stole third base the entire audience rose and cheered him. He takes his honors very modestly. We have had a great run

of bad luck on the Washington team, although the real fans of the game insist that there is no cohesion among the players themselves.

We have had a run of good luck in the weather for the past few days, however. The storm of Tuesday caused everything to look fresh and green again. The grass in my back lawn and on the front and side has been kept green because I have kept water on it continuously, but most lawns in the city were almost burnt up. I wish you could see the garden. It is very pretty. There are thirty rose trees blooming in it, in addition to two crimson ramblers which almost cover the side fences.

Secretary Fisher is going with us on the trip. I am anxious to study this man a little. He is of the reformer type and therefore to be suspected. Just of what, I do not know, but there is usually something queer with the reform element of this country.

Hastily and good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXVII

A FRIENDLY MEETING WITH ROOSEVELT

Washington, D. C.,
June 7, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Since writing I have been to Chicago with the President, returned and made a hasty trip to Baltimore, where we helped the cardinal celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his cardinalate.

Nothing much happened at Chicago. We all ate more than was good for us, got tired out, and coming back most of us on board were seasick. We traveled at an unprece-

dented speed and, being the last car, were switched around as if we were the end of a cat's tail. We were ill just as if we had been turned topsy-turvy at sea. Jimmy Sloan was the only one who gave outward and visible signs of illness. The rest of us, including the President, merely got pale and green.

He made a really good speech on reciprocity. Everyone who heard it or has read it is giving him great praise for it. It seems to have turned the tide in favor of his bill. He did not hesitate to hit out and even held up Senator Root, his bosom friend, for some ragging. Going out he heard that Lodge was working secretly against the bill, and he denounced him and got so angry that he added a good deal of ginger to his speech. He telegraphed to some of his friends in Massachusetts, and the effect of his telegrams is now shown in resolutions which are being passed daily, calling on Lodge to redeem his pledges and vote for reciprocity.

The President was in a pretty bad humor all the way out. He had a letter from Bacon just before he left, in which the Georgian told him he was in favor of certain amendments to the reciprocity bill. This made him madder than a wet hen. When the Senator went on farther to say that he was not certain whether he could endorse his General Arbitration Treaty scheme, the old man's anger flared up in good shape.

"Archie, the trouble with that Senator of yours is that one of his mental legs is shorter than the other, and when he starts at a given point he travels only to come back to the starting point."

A good deal of the enthusiasm for the Arbitration Treaty has been lost since Germany has asked to be allowed to come in on the pact. I don't think anyone wants to tie our hands as far as Germany is concerned. There is a distinct hostile feeling against Germany by all English-speaking

people. What was to be a great offensive and defensive alliance between the English-speaking people has now become a polyglot agreement which I doubt will ever be enacted into law.

The President feels that the treaty has had a setback on account of this last request from Germany. He thinks that Germany is not asking to join us for a furtherance of peace as much as she is trying to offset the action of Great Britain. He thinks this injection of politics into the treaty cheapens it. The President is not over fond of the Germans. His whole mind leans to the law and civilization of England. He says there is nothing for him to do but to appear delighted that Germany wants to be a party to the treaty, but had he had his way he would have framed the treaty with Great Britain, and then later with France and Germany if they wanted to bind themselves to keep the peace with the United States.

"Jusserand is the slyest little diplomat in Washington," he said. "He saw at once the position he could put Germany in by asking to be made a party to the treaty with Great Britain, and he has done just what he expected to do, forced Germany to follow France's lead in the matter. If Germany had not done this, it would have left her an outsider in a hostile attitude. Poor old Bryce feels awfully cut up to have Germany playing this peace game, when he had hoped to signalize the superiority of the English-speaking people by blazing the way for the millennium through this treaty with us. He has to swallow the medicine and not even make a wry face over it, but appear delighted that Germany too has seen the great light."

Our trip to Baltimore yesterday was signalized by a meeting between the President and Colonel Roosevelt. The Colonel was there when we arrived. He was waiting for the President in the gymnasium adjoining the armory, where there were several hundred persons. As the Presi-

dent entered, the Colonel came forward to meet him and grasping him by the hand called him "Mr. President" and expressed his great pleasure at seeing him. The President called him "Theodore," and they both stood for a few minutes talking, when the Colonel turned round and, as if looking for someone, said:

"Where's Archie?"

I came forward, and he took me by the hand and walked to one side with me, telling me all the time how glad he was to see me and how bully I was looking.

"Mrs. Roosevelt sent her love and told me not to come back unless I saw you and gave her messages to you."

After that he and the President went to one side and talked, and then they were separated, and the Colonel was escorted to the hall from which they were both to speak. The cardinal came in, and he and the President remained sitting until all the committees had filed out of the gymnasium and onto the stage in the big hall.

I sat immediately behind my two big friends, and they played the game beautifully through the program. The eyes of the thousands in the hall—who, by the way, were all standing, and packed in like fish in a kit—were riveted on the faces of Taft and Roosevelt, eager to catch any signs which might be construed into friendship or hostility. Once, when they whispered together and got to laughing, it so pleased the people that they all broke into cheering and applause. All during the speeches they were cracking jokes. I must say that most of the jokes came from the Colonel. For instance, when the Vice President got up to speak and began to quote scripture, the Colonel said in a stage whisper:

"When Jim Sherman quotes scripture the devil must shake all hell with his laughter."

"I should think it would make the cardinal feel like going out of business," added the President.

Everything was well done, and every speech was apt and in good taste until Champ Clark was called upon. He began his speech by referring to the last time he had been in this hall, which he thought was a jollier occasion, a large Democratic banquet.

"The first false note," said Colonel Roosevelt to Mr. Taft.

"Always the buffoon," answered the President.

It got worse and worse as Champ went on, until he finally referred to Catholics and Republicans, at which the audience broke into a general laugh, which greatly flustered the Speaker and started him explaining. After he sat down the ex-Speaker was called upon and sauntered lightly to the stage. Remarking that he had written out what he had to say, Cannon proceeded to scatter copies of it with an affected gesture, as if scattering flowers, to the press, which sat just beyond him. He read the last page, which he retained, and had he stopped then it might have passed muster, all except the undignified scattering of the leaves of his speech, but he continued extempore, pirouetting on his toe and dancing like a dervish. As he sat down the Colonel once more leaned to the President and said:

"It seems to me that the House has not advanced either in elegance or ability since I was there."

"If it be possible to have a greater buffoon and clown than Cannon, the House has one in 'Chump' Clark."

Senator Root made a polished speech, but could not be heard twenty feet away. The cardinal was the last speaker and did not do himself justice. He had not prepared himself, and the occasion called for a most serious response on his part.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

A Mad Rush of Speeches in New York

[Washington, D. C.,]
June 11, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

It has been a foolish sort of week, with some pleasant incidents in it and many more which have been fatiguing. We took one trip to New York, spending five hours on the train, about eleven hours there, and five hours returning. The President has a constitution of iron, apparently. When and where he will break down I do not know, but I do not see how he keeps up the pace he does. Since returning I have been in a state of collapse, but that has not prevented him from calling upon me for golf every afternoon and dinner every evening. One evening I sent the motor car back, saying that I was ill and could not come to dinner.

What do you think of this for a program? We arrived in New York at one o'clock or a little after that time. We were whisked over the new bridge by motor, with the police scattering the crowds from the crowded thoroughfares to make way for us, and when we reached the Brooklyn side we were held up for a minute to receive a speech from the president of the borough. We then went to a club, where the President was presented to the city officials and made a speech. Then we were whirled to another club, the Union League, where we were made to eat a lunch given in honor of Sunday-school leaders.

After this we drove through endless miles of Sunday-school children, stopping at four different churches, where the President and his traveling show made hasty entrances to the pulpits. After each speech the crowd would surge forward to grasp his hand. It seems to be a mania of the American people to want to shake hands with

prominent men. When they can't get to him, they content themselves with squeezing my hand and those of the detectives and of anyone else who is near him.

At Prospect Park we went into a reviewing stand and saw thirty thousand more children pass, carrying banners and singing hymns. Behind us trailed twelve more motors wherever we would go, and these bore the Sunday-school committees, men and women. Before we had proceeded any way at all it looked as if we were being followed by a lot of Hottentots, so black were they from dust and the grime of Brooklyn streets. We had only one car ahead of us, that being the police pilot car, yet my eyes and nostrils still tingle with the dust and asphalt which got into them. How those behind us stood it, I do not know. But people can stand a good deal if they can say later or see it in the paper that they were a part of the President's party.

The children were lovely. There were nearly two hundred thousand of them, and they were all dressed in blue and pink and white. As I looked in their little upturned enthusiastic faces I envied their fathers and could not help but chide myself for being a childless old bachelor.

But in spite of the dust, heat, and noise, the afternoon was full of pleasant surprises. If we could have only enjoyed the children without having self-seeking self-appointed committees at our elbows every minute looking for the main chance! I have found that the most agreeable men become the most disagreeable appendages as soon as they are put on committees. There is something about the position which seems to transform a well bred gentleman often into an egotistical, opinionated bore.

Our destination was the Crescent City Country Club, somewhere on Long Island, and by the time we had traversed the streets of Brooklyn several times and arrived at the Yacht Club we had gone forty-three miles and the President had made five speeches. At the Yacht Club we

saw a lacrosse game between a team from Montreal and the club's team. The American team beat the Canadians at their own game and beat them badly. We next went on board a revenue cutter, where we were received with all solemnity as if going aboard a battleship. The President told the captain he wanted no salute, but the captain said the crew would feel so badly if not permitted to salute the President that we stood twenty minutes while the guns were slowly and laboriously fired. The President got into a perfect stew and kept damning the revenue cutter service for trying to imitate the navy, and finally he said he would give an order that hereafter no such observances would be permitted on board the cutters.

The ship was filled with politicians and contractors, and the President was first bored by one and then by the other. Jimmy Sloan and I did all we could to protect him, but this class of politicians knows the game and is an expert in avoiding elbows. The President finally said:

"Let them come on, boys. There is no help for it. The only comfort is that midnight has got to come and the train will not wait."

We were due in New York at seven, but did not arrive there until eight. It took us nearly an hour to go to Mrs. Harry Taft's home, dress, and reach the Hotel Astor, where the President was the principal orator at a banquet given by the Cottonseed Crushers' Association. The banquet was in full swing when we got there. The guests were feeling sufficiently good-humored to rise and cheer as the President entered. Every man present was Southern, and in spite of the fact that I had a pain in my tummy, I enjoyed meeting a lot of old friends and listening to some very good speeches.

The President made a strong speech on reciprocity, and Bourke Cockran made a most eloquent one on business morality. That does not sound interesting, but it makes

little difference what subject he chooses, he makes them all of great interest.

Since I got back from New York, there has occurred little here which would amuse you.

We have had golf every afternoon, and yesterday afternoon we played with Senator Guggenheim at the Columbia Golf Club. Guggenheim has been anxious to play with the President for some time, and yesterday he succeeded in capturing him. The course is new and rough. It was hardly better sport than ploughing, but the President went through it bravely, talking reciprocity all the time when not praising the Senator's bad playing and prophesying that some day he would become a champion. Before the afternoon was over he had Guggenheim committed to the bill.

"That is the hardest afternoon's work I have had in many a day," he whispered to me as we got together on the seventeenth green, "I would not go through with it again for two votes for the bill."

Just as we got into the clubhouse, there broke the most horrible storm I was ever in. Mrs. Taft and Miss Herron had come out to go home with us, and the President thought we had better start. On our way back the storm got worse and worse. It looked sometimes as if it was impossible to remain on the road and every minute as if we might be struck by lightning. It was nearly nine o'clock when we got to the White House. The President insisted on our dining just as we were, which we did, and food never tasted better.

We do nothing at the White House now but discuss the Silver Wedding, which is to take place on the nineteenth. We have sent out over six thousand invitations already, and possibly two thousand more will go out to-morrow. Mr. Taft is inviting all official America, it seems to me. He is asking the judiciary of the States, all the governors, the bishops

of the Episcopal, Catholic, and Methodist churches in the country, all the governors and mayors, and all the members of the Republican states committees.

Well, good-night.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

THE TAFTS' SILVER WEDDING

[Not dated.]

And presents, Clara! Well, I never knew there was as much silver in the world. It is hideous to see such profligacy. It begins to look as if this feature might be the occasion of considerable embarrassment. Of course, from my standpoint it would have been much more dignified for the President to announce that no presents would be received at all. The President is becoming worried over the dimensions and has directed Mrs. Taft to let no one see them, at least until certain ones have been secreted in cold storage.

For instance, Judge Gary, the Steel Trust magnate and a person the President scarcely knows, has sent a soup tureen over two hundred years old and said to have cost eight thousand dollars. This price may be approximate but it is the most wonderful piece of work I have ever seen. Coming back yesterday, Mrs. Taft told the President that —— and —— had seen one like it at Fisher's, less than half the size and not nearly as old, for which the art dealer wanted three thousand dollars. The President was vexed that these two women above all others in Washington should have seen this present, for he said:

"These two old gossips just live on what they can feed their friends from the White House."

He then told Mrs. Taft that he had been thinking of

returning this present and had consulted Knox about it, but that Knox had advised against it, but did advise him to keep it dark. The President told me to get those two women on the phone and see that they kept what knowledge they had of the presents to themselves; he feared, however, that this warning would be only an incentive for them to spread the news even farther. I thought not, however, so flattered would they be to share in common some secrets with the inmates of the White House.

While the President and his family were dressing for dinner I got —— on the phone. It was none too soon, as she was dressing to go to a dinner, and then everything she knew would be public property. She said she had told only one person.

Another present which must be kept under lock and key is that from the younger Rockefeller. It is a cabinet of tea caddies and simply wonderful. Be it said to the credit of Mrs. Taft that she was perfectly willing to have both these presents returned, but the President hated to hurt the feelings of those who sent them. The House and the Senate are each giving presents, and these are especially pleasing to the President. The Committee from the House called on me to assist them, and at my advice the members decided to present three dozen solid silver service plates, costing seventeen hundred dollars. This will be the handsomest present. The Senate is going to give a set of solid silver compote dishes.

With love to all, as ever,
Your affectionate brother,
ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
Sunday, June 18, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Aunt Delia is here. She came with Bob yesterday afternoon. The old lady looks quite well and greatly enjoys the

notoriety which attends her visits. Everywhere she goes there are editorials about her and her famous apple pies. There was an editorial in the *Star* yesterday afternoon, and a news note that the silver wedding was now an assured success, as Aunt Delia had arrived and would at once superintend the making of her pies.

Mrs. Harry Taft asked her at the table last evening how she ever got the reputation of making apple pies, and she said that Horace gave it to her, but the fact of the matter was that she had not made an apple pie for forty years and never did know how to make one properly. She then told a joke on herself which would illustrate how ignorant she is in the culinary art. She said she was overheard to give an order to the cook to make some apple pies and, when asked how she liked them, said they had better be made with butter as there were guests coming. She really thought they were made out of lard for family use.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
June 20, 1911.

WELL, CLARA:

The Silver Wedding Anniversary of the President and Mrs. Taft passed into the social history of the White House, and I believe it was the most brilliant function ever held in that historic mansion.

Up to the hour of the celebration many things might have happened to mar the evening. The news had been received on Sunday of the serious illness of Mr. Herron, Mrs. Taft's father. Miss Maria Herron had a fit of hysterics over the news, but Mrs. Taft seemed to think he would rally, which he did by nightfall. The Weather Bureau continued to prophesy heavy rains up to the hour of the reception.

As a matter of precaution, eighty police were placed outside of the fence south of the White House grounds, and a company of Engineers from Washington Barracks, under the command of Captain Hubert L. Wigmore and Second Lieutenant Richard Park, patrolled the grounds just within the fence. I increased the number of aides at the White House to twelve in order to form a proper protection as well as a guard of honor to the President and Mrs. Taft during the reception proper.

Good-bye. I am off this afternoon to New York.

With love,

ARCHIE.

Extracts from the Diary of Captain Butt

June 22, 1911.

The trip to New York was rather interesting, as some politics were mingled with the pleasure. The President had telephoned Senator Crane to join him in New York and make the trip with him. Senator Brandegee was one of the party; so was the Attorney General, and also Senator Lippitt of Rhode Island.

Senator Crane amused the President, and in fact all of us, by giving a description of the way in which he manages Jeff Davis of Arkansas. It seems that last year Jeff Davis, in advocating some measure, said he was very anxious for it to pass because it would mean something in the way of a fee for him. In his innocence he went to Senator Crane for advice. Senator Crane, as he described it, "got him across" this trouble all right.

"But since then," said the Senator, laughing, "I have been able to use it to control Jeff Davis. The other day, for instance, when he began hobnobbing with La Follette and others, I thought it was about time to save him from these wolves. I got Senator Penrose to send for some of his news-

paper slaves and directed them to call upon Jeff Davis and ask him if he had any further explanation to make regarding his admission before the committee that he was accepting fees for aiding legislative matters. Poor old Jeff inside of an hour came trembling to me to advise me that the newspapers were again on his trail, and what should he do in the matter. I said to him most seriously:

'Davis, you are becoming decidedly too active in the Senate; I advised you to sit quietly during this session and take little part, and yet you are antagonizing everybody who can keep this matter dark by playing into the hands of La Follette and these insurgents. Now you go back to your seat and don't open your mouth in this session. You can depend upon me that nothing appears in the paper about that other matter, but I cannot be responsible if you go around here antagonizing the interests of the very men who want to protect you.'

"Poor old Jeff," said the Senator, laughing, "has not peeped once since then."

Senator Brandegee added:

"Can you think of anything more pathetic than poor old Jeff confiding his secrets to Crane? And now Crane has him in a vise, and every time he attempts to act independently for his constituents, this hard, domineering man from Massachusetts gives a twist of the vise and makes this perfect populist protect the interests of New England."

"No," protested Crane, "I have nothing to do with his votes, but I really want him to behave. Somehow I feel that he is an adopted child of mine, and I will at least keep him from making a fool of himself, even if I have to use instruments which a police judge might call blackmail."

"At any rate," said the President, who greatly enjoyed the story, "you saved him from a worse fate by keeping him out of the hands of La Follette and Cummins."

Senator Brandegee gave rather a ludicrous account of the method of the insurgents in the Senate. He thought nothing would be more ironical than the fact that the old committee rooms of Senator Aldrich should now be the headquarters of the insurgents. He said that the insurgents met two or three times a day in these rooms, which are very close to the Senate Chamber, and that all Senator La Follette had to do was to walk out of the Senate Chamber and hold up his finger, and he would be followed by the whole thirteen of the insurgents. Unquestionably Cummins is becoming jealous of La Follette, but the latter's power is such that he not only called them into caucus in this way, but also recorded what they had to say and their votes.

June 23, 1911.

The President arose early this morning in spite of the fact that he did not arrive here from New Haven until after midnight, but he slept well on the train. I did not get down to breakfast until late, and I found him in a most uncommunicative mood. I knew that something had happened since last night to upset his equilibrium. It was not long for me to find out, for I picked up the paper after he laid it down and learned that the Senate had directed the Finance Committee to report to the Senate the Free Wool Bill and the Farmers' Free List which had been passed by the House.

"Well, we are in for an all-summer session," the President said to his brother Harry. "It begins to look from this action yesterday that the Democrats and the insurgents are combined to force a general tariff revision."

"What will you do if they send the Reciprocity Treaty with free wool tacked onto it?" asked his brother.

"I will veto it," said the President. "They think I will be afraid to veto a free wool bill, but I will show them I don't propose to be bulldozed by them. If they want to

remain in Washington all summer I am willing to do so. If it becomes a game of bluff I can keep my cards off the table as long as they can."

Captain Butt Stages a Water Battle

[Washington, D. C.,]
June 27, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Last evening while we were at dinner [at the White House,] a telegram was brought to the President which he read with much interest. It announced that the Root amendment had been defeated by a viva voce vote.

"First blood, my dear, for the Administration," he said, throwing the telegram across the table to Mrs. Taft.

When not traveling or golfing he is devoting all his energies to the passage of the Reciprocity bill. This does not mean that he puts the pastimes over reciprocity, for he does not. His whole mind and body seem saturated with but one thought, namely, to pass reciprocity.

After I left the White House last night I went to Alice Longworth's. She had telephoned begging me to come by, on my way home. I found the Winthrops there, and the Oveys and Billy Hitt. Alice was sitting under a lamp, reading to the company an edition of the Songs of Solomon. It seems that she got to reading the Bible by chance the other morning and found so much that was entertaining that she promptly assembled a company to share her knowledge of the scriptures.

When I got to her house, I was somewhat tired and evidently looked bored with what to me was a threadbare performance. She and Ovey resented my attitude, for I am usually appreciative of their fun, and so began to rag me about being a slave at the White House and so on, until I retaliated a bit by seizing hold of Ovey's collar and empty-

ing a quart of White Rock down his neck. He squirmed and yelled, but he got most of it, and then Alice came to his assistance, and what remained in the bottle went all over her and over her Chinese embroideries.

The party broke up soon after that, and the Winthrops offered to take me on a motor drive. Billy Hitt whispered to me that I had better look out, that Alice was planning to wreck my house, and so we left. I got the Winthrops to drop me at home. Putting out all the lights and locking the outside doors, I waited in the second story armed with several pitchers of water. I did not have to wait long, for soon I saw the electric steal up to the curb. Ovey got out and rang the bell. I stopped the boy from going to the door, and then he tried to get in a window. He failed here, and Alice and Blanche got out, and they all stood on the lawn whispering. I caught them together and let them have a pitcher right on their heads. They hurried around the house, and I gave them another on that side, and then they stood on the sidewalk and called to me, but I did not answer.

When I leave the house now, I order the Filipino boys to lock everything securely, for Alice will never rest, and I know by her silence all day that she is plotting some sort of reprisal.

Your devoted brother,
ARCHIE.

[*By a subsequent mail Captain Butt received a number of verses written, presumably, by Mrs. Longworth, ridiculing him without mercy. He therefore wrote to his sister-in-law the brief letter which appears below.*]

June 29, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

Here is the result of my water fight with Alice and Ovey, and I think they got the better of me in this, don't you? I received it through the mail to-day, and while some of

the lines caused me to wince a trifle, still it was too clever not to call forth a smile. Moreover, it really has some point which I might take to heart and study, for possibly I am losing my sense of humor. God forfend me from that, for without a sense of humor I would be utterly and entirely lost in this my present job.

CHAPTER LXXIX

On Hitting a President with Golf Balls

Beverly, Mass.
July 1, 1911.

Dear Clara:

We arrived here this morning at nine o'clock, and by ten the President and I were on the golf links at the Myopia Club. We both played miserable games, his not being so bad as mine; but then, I never play my best when playing with him. I made the first hole in five, but on the second shot, as I was going to make a brassie, the President walked past me, and I was forced to play to one side to keep from hitting him. I went in the tall grass and from there into the bunker, and finished the hole with such a bad score as to make me careless as to how I played the rest.

He hasn't the slightest idea of the etiquette of the game. Of course he thinks that I will watch out for him. It is not only when playing with me alone, but with others as well. The Secretary of State and others who have played with him have commented to me upon this. He would be greatly shocked if he thought that he was being criticized for his lack of etiquette, because he loves to think he plays every game according to the rules. I had my lesson early this

spring when I put a brassie shot right into the fat part of his leg just above the knee. He squealed when I hit him, but said it was his own fault. That did not prevent me from feeling like a cur, especially when the bruised spot covered over six inches in diameter.

On the train near Pittsburgh,
July 5.

Every Indianian is a politician. One sees at once that everyone is a prospective office holder. Even the social clubs are political in their character. One must either be a Republican or a Democrat first, and then a gentleman after that. But the political faith is the first requisite for club membership. As a bait for the gold Democrat vote in 1896, the Democrats who bolted their party were permitted to join the Columbia Club, and it is now a great embarrassment to the management that some of these men who joined the club then have gone back to their old party. You can imagine a city where the social clubs are based on politics.

The President seemed to make a great hit. It is the first time any heart has been put in the party since the last elections. The Democrats are on top in every district, but the Republicans are hopeful that they may be able to win something back at the next election by throwing off Beveridge and following the President. I found everybody throwing old shoes at Beveridge. Fairbanks loathes him and never missed a chance to give him a kick yesterday. As Mr. Miller, the Attorney General, said to me after one of these insinuating attacks:

"Beveridge is in Europe. If he were nearer home there would be less back-biting here."

The President rather encouraged this. It is to his interest to kill Beveridge in Indiana, for Beveridge is a distinct menace to him there. One really does not know what

politics is until one gets on the inside of Indiana and Ohio and sees the situation from the center. In talking with the U. S. Marshal Mr. Schmidt last evening at dinner, I said:

"After all, it is not the regular Democrats or regular Republicans who settle anything at all. It is the mugwump, the independent voter, who decides the issues and elects the candidates."

"Yes," he said, "that is true, but that is all he does do. He does not get any of the offices. They are distributed between us."

Well, lunch is served. Good-bye. Hastily,

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Sleeps at the White House

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 6, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

My first night as an inmate at the White House was not the most comfortable, I assure you. The bed was so big, the noises from the street so distinct, and the constant walking of the watchmen both inside and outside of the house so steady and monotonous that I did not go to sleep until very late and then wakened at intervals, so that my rest was broken.

I drew the North Suite. For some reason I like it the better. I can lie in my great four-poster and look out on Jackson Square, even get a glimpse of Hickory himself through the trees, and hear the fountain on the front lawn play. The only disadvantage is that one hears the street cars passing on Pennsylvania Avenue. The bed in my room is so large that, as the Bishop of London said after a night spent there, he had to tether himself to one of the posts to find himself the next morning. The first evening was pleasant, but they are all going to be exactly alike. I feel

sure of that. Therefore they are going to be very monotonous. However, the President is pleased as pickles to have us, and we are good company for him.

"I don't know," said the President, "if I will ever have the time to write my memoirs, but I have had some very interesting experiences in Washington in one way or another. It seemed to me that I began to see the national side of things from the inside during my visit to Washington in 1902, when I left the Philippines to come to Congress to testify as to affairs out there. I was visiting Root, then Secretary of War. I remember that Hanna invited us to a dinner, but Root had declined on account of a rule he had made never to accept invitations on Sunday evenings. It was just after the date when the Administration had brought suit to dissolve the Northern Securities. Root was very bitter both at Knox and Roosevelt, because he had not been informed as to this suit, and he had never forgiven Knox and still feels some resentment toward Roosevelt. I think he believes that Knox, for some personal reason, pledges Roosevelt to withhold all knowledge from him. At any rate, he expressed himself very freely that evening to me on the subject.

"We went to Hanna's after dinner, and while we were there the President came in. That was before he was on the outs with Morgan and Wall Street. In fact, I think the suit against the Northern Securities was the opening wedge, for, if you remember, he won and dissolved the combination. At any rate, J. Pierpont Morgan was there, and so were Ledyard and Jewett and, I think, Jim Hill. There was much discussion as to our banking and currency system. About all I remember of it was that Morgan thought our present system a good one and we had better not try to change it.

"It was just before the visit of Prince Henry to this country and immediately after the fight in the Senate be-

tween McLaurin and Tillman. Tillman was on the Naval Committee, and both he and McLaurin had been suspended from the privileges of the Senate pending an investigation into their conduct. Roosevelt did not know what to do about him, whether to invite him to dinner or not. It was finally agreed to send him an invitation; in fact, as I remember it now, an invitation had already been sent to him and the question was how to get it back. It was decided to get Cockrell, the Nestor of the Democrats, to intercede and advise Tillman to regret. This was agreed on, and when the question came up as to the possibility of his refusing to do this, there seemed to be no question as to what he would do, and no one present thought that such a contingent could arise. However, it was just what did come about, for old Tillman refused to regret and said, moreover, he would go to the dinner unless the invitation was recalled. This made Theodore so angry that he promptly withdrew the invitation, and that was the cause of the bitter fight which Tillman waged on Roosevelt so long and unremittingly."

Affectionately,
Your brother,
ARCHIE.

A Yachting Party of Senators

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 10, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Back from another tedious trip. This time it was a sea trip. It was a queer party we had on board the *Mayflower*. First there was Senator Penrose.

Penrose sort of grunts when he talks. I got much amusement out of watching him eat. He eats anything and everything. His capacity is only limited by how much he can put on the plate and how many dishes are passed. You

can get a silhouette of his table manners when I tell you that he swallows all his fish first, and then he eats the cucumbers with his fingers. But he is chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate and is therefore sacred to the Administration.

Senator Taylor of Tennessee sat next to Penrose—Bob Taylor, as all of us in the South know him. He was the unique character in the party and seemed to be the leaven to unite the rest. Whenever a laugh was heard, someone would say:

"Bob's off again," and those who were at the bridge table would leave it to join the group on the aft deck for fear of missing something, and those who were sleepy were afraid to go below for fear that Bob might break out while they were gone. It would be impossible to narrate his stories, for they were endless. It was not always the story which was so good, but the manner in which it was told. He is not all humor and fun, but there is spice in his humor which often elevates it to wit.

For instance, when Senator Knute Nelson was under discussion once, Taylor said whenever he heard him speak he always thought of an old clock they had at home. When the hands of the clock pointed to twelve and it struck six, he felt certain that it was twenty minutes to two.

The President asked him to tell him something about the time when he and his brother Alf both made the race for Governor of Tennessee: one on the Republican ticket and the other on the Democratic. It was a most interesting account he gave of it, nothing like the garbled version we used to hear told. He said the Republicans, in order to forestall his nomination by the Democrats, nominated his brother Alf for the office, but in spite of this the Democrats proceeded to nominate him. His mother wrote to him that inasmuch as Alf had been nominated first, she and his

father expected him to decline the nomination and urged him to do so at once. Bob said he took the train at once for his home. He found the old people adamant to his arguments at first. He then told them that, while he would like to retire, yet he felt it his duty to continue on the ticket.

"For," he said, "Mother, if I remain in the race, it seems to me that the Taylor family have a cinch on the office no matter what happens."

Senator Root—well, he is too well known to describe. But he never opened his mouth without eliminating the subject under discussion, and when he spoke everyone else stopped to listen to what he had to say. He always went provided with a volume of essays and spent a good deal of the time reading.

July 11, 1911.

The weather remains terrific in its heat force. Really the whole city looks as it usually does when we return in September. The grass on the fair greens at Chevy Chase is parched dry, and the ground itself is burnt to break.

I did not think the President ought to play golf yesterday afternoon, but he insisted and fortunately the sun was partially obscured by the clouds. He has discovered that he and I can make the round in two hours and a half, and he said last night that we would go out every afternoon from now until Congress adjourns. I said that if he had no objection I would arrange for a twosome with Secretary Knox, as the officers on the *Mayflower* were going to take their three degrees at once, Thursday afternoon, and I should like to be present, especially as I had proposed them for Masonry. He had no objection, he said. Hilles then said that Knox would be out of town. I expected the President to say to make any other arrangements, but he said nothing, and it looks as if I would be with him on Thursday when I ought to be with my friends. It was through me that the Grand Lodge gave the dispensation

for Andrews, Bristol, and Grayson to take all three degrees the same afternoon, and I certainly ought to be present.

I relate this incident to illustrate one phase of the President's character. He has very little consideration for those around him. He wants them to be comfortable and to enjoy themselves provided it does not upset his plans in the slightest. He wants everything to fit into his plans, and after all I don't suppose he is wrong in this, for a President cannot, with all he has to do, think about the comforts of other people. But it was different with the Colonel: he never wanted anyone to put himself out for his pleasure. He was overscrupulous in this regard.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXX

ATTACKS ON THE PRESIDENT

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 12, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President and Secretary Knox and I had a threesome at Chevy Chase yesterday afternoon. The President had been in a pretty low frame of mind ever since returning from his yachting trip. His mood is due entirely to some muck-raking stories in which his brother Charlie was dragged in, concerning the Guggenheim coal lands. I think it is all a fake and will easily be disproved, but, nevertheless, it worries him very greatly. I think I have told you often before that he does not stand criticism. His whole nature revolts against unjust attacks. As we went around the links yesterday afternoon, he said, at about the ninth hole, after making a pretty poor drive:

"The fact of the matter is, old man," putting his arm

around the shoulder of Knox, who looked like a midget compared to him, "I have been so confoundedly mad to-day and yesterday over these attacks that I cannot get my mind off them."

"I should not mind in the least an attack of this kind. It is too easily exploded. I should not worry until they began to hit near the truth."

"Which reminds me," said the President, "of a remark that Wayne MacVeagh made to Paul Morton after the rebate explosion. 'Paul,' he said, 'there are very few of us who have not done something which would get us into the penitentiary if it were known, but we ought to be thankful if they only charge us with those things which we can disprove, or rather which they can't prove.'"

Hilles is taking these attacks on the President very much to heart. He thinks it forebodes a pretty nasty fight to be made on him before the campaign begins.

Good-bye, good luck.

ARCHIE.

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 13, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Now comes the investigation of Dr. Wiley, the Pure Food exponent. If the President yields to pressure and sacrifices Wiley, the trouble which followed the removal of Pinchot will be as a zephyr by the side of the storm which will follow Wiley's removal. For after all, and I don't know that it is far wrong, the general belief is that Wiley stands between the people and a national belly ache. Certainly his agitation, which he has kept up in his bureau, has resulted in the laws against drug and food adulteration that have been placed on the statute books.

Protests are coming in by the hundreds from all over the country against the removal of Wiley. The whole case

came up through the violation of some law by Dr. Wiley in hiring a chemical expert by the year instead of by the day, as he was ordered to do under the appropriation act. The charges were sent to the President, and he sent them to the Attorney General for investigation. The Attorney General, who has about as much political judgment as an ox, sent the papers back recommending the dismissal of Wiley. In the meantime Congress got wind of some violation, and it began to investigate. The President is now put in the position of either going back on his attorney general or else yielding to the interests opposed to Wiley and dismissing him.

Senator Crane was over at the White House the other evening. He came apparently to pay a friendly call, but he never pays a visit except to serve some purpose. He talked pleasantly along social lines and finally said (and this is rather indicative of his methods):

"I see the papers are after Dr. Wiley."

"Yes," said the President, "I sent the case to the Attorney General, thinking to forestall Congress."

"I think I would go a little slow in that matter, Mr. President. It is loaded. The American people think Wiley the greatest friend they have had since Lincoln. Better go a little slow, Mr. President."

He left a few minutes afterwards, and I saw he had left the President a cud to chew. There was no doubt that the President had decided to stand by the recommendation of Mr. Wickersham and let Wiley go on the technical charge of violation of law, but I think he decided to take Crane's advice and go a little slow.

Congress is certainly hot on the President's trail. If he only had a thick hide and could take it out by calling people liars he would not take things so much to heart. But he really suffers under the implication that he is connected with something shady. I feel dreadfully sorry for

him and try to keep my end up, but he gets so low in spirits that it is impossible to cheer him. He doesn't flare out, doesn't blame anyone, but just sits silently by and thinks and grows morose. This is a new phase in his character to me. He does not seem to throw it off. He does not show it to the casual visitor. For when anyone comes in he smiles; at least, his face goes through the physical manifestations of a smile, but there is no mirth in it, and it is merely a facial trick. It is all done with the eyes, and the mouth remains set, but if he were photographed I suppose people would think it a good likeness of our smiling, good-natured President.

It still continues hot, and the sun is shining, but it is nevertheless rather gloomy around the White House these days. I wish I were somewhere else. It is too nerve racking.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Mr. Taft on the Defensive

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 18, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I am idling, idling horribly. I have nothing to do, it seems to me, and I am simply drifting, watching the drama which is going on about me. I do not even have the sensation of rushing home to change my clothes, get into uniform and fill engagements with the President. I am here, right in the house with him, and do nothing but wait for him to decide what he wants to do.

Of late, that is for the past few days, he has given up doing everything in which I take part save motoring at night. He is very much worried over these scandals which Congress has unearthed or which they think they have unearthed. He takes these charges seriously, and he goes about refuting them as a judge might be expected to do.

Colonel Roosevelt would have called them all a pack of lies, and the public would have accepted his statement.

Representative Mann advised him at lunch to treat them in this way, but the President thinks they deserve a serious denial and proof. In the meantime his enemies are still circulating reports and scandals. A Chicago editor lunched here Sunday and told him that the newspaper men were simply rubbing their hands over the feast of scandal which was spread in front of them. He told the President that one of his correspondents had said:

"There is so much to feed upon that we are simply surfeited beginning the feast."

The newsmongers are after him every hour of the day, too, for denials and statements, but he keeps his own counsel and continues to collect his testimony and to make up his case.

He is holding in abeyance the Wiley matter. One thing is certain, he will not follow the recommendation of Wickersham and dismiss Wiley. The hundreds of telegrams and letters which have come to him show him in what regard old Wiley is held throughout the country, and he knows now that he dare not dismiss him. Yet he feels sorry for Wickersham. The other night Hilles said:

"I see nothing to do but to make the Attorney General the goat."

The President added: "If I know anything of George, he will not be sacrificed without a bleat."

He then related to us how Wickersham got involved in the Wiley matter. He said that Secretary Wilson came to the cabinet meeting with the charges against Wiley and said he had violated the law and recommended his immediate dismissal.

"But the canny old Scot," said the President, "forgot to put anything in writing and left the papers without a scratch of a pen on them. Wickersham suggested rather

eagerly that he might be allowed to review the case from a legal standpoint, and old Wilson, only too anxious to put the burden on someone else's shoulders, eagerly consented. So George took the papers with him. He knew that I did not like Wiley and thought here was an excellent chance to do justice and at the same time to relieve me of all embarrassment and recommend Wiley's dismissal.

"Of course, conditions have somewhat changed," said the President with a smile, "and what might have been an easy thing to do six months ago politically is almost impossible to do now. I have sent the papers back to Wilson for his written recommendation, and I am anxious to see if he will back-track or hold up the hands of the Attorney General. In either case I have an unpleasant duty to perform, but I have lived through some rather disagreeable incidents, and I suppose I will live through this one."

He has not said definitely yet, even among ourselves, just what he will do, but his whole attitude is that of a man who will do what he does not want to do, namely, condone Wiley's offense and continue him in the service, apparently going back on his own cabinet officers who acted with his consent and approval in the first instance. But there is nothing else for him to do. He dare not let Wiley go: that is the fact of the matter. Whatever Wiley's faults may have been, he has succeeded in getting pure food laws passed and has been the bitter enemy of adulterated drugs and foodstuffs. In some places he is almost deified, and the people will not permit him to be sacrificed to the inimical interests. I feel as they do; Hilles feels so, too; but the President and his entire cabinet wish he could be got rid of. That is evident in every conversation they have, but he is too much for them, and I think you will see the President will not only be forced to retain him in the service, but will be forced to condone his sins of commission in words of personal praise.

The President has been notified that Bakhmeteff has been appointed to succeed Baron Rosen as ambassador from Russia. This was the man whom John McLean asked the President to ask Russia to send. The Russian's wife is a sister of Mrs. McLean. I think I also told you of a visit of Truxton Beale, a brother of Mrs. McLean, who urged the President not to pay any attention to the recommendations of the McLeans. He said it would be no time before the McLeans would be at the White House again, asking to have him sent back to Russia.

It is very tiresome here at the White House. I know what the President meant when he said, much to the amusement of the country at the time, that the White House is a lonely place. I cannot have my friends here. None of them would think of calling unless I made a special engagement for them to do so. I suppose we will be hanging around here for another month at least.

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

A Motor Ride with the Standpatters

The White House,
July 20, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President is in his study with the Cabinet—at least, a part of it. I did not see Uncle Jimmy Wilson or Wickersham there. He has finished his message to Congress on the Comptroller Bay matter and this afternoon is reading it to the members of the Cabinet.

Hilles and I think that he has written so much on the subject that he will get nobody to read it. He has devoted nearly a week to its preparation, working every afternoon and night in his study, denying himself to everyone and attending to none of the other duties of his office. He says he wants it to be complete. He is really out after La Fol-

lette. He hates the Wisconsin man with a consuming hatred. He has written nearly ten thousand words on the subject and has a mass of evidence to support his assertions which will make a bundle of papers larger than his annual messages. He may be right, but I think a sweeping denial would have been just as effective, as the American people know that he would not enter a denial if he were not telling the truth.

Melville Stone, the head of the Associated Press, came to lunch and agreed to send out the message in full if the President would wait until next Wednesday afternoon before sending it to the Senate. This will permit it to reach the coast by next Thursday. The only danger, he seems to think, is that some of the insurgents will give the whole matter away to La Follette before then and give the insurgent a chance to discount it in a speech.

The President sent for me and said he would like to go out. We started for the Capitol. I went in and got Senator Penrose, Senator Crane, Senator Wetmore, and Senator Smoot for the President, and with this picturesque lot of statesmen we started for the Soldiers' Home. I don't think the President was very proud of the company he was in. They represented the leadership of that body as far as the Regulars are concerned, but there is not one, with the possible exception of Smoot, whose association with the President would not be injurious to him politically as far as the "People" are concerned. But we were there by prearrangement with Crane and Penrose, who wanted to make sure of the votes of Wetmore and Smoot on the Reciprocity bill next Saturday.

We passed out of the Soldiers' Home down the Military Road into the Park, and all was going beautifully until we made the first sharp turn and the chauffeur had to slow up for another automobile, which had tooted its horn and was slowing up also. There was a moment of silence as we

passed the other car, for in it were none other than our old friends, Jonathan Bourne, La Follette, Senator Clapp, and Senator Kenyon of Iowa. Those in our car looked pretty guilty, I thought, as if they had been caught red-handed doing something wrong. You could almost hear the comments of the Senators in the other car, and doubtless to-morrow all the Western papers of the insurgent stripe will report the joy ride of the President and the standpatters. To use a much quoted remark of Senator Penrose, I think the bloom was taken off the rose of this ride by the meeting. I wish the President would not associate at all in public with Penrose, Crane, and Wetmore and Republicans of that stripe. The people instinctively think of them as what President Roosevelt was wont to call the "Enemy." They are certainly inimical to the interest of the plain people and do represent capital in all its most aggressive form.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXI

A STORM TRIP INTO VIRGINIA

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 22, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

Of course you have read the absurd accounts of our trip to Manassas. Ridiculous as it all sounds, I fear it is not exaggerated. A more novel day I have never had in all my varied experiences with Presidents. But it was the thing to wipe the cobwebs off the President's mind, make him forget all of his political troubles.

It seems that I am destined to get into trouble whenever I travel this old pike. It was at my suggestion that Colonel

Roosevelt chose it to take his century ride which came so near undoing all of us who took it with him. It was at my suggestion that President Taft decided to motor to Manassas rather than go by train. The two days were dissimilar in everything save that we met with every obstacle which nature could provide, and overcame every one of them, and landed back in Washington safe and joyful. On the first occasion we encountered a blizzard and frozen ground and returned in a terrific sleet storm. Yesterday we started out in the sunshine, encountered a cloudburst at Fairfax, forded torrents near Centerville, were forced to turn back and take a circuitous route, finally reaching Manassas in a cloud of dust and again returning to Washington in a downpour of rain and during a frightful electric storm.

But we reached Manassas, and the President made his speech, a flubdub speech about the Blue and the Gray which brought tears to the eyes of the veterans of both sides and smiles to the faces of politicians. Every politician has a canned speech up his sleeve for these reunions, and while they all smile while someone else makes them, yet they take themselves most seriously when making them themselves.

There are a good many inaccuracies in the accounts in the press of our trip yesterday, but there was little chance given the correspondents to piece together what information they could gather on the subject. Some of the correspondents got only as far as Fairfax, others lasted to the second ford, and one or two hired buggies and reached Manassas just in time to take a train back to Washington. I understand that those who started with us met last night at the Willard Hotel, pieced together their varied experiences, and on the whole got a rather well connected story. Of course, they put phrases into the mouths of all of us, had the President doing things which he never did,

gave accounts of my swimming the fords and rescuing Senators which I did not do—and even the rescuing of young women in runaways formed a part of their imaginative accounts of the day.

The President was in fine feather and said and did many things which were far better than were attributed to him in the press. I did ford two streams, one time up to my armpits, in order to find a point for the motor to cross, and three times I did get out barelegged to lead frightened horses by the automobiles.

We left Washington at half-past twelve with four motors. The President's old White Steamer was the only one which reached Manassas. His pride in this old rickety car knew no bounds this morning, and he would willingly have gone through double the hardships yesterday to be able to tell Mrs. Taft what his motor can do in a pinch. In our car were the President and Senator Martin of Virginia, looking so pale and ill that I did not see how he could stand the trip, but a politician's pride takes him a long way through his own state when traveling with the President. Representative Carlin and Hilles sat in front of the President, and the Senator and I occupied softer, more comfortable seats beside the chauffeur. Carlin arranged for a photographer to take our pictures before starting.

We passed through Falls Church and stopped for a few minutes at the home of Dr. Quick, evidently a rich constituent of Carlin. There were some fifty lovely women and a lot of kindly Virginia gentlemen here to meet us. The President drank lemonade and made a short address, playing up Carlin strong for his people. We then started for Fairfax. I had ridden over this same route with President Roosevelt and so pointed the way. No reference was made, however, to this former trip.

I have discovered that the President does not like to have me talk very much of what I was wont to do with the

Colonel. However, he was destined to hear a good deal of the ride before the day was over, for when those whom we met on the way learned that I was the person who rode to Warrenton with the Colonel, they would insist upon recalling the time we passed through Fairfax, and this would start the Senators to asking questions, and all seemed to want to know just what we did that day and every detail about it. Finally the climax in this sort of thing was reached when I pulled off my boots and waded into the water to find a passage for the motor car. Someone asked if it were not too swift to be safe. Old Senator Bacon sang out:

"Oh, he does not mind a little thing like that. He got his training under Roosevelt."

About five miles out of Fairfax the clouds began to gather, and we did some swift and dangerous running to reach the town before the storm would break. We just made it, stopping at the old Court House, where the mayor and citizens were gathered to welcome the President. We had no sooner got under shelter than the storm broke, and it seemed as if the bottom had fallen out of the heavens. This did not prevent the President from taking a deep interest in the building, which stands just as it did in the time of Washington. He met the citizens who had crowded in the old building, and then we hurried over to the new Court House, where the will of Washington is on file and the account of the fine which was imposed on him for not working on the roads, which all citizens at that time were required to do or else hire a substitute to do for them. President Taft is the first President, it is said, who has ever seen this will, and he examined it with great care, studying it as a legal document and admiring greatly the beautiful penmanship. It is very long and was written by Washington himself.

The President commented on the perfect legal phraseol-

ogy and said to those around him that he never saw anything of Washington that did not add to his admiration for him.

It was in the vaults of this Court House that we first came upon a party of Senators whom Senator Brandegee was taking in his motor to Manassas. There were Senator Bacon, Senator Knute Nelson, that unalterable foe of reciprocity; Senator Overman, and Lehmann, the Solicitor General. They had been there for an hour, they said, simply devouring everything which pertained to Washington. The senatorial party had lunch in a basket and were eating it while inspecting the ancient documents.

Our party left during the rain to go to the home of State Senator Thornton for lunch, the newspaper men, stenographers, and secret service men going to the old inn —the same inn where President Roosevelt had made his first exchange of horses on our memorable ride. We stopped in Fairfax on that occasion only nine minutes, and I remember the President's congratulating me on the rapidity with which I changed my saddle from one horse to another. I am going to drop the Colonel here, for if I begin to recall that ride I may never get back on the road to Manassas.

At the Thorntons' we had a perfect Virginia midday meal. There was a dish filled to overflowing with fried chicken. At the other end of the table was a perfectly cooked Virginia ham, and what was a great treat to us, a lot of real corn bread hot and crisp, not the kind of corn bread one is accustomed to find at hotels and restaurants, but the old-fashioned kind which melts away in the mouth and tastes of the meal of which it is made.

Before the lunch was over, the sun was shining, and we started exactly at a quarter to three, giving ourselves an hour to reach Manassas. We turned into old Manassas Pike and were bumped and jolted over the worst road

I have ever seen for about five miles, when, coming to the top of a hill, we saw a motor midstream filled with a lot of frantic people. The water was still rising, and by the time we reached there it was over the hubs of the car, nearly at the top of the wheels.

It was Senator Brandegee's party, but he himself had already secured a buggy and had gone to a farmhouse to see what could be found in the way of a team to haul them ashore again. We stopped at the water's edge, and the party yelled to us not to attempt to cross, as it was impossible to do so. Runnle, our game little chauffeur, said he would try it if the President said so. Then it was that I jumped out, pulled off my boots, and waded in, much to the enjoyment of the onlookers. I wanted to see its greatest depth and to find the highest points. I called to Runnle to come ahead. We knew our pilot light would go out, but it was only a question if we could get up enough steam to last over. On he came, plowing through and pushing a great wall of water ahead of him. As we passed the motor with the marooned Senators in it, the President cried out:

"Oh, you old standpatters."

And one called out to him: "Wait until you are over yourself before you begin to crow."

Gas cars would have no chance at all in this current, but the steam cars might pull through. A shout went up as Runnle reached the road on the other side, and the President said:

"Now, Archie, what would you have done if you had brought that old gas car which you wanted to bring?"

I said nothing, and Hilles winked at me and said *sotto voce:* "It's lucky for us we got his old car repaired in time for this trip, isn't it?"

The secret service men and the stenographers came

through, I wading in again to give them the right direction. Then we got a team which was being held up on the other side and rescued the Senators. The President insisted on taking them with him, so we dumped out the unnecessary members of the party, including a correspondent and one or two extra secret service men, and filled the car with Senators. The President said, when we told him we could take one more in our car:

"It is hard to choose, but I feel that I must save old Nelson's vote to the insurgents to-morrow, so we will just take him in."

Nelson hesitated, but the President added: "This is not a bribe, old man. La Follette will need your vote more than I do, so bury your conscience and come in."

This overcome, we started off again, leaving a part of the crew sitting dolefully at the ford. Before we had gone two miles we came to Little Rocky Creek, now swollen to a veritable river. Here we stood disconsolate. It looked much deeper than the other, and some farmers told us that when Little Rocky was on a rampage no one tried to cross it. The President called to me to go in and judge for myself. I waded in and when I reached the center I stood a moment hesitating, for the stream seemed too swift to stem. The water came to my chest, but I made my way across. The bottom was hard, and it was just possible that a steam car might be able to make it. I called to Runnle that he had better try it first with the secret service car. This was a hired car, and it would make no difference if it was stranded. He came plowing through, but just as we reached the point where the bed began to rise he came to a stop, and our first car was out of commission for good. I went back, and we heard that there was a roundabout way of some ten miles whereby we might reach Centerville. We were only a distance of a mile from the town had we been able to cross. The President urged us

to come, and we then emptied the other car of all but one secret service man and a stenographer and filled it with Senators.

We had to cross the first stream again, and when I waded in I found it had risen nearly a foot, but Runnle made it, and we then began picking out crossroads, hunting for the main pike. Just as we turned the last corner I looked back and saw our other and last car stuck fast in the middle of the stream. I said nothing about this to anyone save to whisper it to Runnle and tell him to hurry out of sight, as I was afraid the President might want to turn round and go back to rescue his political allies. I was intent on reaching Manassas.

Well, this is about all except that twice we had to stop while I got out to lead frightened horses by our motor. I must have been a queer sight in uniform without socks or boots. I had hung my socks over the dashboard to dry, hoping to get my feet in them before reaching Manassas. We were due at a quarter past four; really we ought to have been there by four, but we did not reach Manassas until a quarter to six. Just after passing Centerville we got into the dust again, for between there and Manassas not a drop of rain had fallen.

We were met at the edge of the town by a troop of cavalry from Fort Meyer under Captain Dean, and through clouds of dust were escorted to the place of speaking. I have never known where it was. We were given a great reception, and after the speech the President spent about a half hour shaking hands with the old veterans who were there in both Blue and Gray to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run. While I remained to look after the President, Hilles and Carlin went in search of a railroad man to see what could be done about getting to Washington by train. They succeeded in finding a railroad magnate with a private car, which was put at the

disposal of the President and was to start back by seven or a little after.

When we reached the little depot there were gathered there various members of our party, all more or less bedraggled and wet and thirsty. They had arrived in carts, in buggies, and in any old vehicles which they could hire along the road. The Solicitor General never showed up at all, and the President said he knew that he had found some hospitable farmhouse and that we need not expect to see him until his hosts showed signs of getting tired listening to his stories.

"This part of the country is nuts for Lehmann," said the President, "because he is a Democrat, a free trader, and I doubt now if he does not think the Confederates right in their attitude on secession."

Love to all.

ARCHIE.

July 22, 1911.
(after lunch.)

We have just finished lunch. The President did not come over until after two o'clock. He had remained at the office to hear the result of the vote on reciprocity, which was taken much sooner than was anticipated. It was passed by a vote of about two to one, but largely by Democratic votes. He was very much pleased, but would have felt much better had more Republicans voted for the measure. At the close of lunch he said:

"I wonder, should anything happen to me between now and Tuesday morning, if Jim Sherman would sign the bill. I am inclined to think that public opinion would force him to do it."

The secretary seemed to think he would, regarding himself only as an administrator of the present Administration.

"No," said the President, "I don't feel so sure of that. He would know there was little chance of his nomination for the Presidency, and I do not think he would be held back on any such fine points as that, but I do think he would not dare to veto it on account of public sentiment. Yet again, he and Uncle Joe might think my death a direct visitation of Providence brought about for the sole purpose of upholding the protective doctrine. I think it safer to live until then."

A. W. B.

A Poem in Captain Butt's Honor

Wow, Archie, I told you that when you had performed some new deed worthy of the poet's pen I would write you a fitting poem, and on this occasion you done noble, noble indeed. Hence these lines, second only in brilliance to the action they commemorate. What?

Most truly and for a long time, yours,
W. J. Lampton, Col. & A. D. C.

N. Y. City, July 24, 1911.

The President was on his way
To Bull Run battlefield,
Where once the Rebs and Yankees met
And fit till one side squealed.
The war is over and
This glorious Nation's one again
And so will ever stand.
However, in a motor car
The President went forth
To make a speech on Bull Run field
To clinch the South and North,
And with him rode brave Major Butt,
His shining aide de cong
Whom, to insure the best results,
He always takes along.
But somehow on this Bull Run day
The Major quite forgot
To call the Weather Bureau out
And shoot it on the spot,

So, ere the President had gone
Halfway to Bull Run field
The Weather Bureau butted in,
And loud the thunder pealed;
The storm came up, the rain came down,
And soon the quiet streams
That crossed the road at intervals
Were loud, torrential screams.
In some of these the motor cars
Of Senators and such,
Who went along to grace the day,
Were shortly all in Dutch.
But not so with the President,
For every time he hit
A raging flood, bold Major Butt
First waded into it
To see if they could ford the same,
And if they couldn't, why
They simply went around above
And sanely passed it by.
Of course, he shucked his uniform,
That gay and gladsome rig,
And went into the muddy streams
Like Adam in his fig,
And yet it suffered sore, and when
They reached Manassas plain
The major looked as if he'd done
The whole Bull Run campaign.
But what cared he? His sacrifice
Meant that his Chief had won
And had arrived to save the day
To celebrate Bull Run,
While far behind, along the road
Were stranded motor cars
And statesmen paddling round to find
Shoal water on the bars.
And now whatever songs are sung,
What war yarns may be spun
About the blue coats running from
Bull Run to Washington,
No tale that ever may be told
Of that wild running day
Will be at all like Major Butt's,
Who ran the other way.

W. J. LAMPTON.

P. S. I also send you the original draft so you can see what a real poem looks like in the making. On the other

side of these two pages are other original drafts of other poems of no interest to you. They are there because I economize by writing on both sides of the paper.

W. LAMPTON.

[*The author of this poem and letter, Mr. Lampton, known as "Colonel," was famous as a writer of topical verses. For many years he was on the New York* Sun, *under Charles A. Dana and afterward.*]

Mr. Taft Hears Dr. Collyer Preach

The White House,
July 25, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I could but think of the time when visitors would arrive at the White House from the air, when I saw Atwood come sailing down last week out of a clear sky. He circled the Washington Monument twice and then made a dart for the lawn south of the White House and landed right on the steps. He took off his hat and walked as calmly up the steps and spoke to the President as if he had arrived by motor or carriage. I remembered the story which Mother used to tell, for it came into my mind on seeing Atwood land. You may have heard her tell of the descent, in a farmer's field, of a balloonist dressed up as a clown. It was taken as a sign of the destruction of the earth, and all the Negroes fled from the field save one old darky who was crippled and could not get away. The balloon landed near him, and as the clown stepped out the old Negro doffed his hat and, bowing most humbly, said:

"Howdy, Marse Jesus. How's your pa?"

The President agreed to go to church in Lynn where the pulpit was to be filled by a very old but celebrated Unitarian preacher by the name of Collyer. This meant starting for church fifteen minutes sooner and sending over the secret service men to arrange for pews and to make arrangements for the reception of the President. We always rely

on Wheeler to tip off the elders that the congregation must rise as the President enters the church and remain standing until the Presidential party leaves the church.

I think we all enjoyed Dr. Collyer's sermon. He is so aged that he has to be helped up when he rises and taken by the arm when he sits for fear of his falling. But he is a dear-looking old man and has the way of stopping the thread of his discourse to take you into his confidence and letting you enjoy some of his intimate thoughts. He preached on Martha and Mary, and, for instance, he said he had a good many Marthas in his congregations in various parts of the country, but he thought he had more of them in Boston than in any other city. After the sermon the President went to the pulpit and shook hands with the old man and was much pleased when Dr. Collyer said to him:

"You are making us love you more and more every day."

It seems that the President knew a good deal about Dr. Collyer. He said he was known in Chicago as the "Eloquent Blacksmith." He was an Englishman by birth and still retains much of his British accent. There was another Englishman of the same name who became a celebrated preacher in the Congregational Church and they were confounded by reason of their names. The Unitarian preacher was Robert Collyer, while the Congregationalist was Robert L. Collyer. The Unitarian, once explaining wherein they differed, is quoted as saying:

"I have neither an L in my name nor an L in my religion."

"He may have two in the hereafter for the one which he is lacking now," I said.

"There speaks the conventional Episcopalian," he responded.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXII

A Ghost in the White House?

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 26, 1911

My dear Clara:

It seems that the White House is haunted. This was a most interesting piece of news to me, for it seemed to me to be the only thing wanting to make the White House the most interesting spot in the United States.

I repeated this gossip of the servants' hall to the President at the table, and he got in such a towering rage that it made me think that he had possibly heard of this thing before. I do not know yet whether he was angry with me for repeating it to him or took this method to lay the ghost, but whatever his object, he has put a bann on speaking of the thing within the confines of the White House. In fact, he told me to make it known to the housekeeper that she was to tell the servants that the first one who repeated this silly story would be discharged, and so the royal anger has been made known. I reminded him that the help was in such a state of mind that, if it was positively believed that the upper floor of the White House was haunted, the servants there could not be kept in their places by executive order.

He thinks it will be a very serious thing to have the story get out among the people of the country. He does not permit his children to read ghost stories. But after his burst of indignation was over, I found that he was as anxious to hear about the thing as I had been.

The ghost, it seems, is a young boy—from its description, I should think about fourteen or fifteen years old. The housekeeper, a spooky little person herself, informs

me that he has been felt more often than he has been seen, but when I remonstrated with her that ghosts have not the sense of touch, at least those self-respecting ghosts of which I have heard, she insisted, nevertheless, that it was this manifestation of the Thing which has caused such fright among the servants. They say that the first knowledge one has of the presence of the Thing is a slight pressure on the shoulder, as if someone were leaning over your shoulder to see what you might be doing. Several of those who live upstairs say that they have felt this pressure, but when they turn around there is nothing to be seen.

Last winter, it seems, Marsh, Mrs. Taft's maid, was found in a dead faint, and when she came to she showed such fright that it was necessary to give her something to quiet her down before she could discuss the cause of her fainting at all. She had not heard of the ghost stories which were known among some of the older servants, or so she said, and therefore her experience is not doubted by the rest. It coincided exactly with experiences which others have been said to have had from time to time—except that she not only felt the pressure on the shoulder, but saw the figure and described it as that of a young boy with light hair, not well combed, and with sad blue eyes. Now who on earth this can be, I cannot imagine.

I scoffed at the whole thing just as the President did, but I am going to delve into the history of the White House and see if such a looking youngster ever lived here or, what is more important still, ever died here. . . .

I called up Walker and Wilks and Johnson who work on this floor and asked them about the story of the ghost. They were apparently afraid to speak of it at first. I got more out of Johnson, who cleans my room, than the others. He says that the servants are all in a perfect blue funk over the thing, but he himself does not believe they have felt anything, and certainly they have not seen anything.

He says that someone came into the laundry the other day and laid a hand on the shoulder of one of the women there, and she screamed and went into hysterics. It's on all their nerves, apparently. It is so hazy and undefined that it is hard to get to any knowledge of the Thing at all. It is the feeling that the Thing touches one which frightens them all so badly. They are accustomed to stories about seeing ghosts, but to have one in their midst who is liable to touch them gets them all by the ears. I laughed at them and told them that the history of ghosts taught us that they did not touch anything and that if they did we would not be able to feel them.

Of course no orders are going to prevent the servants from talking these hot nights, and if the Thing appears again I will be certain to hear of it, for it gives the servants a certain fellowship with me to know that I know about it also. Then, too, I am the one they all come to. They seem to think that I stand between them all and their troubles. I am afraid, too, the poor little housekeeper has a hard time with them, and even she comes to me to tell me of their shortcomings and to get me to discipline them.

My greatest disciplinary measure is to hear their side and give them a hint that none of this must come to Mrs. Taft's ears, and so on. I handle them as men always handle servants, by sympathizing with them and letting them think that if we only had the power they would get their rights. I sometimes feel like a human oil can. I certainly occupy a queer, anomalous position in this household, from the President down to the scullery maid. With no specific authority, I have more power than all others combined. I don't want it, and it bores the life out of me, but here it is, and I use it only to keep things going for the best interest of the President.

This ghost business is rather too much for me. I don't dare let any of them see how interested I am in it. I think

when the house is full again and they have something else to think about save spooks, they will forget all about the Thing, and the boy himself will go into winter quarters. Please be careful not to say anything about this, for I know just what the President wants to do, and that is to prevent any such improbable tale from getting a foothold in the papers. Wouldn't they revel in it?

ARCHIE.

Expectant of an Attack from Roosevelt

The White House,
July 28, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Secretary Knox lunched with us yesterday. When the President takes some decided step, he wants the approval of those near him, and there is no one whose approval he desires more than the Secretary of State's. He is very fond of Knox, and Knox truly likes the President, but I fear he has some contempt for his way of thinking. Like all rich Pittsburghers, Knox is a Philistine and has a perfect contempt for the people when spelt with a big P. The Secretary told the President that his Comptroller Bay message was great and that it would be the last word on the subject.

"I don't know about that," said Hilles. "The *Outlook* telegraphed for two copies to-day, and these are intended for Colonel Roosevelt, I think."

"Oh, I am referring to the people in general, not to the Councilors of the Almighty," said the Secretary. Then he asked:

"Do you expect Roosevelt to come back at you, Mr. President?"

"Yes, I am afraid this will mean an open rupture," said the President. "He attacked my position in the *Outlook*

without waiting for the facts, and then I found that he had been guilty of doing just what he condemned me for doing. I was determined to bring it out, but I fear he will regard this portion of my message as a direct slap at himself and will answer it as such."

July 28, 1911.

During dinner the President discussed the affairs in Cuba and feared we would be forced to intervene if things did not improve. He said we could intervene whenever we might feel like so doing, as the Platt amendment gave us full right to do so.

"Which Platt was that?" asked Hilles.

The President laughed, and when he had finished laughing, he said:

"As Roosevelt always said, when he wanted to distinguish Platt of Connecticut from Platt of New York: 'Platt—not Iscariot.' So it was Platt, who got the amendment through which gives us the right to intervene in Cuba whenever we feel that conditions there warrant our doing so. I am getting rather bad reports from Havana, but I hope that the warning we sent through Stimson will have the desired effect."

Good-night.
A. W. B.

Changes in the Diplomatic Corps

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 29, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The shift which has been pending in diplomatic circles for the last two months, but which has been held up until reciprocity was out of the way, has now come to a head, and the changes will be announced very soon. There has been the greatest interest manifested as to who was going

to Germany in place of Hill. Nearly everyone has been mentioned, but no one has come near the truth in the guess. The President has kept this appointment a profound secret, not even telling his secretary, Mr. Hilles. The other night, when the President said he would tell him, Hilles said he preferred not to know, for in case it got out he did not want to be under suspicion. The President knew that I knew, for I had heard him and Secretary Knox mention the fact that it was Leishman, our present ambassador to Italy.

In the changes Charley Sherrill was offered Japan, but declined it.

The President said to Secretary Knox:

"Well, how does it feel to be without the political support of Sherrill?"

"Well, did you ever hear of such a damned fool as he is?" said the secretary. "I don't know what he means by it. He told me that he would not accept Japan, and when I pressed him for his reason he said it was because he had your promise to be given Germany."

"That is true," said the President. "I did tell him some time ago that in view of his success in the Argentine I would give him Germany, but that I was unable to keep the promise as I felt bound to send Leishman there. I was willing to placate him until he charged Leishman with being in the employ of the Steel Trust and at being sent there at your request."

"The fact of the matter is," said the secretary, "it was you who suggested Leishman for Germany, and I was not at all anxious for him to have it. Just what your obligations are to him I don't know, but I do know that I was surprised when I learned that you had chosen him for Germany."

I became interested in the conversation because I would really like to know why the President had chosen Leish-

man. I imagine it was at the request of one of his brothers, but this is merely a surmise on my part.

Sherrill is a relative of Jim Sherman, and the refusal to accept Japan, Mr. Knox thinks, is at the suggestion of the Vice President, "who is a good poker player and may be putting Sherrill up to bluffing."

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

The President as a Speeder

The White House,
Sunday night, near midnight,
July 30, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We did not take our usual night ride this evening, for the reason that we rode to Baltimore and back in the afternoon. The President took us all by surprise at luncheon by saying to order the car up at once, as we would run to Baltimore if we had the time. We had no time to notify the secret service men, or anyone else, for that matter; but we did get the two mounted police who followed us in a quartermaster's car. Lucky we had them, for we smashed a tire, and they are both experts in helping Runnle repair tires.

We made the trip to Baltimore in two hours, twenty minutes of this time being taken up in the repair of the wheel. Coming back we made the machine sing. We left Baltimore exactly at ten minutes to six and reached the White House at twenty minutes past seven. The woodwork of the car caught fire from the heat generated by the speed, and we took five minutes to extinguish it and let the car cool off. So the trip back was made in one hour and twenty-five minutes by the clock and no fudging.

Of course the secret service men will be furious, and

they ought to be. But there is no managing the President when he takes it into his head to go somewhere—and then, too, he loves to fool those whose business it is to follow him. Some day he will get left at this game when he finds himself spilled on the roadside or huddled in some corner by a jam of people. As we got out of the car, I said:

"Mr. President, will you want the car any more to-day?"

"Yes," he said, "I think we might go out for a little time after dinner."

Runnle rolled his eyes to heaven, and I suggested that the car was not in condition to go out again. The President agreed to remain in, but this only shows how mad he is about motoring, and the faster he goes the happier he is.

While we were still at the table, and this letter is written merely to bring out this one fact, though I have waited rather long to produce it, the President was called to the telephone to talk with the Vice President. When he came back he had a frown on his brow, but his lips were moving in merriment. He said as he sat down:

"Well, what do you think now, Hilles? Sherrill is willing to accept Japan or any other ambassador's post. Jim Sherman has just called me up to say so. I told him frankly that it was too late, as Knox had not only telegraphed to the various ministers and ambassadors of the proposed changes, but to the governments as well to find out if they were acceptable. Confound Jim Sherman! It is just as Knox said, he put Sherrill to bluff us, thinking he was playing poker—and we called his bluff, and now he wants another draw."

Hilles said he hoped a way could be found to take care of Sherrill, but the President said he saw no way unless some one of the governments should refuse to accept the man named or else one of the appointees himself should decline the honor.

It is now considerably after midnight. So here's good-night.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

"I AM VERY MUCH WORRIED OVER THE COLONEL"

[Washington, D. C.,]
July 31, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Just before turning in to-night the President called me into his study and began to talk about immaterial things. I was waiting for his real thought, which came out just as I got up to say good-night.

"Archie, I am very much worried over the Colonel. I hear he is going to attack me on the matter of the reference I made to him in my Comptroller Bay message, and I hate to get into a controversy with him. I have tried very hard to be considerate of him, and it wounds me very deeply to be on opposite sides to him at every turn. I have made up my mind not to be forced into a controversy with him unless he says things which I must answer. You know how I have tried to do everything in my power to show my gratitude for what he did for me. Do you know where I could have done differently from what I have done?"

"I don't see how you could have done differently," I said.

When I said it, I knew I lied; but what's the use? If it's to be a fight to the finish between them, nothing I can say now will be of any good. I have done my best. They see things differently, that is all. It will do no good to point out to the President now where he has failed his predecessor and taken sides against him. I begin to feel that the people are slowly coming to the conclusion that the fault

is not all Roosevelt's, and the first thing any of us know there will be a demand for Teddy, which even the New York *Sun*, with its wit and sarcasm and continuous lying, cannot stem.

I wish the President would not read the *Sun* so much. He always wants to see it the first thing. He greatly enjoys its lampoons, especially those aimed at the Colonel. The Colonel never allowed it in the White House, and managed to get along without it. It did not do anything but abuse Grover Cleveland; and yet see what little harm it did to him. As to his permanent reputation, it has not been a fly speck on it. I believe it would be better for it to abuse the President than to be continually praising him. The President is really affected by its editorials. He does not like to read disagreeable truths any more than he likes to hear them. He stopped taking the New York *Times* when it abused him and now reads it second to the *Sun*, since it has changed its policy toward him. He was once wont to read the Washington *Times*, but now never sees it and does not allow the clippings to be placed with the others in front of him because it criticizes him.

Well, we can't make him over, and here he is President and may be again. His policy has succeeded so far and may continue. When I expressed this to Hilles the other night he said:

"Yes, but do you realize what was back of the President? He had the finest press agent ever a man had, in Teddy. While he was talking the Philippines, Teddy was talking Taft, and the people took Taft at Teddy's estimate. I believe he is as big a man as Roosevelt, mind you, possibly much greater as a constructive statesman—but will the people see it? That is what is worrying us just now."

Good-night. I am getting in too deep to continue.

ARCHIE.

Crane and Penrose as Advisers

The White House,
August 3, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The Reciprocity bill is a thing of the past, at least as far as the White House is concerned, but free wool and the Farmers' Free List are with us every hour and served at every meal. The President did not come down to breakfast until after nine this morning. When he came in he explained his lateness by saying that he had been having his hair cut and dictating his veto messages on the free wool and Farmers' Free List.

Senator Penrose came in while we were at lunch yesterday and told the President that there was now no doubt of the fact that both the free wool and the Farmers' Free List would be up to him for action, and that all his friends hoped he would get in his veto the very day after they arrived at the White House. His advisers on these vetoes are Crane and Penrose, of the two great protected states. I ventured the remark after Penrose had left:

"What I would like to see done is for the President to veto the Wool bill and sign the Farmers' Free List. He would discount the Democrats largely and cut the legs off the insurgents by doing this."

The President laughed and said: "Archie, you are a free trade Democrat, and you can't change. So I will not take your advice. Now, acknowledge that you want me to sign the Farmers' Free List just because it carries free jute bagging on it."

I told him it was not the reason, but I did know that there were many farmers in the South who would see in his veto only a refusal to give them free bagging for their cotton, and that there were farmers in the West who want

something else free while they cared nothing for jute bagging, and so all over the country there was something of distinct advantage to the farmers of each section, and he could with perfect propriety sign the free list. But of course it was like pouring water on a piece of flint. His secretary said:

"The worst thing of all about the present situation is the name Farmers' Free List. It took some Machiavellian mind to discover that name for the bill. That name in patent medicine circles or in the stage world would be worth a fortune to the man who concocted it."

"The name does make it harder to veto," added the President, "but it won't deter me from what I see to be my duty."

I confess to feeling worried over the situation. It is very serious for the President, at least it looks so just now. If he only would not read the New York *Sun* the first thing every morning and take as his advisers Crane and Penrose, I would feel better; but that combination of Penrose, Crane and the New York *Sun* should give all friends of the President some concern.

ARCHIE.

A Historic Day at the White House

The White House,
August 4, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Yesterday was quite worth while in the White House. It will mark one of the great days for the President, unless I am very greatly mistaken. While he was a mere onlooker, as many of us were, the signing of the General Arbitration Treaty gives him his special little niche in history, and I don't believe that anyone will be able to dislodge him from it. It was a remark of his—casual, he thinks it, but I have

my own ideas as to that too—which was taken up by the British people and finally made the keystone of the demand which arches the Atlantic and which has finally united Great Britain and the United States in the treaty signed yesterday. If the scene of the signing is put on canvas, his figure will be the central figure, and it will be his presence which will dominate the picture.

I believe that yesterday in the White House will be a historic day for the old building and for the present occupant, and for that reason it may be worth while to give you here some of the essential details. It was a solemn occasion, but by no means without its ludicrous side. It may be that we can't do things in this country without something banal coming into the picture, or it may be that with our sense of humor we see the ridiculous side of things and cause other people to see them.

I am sure, for instance, that a purely European gathering would have seen nothing funny in the question which the Viscount de Saint Phalle, who represented the French government, asked me at the conclusion of the ceremony. He had been directed by his embassy, now residing at the North Shore, to be present at the signing. I don't know what his orders were. They must have been merely to present himself at the White House at three o'clock. Embassies are often vague, especially when they try to save tolls in the telegraphing accounts. At any rate, when everything was over the Viscount came to me, the only person present who had paid the slightest attention to him, and asked:

"Can you tell me, Major, what I have been witnessing?"

He spoke bad English, so I presumed I did not understand him, and so I asked him to repeat his question. He did so, making it plain to me that he had not the slightest idea why he was there or for what purpose. I explained to him that England and America had just signed a General

Arbitration Treaty, and he again asked what had that to do with his government. I told him that a similar treaty was being signed in France by the French ambassador there, and that after signing the British treaty Secretary Knox had affixed his signature to one copy of that with France. At last the idea percolated his head, and he gasped out in Celtic manner:

"Oh, I see! That was why I was invited to see—and Mr. Knox, he asked me to look over his shoulder once. That was when he signed. I must notify my government."

"Yes," I said, "that is why you are here and why you were in the picture."

That was one of the ludicrous things which happened. The other was the way in which Ambassador Bryce lost the pen with which he signed the treaty in behalf of Great Britain. Secretary Knox had provided himself with a gold pen handle and pen for the occasion, and it will be properly inscribed and handed down to the little diminutive Knoxes as they come along in successive generations, for the President refused to accept it. But the British ambassador, who has grown old signing treaties, had not provided himself with a special pen, but picked up one of several lying on the desk and with it affixed his signature to the documents. He thought no more of it and laid the pen down and turned away to speak to someone. Rudolph Forster, one of the assistant secretaries at the White House, picked it up and put it in his inside pocket. A little later Mr. Ovey, Mr. Bryce's secretary, suggested to him to keep his pen, and the old man went to the desk for it. Not finding it, he picked up another one just like it and put it in his pocket. Forster feels somewhat conscience-stricken and wants to send Bryce the pen, but we have all advised him to do nothing of the kind, for the ambassador would not understand it in the first place, and in the second he would possibly lose it before he had it in his possession a half

hour. He is not the kind of man who cares a fig for souvenirs save those which he leaves as products of his brain.

The British ambassador was the first person to notice the goldenrod on the desk. As he finished signing he said:

"What a pretty idea, Captain Butt" (he always calls me Captain) "to have had your national emblem on the desk. May I take a spray of it home to Mrs. Bryce?"

I told him to do so, and picked out a full-blown piece, which he pinned in his buttonhole. I then told him that it was not as yet our national emblem; that we seemed as yet to have no national flower, but that it had always been a hobby of mine to have the goldenrod so declared, and that I had used it on this occasion with the purpose in view of helping to fix it as the national emblem. He said he always thought of it as such; that when he was having some carving done at his home he had the goldenrod, the flower of his wife's country, entwined with the thistle and the shamrock. His wife was born in America, and her mother was an American.

I have given you some of the results of our preparations, but not the reasons for them. When the President mentioned that the treaties were to be signed, I said it ought to be made a very dignified occasion, for undoubtedly it would mean much to the future historian and to the artist who would wish to portray the scene accurately. The President laughed and said:

"Yes, already I can see old Carnegie giving orders for cheaper productions of the scene. I don't know, however—he might not think it of great importance unless his red beard could figure in it somewhere. He might hire the painter to put his face dimly in the background as being there in spirit."

He told me to see Mr. Knox and do whatever I thought proper, provided the secretary had no objection. My ideas

fitted into the secretary's, and he told me to do what I thought best. I got hold of Frank Millet, the artist, and together we came to the President's study, where the signing was to take place, to choose the best grouping. We got the names of those to be in the group. At first there were to be only five: the Secretary of State and the ambassador signing simultaneously, the counsellor of the State Department, Chandler Anderson, looking on, and next to him the representative of the French Embassy, the same viscount mentioned above, and finally the President. There were afterwards added Sidney Smith, Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau, who was to affix the seals, and Esmond Ovey, second secretary of the British Embassy, who accompanied Mr. Bryce from New England.

Well, we got a photographer, and with Chandler Anderson and two employees from the White House we grouped the figures just as they ought to appear at the time the treaty was signed. We had the photographer snap us, and choosing the best one in the matter of lights and shades we ordered it to be developed and had copies made as a guide. The result was that there was no disorder, every man knew just where he was to stand and what position he was to take. I gave permission to five photographers, and they were bunched so as to get the same effect.

Secretary Knox had his son present to witness the signing, and Hilles and I were there. Besides the Secretary of State, the only other members of the Cabinet present were Secretary Wilson and Secretary Nagel. There were a lot of correspondents turned into the room at the last minute with a view to giving as much publicity to the signing as possible. I arranged the desk, and in order not to have Mrs. Taft left entirely out of the scene, I got from the President's dressing room a large photograph of her and placed it on top of the bookshelves immediately in back of him. I knew it would please her, and she meant so much

in his life at all crucial times that I wanted her represented at this scene.

Immediately after the treaties were signed the President signed his message to the Senate transmitting the treaties to that body. He signed this message with a pen I handed to him and which I retained rather shamefacedly, for I am not given to cherishing souvenirs of such occasions. In fact, I care little about such things, but I thought Miss Helen or her mother or some member of the family might like to have it in future years. But none of the family care about these things any more than the President. In fact, the Secretary of State offered the pen with which he had signed the treaty to the President but the President declined it and added, laughing:

"Do I understand that this pen was purchased out of the contingent fund of the State Department?"

"No, Mr. President, and that is the reason I feel at liberty to offer it to you."

Of course this reference was to the dispute over the voucher of the Day portrait, which has been under investigation of Congress. A part of the money said to have been for the portrait cannot be accounted for.

The President was the first person to leave the room. It had been raining during the signing, but just as the ceremony was over the President looked out of the window, saw a rift in the clouds, and beckoning to me said:

"I believe that we can get in a game. Let's ask the secretary to play, too."

He whispered to Knox and without ceremony left the room to get into his golf togs. The secretary followed. It was left to me to shunt the ambassador out of the study and downstairs. I explained to him that the President had been called to the office on a matter of importance and had begged to be excused. The raid on the desk began about this time, and it was lucky that I had cleared away some

valuable souvenirs prior to the signing, for these would have gone the way of sealing wax, goldenrod, and blotters. There was a small jade elephant which the President values very highly and which Hoover and I could not find for some time, but we finally located it behind the photograph of Mrs. Taft.

Going out, the President expressed the hope that the Senate would ratify the treaties at once. The Secretary of State said he hoped they would not do so, but would get in a wrangle over them, and especially did he hope that the Democrats and the Insurgents would get up some opposition to them, for they would be an excellent foil to the Farmers' Free List and the Wool bill and could be made to last through the next session. The President said this might be good from a political standpoint, but he preferred to have them safely ratified and a fixture in his administration rather than get any advantage which might accrue from putting them in jeopardy as a political issue.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

H. H. KOHLSAAT VISITS THE PRESIDENT

The White House,
August 5, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We had at breakfast this morning Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago. The President, knowing that he would be unable to follow his general rule and read the newspapers all during breakfast, remained upstairs to read them, which made him late. It devolved on me, therefore, to entertain Mr. Kohlsaat until the President took it into his head to

come down. But I was repaid, for the Chicagoan is full of reminiscences of the McKinley Administration and recounted some of them to me. As we stood on the South Portico looking toward the monument he recalled how often he had stood there with McKinley. He spoke of one night especially, when he said the moon was full and the vista opened up in a wonderful way. He was on his way, he said, from Chicago to see McKinley, when at Pittsburgh he received a telegram to come to dinner.

"But, as usual, the Western train was late and when I saw I would not arrive until sometime about nine I wired that I would take dinner on the train and drop in later. How well I remember that evening! As I came into what is now the Blue Room, I saw about forty or fifty people there, and there was a concert going on. The President was sitting in one of the S-shaped chairs in the middle of the room." (It was a hideous thing and is now in the basement. It ought to be in the trash pile.) "Someone indicated that the President wanted to catch my eye, and as I looked toward him he motioned me to sit by him. During the music he whispered to me as soon as the piece was concluded to pay my respects to Mrs. McKinley and then go onto the South Porch, where he would join me in a minute. I did just as he had suggested, and in a few minutes he came out. I shall never forget the scene which followed. We sat down, and he told me that they were trying to force him into declaring war with Spain. As he said this, he broke down and wept as I have never seen anyone weep in my life. His whole body was shaken with convulsive sobs. He ceased after a while, and later, when he had dried his eyes, he said he felt that he should go in to his guests again. He asked me when we got into the light if his eyes were red, and I told him they were, but if he blew his nose very hard just as he entered, the redness of his eyes would be attributed to that cause. He did so, and

I never heard any of the guests, with whom I mingled freely, comment on the fact that the President had been crying."

We went to breakfast later, and Kohlsaat continued to reminisce at the table. So did the President. The President told a very good story about the time he and Judge Warrington and one other went to Canton to urge Tom McDougall for the Attorney Generalship, and how they were euchred by McKinley, who sprung a lot of letters of McDougall, of which McKinley said he received from three to four and sometimes five a day, all of them offering advice.

"'And now, gentlemen,' said McKinley," went on the President, "'this advice was most valuable to me, and I often followed it, but I can truthfully say that never one of these letters closed without the reiterated statement on the part of Tom that under no condition would he accept any post in the gift of the government and that the advice of one so disinterested should certainly be followed. And now, gentlemen,' continued McKinley, 'how could I take Tom except at his word? So I have never considered him seriously—in fact, not at all—but had he not been so positive with me I should certainly have placed him in my cabinet.'"

The President said that the tables were turned completely on them, and they had to report this scene to McDougall, as it had been at his request that they had gone to Canton. The President continued:

"I shall never forget Tom's indignation. He drew himself up and puffed out and finally exploded: 'I hate to admit it, my young friends, but I am forced to say that my dear friend William McKinley is deceitful. He knew full well that I was willing to sacrifice myself and help his administration over its difficulties, for more than three months ago I said to Tom Smith: "Tom, I do not want an

office, but should William McKinley be elected and decide that he needs my services, I will sacrifice my practice and my own interest to help him over the rough places which certainly will lie in his way.'"'

"Well," remarked Kohlsaat, "this is merely a preliminary to what I was going to tell. He had practically decided to appoint McKenna Secretary of the Interior and had put it in the papers in an unauthoritative way, just as he had done with the Gage rumor, so that when he finally sent for McKenna to come to Canton, McKenna thought of course that it was to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. McKinley related this to me and I have remembered it as being so truly indicative of McKinley. As McKenna came into the room, McKinley said to him:

"'Well, Mac, I suppose you have seen all these reports about being called into the Cabinet?'

"'Yes,' said McKenna, 'but Mr. McKinley, don't you think you had better think twice before you put me into the Cabinet, certainly into the Interior Department? Have you reflected that as a Catholic and having to deal with the Indian school proposition, my faith might be a great embarrassment to your administration?'

"And McKinley never changed his expression, and never once did McKenna suspect what was going on in his mind and behind those inscrutable eyes, but when he had finished McKinley said to him:

"'Why, Mac! Who said anything about the Interior Department? I want you as my Attorney General.'

"And that is how McKenna got his appointment in McKinley's cabinet and drew the Attorney Generalship," concluded Kohlsaat.

After breakfast the President and Kohlsaat went on the South Porch, and the President kept a half dozen Senators and Representatives to a greater number and the Chief of

Staff and the Lord knows who else waiting while he and Kohlsaat discussed politics. In years to come the Chicago editor will have another reminiscence of the White House, and people will doubtless think he may be exaggerating or else drawing a long bow, but I can vouch for the length of interview with Taft, and I have every reason to believe his accounts of McKinley are correct, for they were not told boastfully, but with an air of sincerity.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

Tom Carter's Political Thrillers

The White House,
August 8, 1911.

MY DEAR CLARA:

As I look back on these few days, the only real thing of interest occurred at the dinner table Friday evening when the President had ex-Senator Tom Carter and Senator Smoot to dine with him with a view of talking tariff and getting from them their views as to what his veto should mean and how far it ought to go.

In the midst of the dinner I had to excuse myself in order to go to the depot to welcome Admiral Togo in the name of the President. I am presented with great formality on these occasions, make a speech of welcome, and conduct the distinguished guest, whoever he may be, to the carriage or motor, and ride with him, as I must do, representing the President, often putting other people of more exalted position, as in this case, Captain Potts of the navy and the Japanese ambassador, in the vehicle behind us. This is merely a little vanity on my part and does no one any harm and yet gives recognition as nothing else does to the position which I hold with the President.

But to return to what was really of interest. You can never guess. It was not the meeting of Togo nor the tariff

discussion, which bored me to death, by the way, and which left the President more befuddled than ever on the subject, as was shown by the remarks he made just after I returned from the station:

"Well, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for the information which you have given me, and I fear I know very little on the subject on which we have been talking. In fact, it is on account of my ignorance of the question of the tariff that I am going to veto these bills."

"That is a very honest statement to make, Mr. President, but it would be a ruinous one to make public and would be worse for you than the statement which caused Hancock's political ruin when he declared the tariff was merely a local issue."

"They are both perfectly true statements, nevertheless. But I promise not to bring shame and disgrace to the Republican Party by admitting it in my veto message."

This, Clara, is interesting, but it was not what was the real point of interest to that dinner. And you cannot imagine what did interest me to such an extent that but for it I would not be writing this letter; for all that I have said up to the present time is merely leading up to the account old Tom Carter gave of his experience in the campaign of 1892, when he was at the head of the National Campaign Committee which conducted the fight for Harrison, and which ended so disastrously for him and in the election of Cleveland. I had to interrupt him several times to find out who was running that year, and so forth and so on, but I wanted to get my ground work straight, for I knew it would be worth putting on paper. He is very droll and gives his experiences with side-splitting effects.

We sat in the dining room until after midnight, listening to this shameless old political war horse tell of his efforts to get money and to bleed corporations. But he said he could get no money from anybody. Carnegie and Frick and all

the soft people refused to contribute one cent, and Whitney was simply filling his Democratic chests with contributions from sources which in other years had been most fruitful for the Republicans. He gave an account of the last night, the night of the election, when the rooms up on Fifth Avenue were deserted by everyone except Cornelius Bliss and himself. They were sitting alone when the bookkeeper came in, looking like a funeral director.

"I shall never forget Bliss's face," said Carter (and here I will give his own account of it). "He looked up and caught one look of that bookkeeper and said:

"'For God's sake, Tom, get that man out of the room or I shall be ill.'

"'I must give you an accounting,' the man said.

"'Well, make it short,' said Bliss.

"'I will, sir,' said the man. 'The committee owes two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and it has only sixty thousand, and the men who put their names down for contributions refuse to settle up and say they don't want Harrison elected anyhow. I have done my best, but we are ruined,' and here the poor devil began to cry, and this infuriated Bliss, who fairly shrieked out:

"'Stop that, you booby. What concern is it for you? There is some reason for Harrison to weep and for some of us, but why should you weep?'

"'Because,' said the man, 'Mr. Carter, he has promised that if I could collect up enough to come out even, and Harrison was elected, he would get me into the Custom House in New York.'

"'Well, neither of these contingencies have happened, so you had better light out,' and old Bliss walked to the window and said:

"'To make matters worse, here comes Tammany marching up Fifth Avenue, and if we go out we will be recognized and mobbed.'

"Just about that time the head of the procession came up, and someone threw a brick in the window, which smashed the plate glass and knocked one of the lights off the chandelier. We hurriedly turned out the lights, but the bricks kept coming."

"What did you do?" asked the President.

"Bliss and I got under the table and waited for the procession to pass, and when we crawled out there was not an unbroken pane in our building. It was completely wrecked.

"'Are you hurt, Bliss?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, 'but I wish I were dead,' and we sneaked out of the building—and so ended our famous campaign."

Well, Carter told story after story like this and gave a perfect picture of the running of a campaign. It was by accident that Carter was made national chairman, he said.

"A Chicago lawyer had been elected first, but they soon proved that he was an attorney for the Beef Trust, and so he wired us his resignation, declining to serve on account of illness, and I was chosen.

"Everybody wanted to serve at first because they thought it would be rich picking, as there had always been in past years; but from the start we had a hard time to get enough money to meet current expenses such as printing and securing street-corner lecturers. These latter were cheap enough before the end, but at first Mary Ellen Leese and the others wanted to float in cash.

"I shall never forget old Bradley of Kentucky. He came to New York to lend his services to the committee. He was the national committeeman from Kentucky, so he had to be taken care of. He took a suite of rooms at the Fifth Avenue and brought with him his wife and daughters. I remember his bills amounted, for his rooms alone, to sixty-odd a day. We did not dare to trust him with any

work, for he would have made a mess of whatever we did, so I assigned him one of my own stenographers with instructions that I was to be kept informed of every letter he wrote and every circular he got out. Each night this clerk would report to me and tell me that Bradley seemed to be doing only harmless things, but his hotel bills kept running up, and they came with wonderful regularity to the committee for payment. Finally, one day the stenographer came in to show me a circular letter Bradley had written for distribution to the widows in Kentucky and Ohio. In this letter he told the widows that the Republicans were friends of all widows and the Democrats were their enemies, and that should they work to retain the Republicans in power the party would see that their pensions were increased.

"I could see this circular in the opposition press with headlines. So I told Bradley's clerk, my clerk he really was, to get the circulars out but to bring them to the main committee room before mailing. I can see now that pile of envelopes, piled up in one of the bureaus of my office, never seeing the light of day and finally being burnt as soon as we could get rid of Bradley."

"But how did you get rid of him?" asked the President.

"It was easy after we once decided that he had to go. I got General Clarkson to go to him and tell him that I was a wild man; that I had made debts for several hundred thousand dollars, and that we had no money to meet them with. Clarkson asked Bradley what he was worth, and Bradley confessed to twenty thousand dollars and Clarkson confessed to forty. The General then told Bradley that he was in great distress. He hated to go back on the committee and on the party, but he had learned that each member of the committee would be called upon to sign a note for the benefit of the creditors of the committee.

Well, this was enough for old Bradley. That very night he came in to tell me that Steve Elkins said that unless some good stumper like himself came at once to West Virginia that state was lost.

"'I hate to leave you here in the lurch,' said Bradley, 'but, Tom, I feel that I ought to go to Steve. We have been very close, and it is my duty.'

"When I urged him to remain a few days longer, he said he would try to do so, but the next day he was out of the hotel bag and baggage. That was how we got rid of Bradley.

"This all seems very funny now, as I recall it," said Senator Carter, "but for years I could not speak of it. It was the most humiliating experience of my life, but now I can see the funny side of it."

"Well, Tom," said the President, "how did you ever get your campaign debts paid? I should think old Bradley was pretty wise to crawl from under."

"We paid up the money as far as it would go and compromised to have the other bills, mainly rent, reduced to something like fifty thousand dollars, and this we borrowed from a Philadelphia bank."

"Yes, but that had to be paid," said the President.

"You are asking some pretty leading questions," said Senator Carter, "but I don't mind telling you now, if it will go no farther, for it is still near enough to do some hurt to the Grand Old Party if it were known. We waited patiently until the next four years rolled around, and when St. Louis came forward to bid for the convention we stipulated that as a part of her guarantee fund she must take up that note in the Philadelphia bank. And that is how it was settled."

With love,

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXV

Mr. Taft Asserts His Principles

The White House,
Seven o'clock A. M., August 9, 1911.

Dear Clara:

I was awakened an hour ago by hearing the President in his study dictating another message. This time it is on the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, with the recall of judges in the Arizona Constitution. The President learned when we got back from golf yesterday afternoon that the Senate had passed the Statehood bills.

"When will they reach me, Hilles?" he asked.

"Possibly not until Thursday, as Senator Frye died this afternoon," said Hilles.

"By George, I am ready for them," he said, and he brought one hand against another, doubled up as if knocking someone in the head. "I rejoice in the chance to give this Recall business a blow. What a lot of cowards they are in the Senate! There is not a handful of men there, either Democrats or Republicans, who believe in the Recall of the Judiciary, and yet they send me the Constitution of Arizona with this provision in it. I believe I can give this Recall business such a blow as to set the American people to thinking."

Good-morning.
Archie.

The White House,
August 16, 1911.

Dear Clara:

The President made a great speech last evening at the Auditorium and came out in defense of his arbitration treaties and smote the Senate one or two body blows. I

fear that body will get very angry and resent what it will pretend to believe is an attempt on his part to coerce the legislative branch. But at the table this morning he said:

"I think I have a long fight and a stern fight ahead of me, and I am willing to wait if in the end I can win."

Secretary Knox is not so patient. He wants the treaties ratified so that his place in the history of his own department will be fixed. I have discovered that the secretary is ambitious if lazy. He does not bother much about the little things in his department, but he takes a keen personal interest in the big things. He leaves the routine largely to his subordinates. For the past few days he has been giving the President much material for fighting, and most of it appeared in last night's speech. He is clever, the way he gets it in. He said, for instance, the last time we played golf:

"Of course your attitude is that the Senate's prerogatives are no greater than your own and that both must be subordinate to the advancement of the good of the country, and the people must decide."

Nearly every suggestion he made was brought out by the President. I don't mean that the speech was Knox's, for it was not. It contained only some of his thoughts. The President thinks clearly for himself and will never use other people's thoughts without giving them credit for what they suggest, but I only speak of this to indicate how shrewd Mr. Knox is in getting his ideas incorporated in the speeches of the President. He is very adroit in this—auto-suggestion some call it. He has a great influence on the President.

Governor Wilson notified the committee he would be there to pay his respects to the President, and they therefore arranged the program so that there would be no opportunity at all for the governor to speak. In fact, there was undue haste on the part of the preacher to pronounce

the benediction at the close of the President's address. There were some calls for the governor, but they were checked at once by the presiding officer arising and calling for the benediction. I thought the governor's reception was certainly as great as that given the President. He sat next the President, and the contrast between them was very marked.

The governor is a handsome man, handsome in a cold, intellectual kind of way, yet magnetic too, which seldom goes with that precise type. He applauded the President at the right places, as Richelieu would say, but I thought he gave special emphasis in his approval when the President suggested that the question whether he or the Senate was right or not must eventually be referred back to the people. I saw at once that Governor Wilson would use this sentence, and it was very succinct, to illustrate the necessity of a referendum and recall, a doctrine which the governor has approved but which the President has denounced as most vicious.

A. W. B.

Sherman and Root Tell Stories

The White House,
August 20, 1911 (Sunday).

Dear Clara:

We went by motor to the Country Club, not Chevy Chase. Don't confuse the two. The Country Club has only forty members, and nearly every member is very rich. When one member engages the club for a certain day or hour, other members do not come to it. It is that sort of club, and therefore one does not usually meet there anyone except those whom one wants to see.

I am not so sure that this was the case to-day, for the first person we saw when we entered the grounds was the Vice President, and the President never gets either enter-

tainment or amusement from him. In fact, he classes him with Cannon, and the latter's presence is enough to ruin an evening for him.

This reminds me of one evening last week when we went to the Dower House, some forty miles down in Maryland, for dinner with Secretary Knox. On our way down we stopped by Senator Crane's to see if he could go, but found that gentleman giving a dinner himself to some six Senators. The President insisted upon their going, and he picked up the entire party and took them with him. I had first ordered another motor car and telephoned for seven more places at table.

We found Joe Cannon and a party of Congressmen dining there, and they had concluded their dinner before we sat down to ours. All of Mr. Cannon's party came out to speak to the President except Cannon. He came out and spoke to every other member of the party except the President, and he studiously avoided coming near the President. It was a direct cut, but was not so telling as one which the President delivered to him later. While we were at the table it seems that Uncle Joe imbibed sufficiently to become forgiving, and at the suggestion of some of his friends he sauntered into our dining room and bowed and scraped and waved his hands and made a sweeping bow to the President and greeted him pleasantly. The President, as he is capable of doing when he wants to insult anyone, merely looked up and without a smile or a word inclined his head and went on talking, ignoring the Speaker entirely. I really felt sorry for the old Speaker, though he got what he deserved. He shambled rather than walked out of the room, looking greatly humiliated. When the President cuts anybody, that body is cut, and there is no explanation to make. That ends it.

The President did not show any resentment to-day toward the Vice President for his recent letter, but I failed

to notice whether the Secretary of War spoke to him or not. Of course, there is the bitterest feeling between these two. Later I noticed, when the V. P. got on his feet to tell a smutty joke, everyone laughed except the Secretary, and he remained grimly silent.

I don't think I can recall all who were there. There was Senator Lodge. I could not overlook him because he told some anecdote which reflected on President Roosevelt. He did not think anyone heard him, except the President and the Vice President and one or two others who are not special friends of the Roosevelts. He did not dare to tell it where Stimson or Nick Longworth could hear it, but I caught it and felt like slapping him in the face.

Senator Root, being a joint host, was delightful. For instance, when the subject of Senator Newlands came up and all present took a turn at him, the Senator said:

"I can't make out Newlands at times. He speaks more than any man in the Senate. He makes good speeches, and no one ever listens to him, and he seems to have no desire to convert anyone to his way of thinking. He makes no effort to impress others with his theories. I think he talks for a scrapbook. Yes, that is it. Newlands talks for a scrapbook."

The Vice President told how one day Newlands had spoken for an hour with him in the chair as a sole listener.

"I followed every word," said the Vice President, "and I was impressed with the beauty of his diction and the clearness of his thoughts and wondered why I had never heard anything else he had said."

He then told of an occasion when Newlands was speaking and Senator Root and Senator Bacon were conversing in stage whispers hardly three desks from Newlands.

"I did not want to interrupt Newlands, so I tapped lightly on my desk merely to let the Senators know that they were talking too loud. Bacon, when he whispers, al-

ways talks louder than when he is addressing the Senate. In a few minutes I received a penciled note from Root which read:

"'If your admonition is to make less noise, Bacon and I will go into the cloakroom. If it means that we are to listen to Newlands, you can go to hell!"

Root vouched for the story and told one which indicated the manner in which La Follette secures the attention of the Senate.

"When the doughty Bob is speaking," said the Senator, "and he hears any whispering, he turns round and glares at the offenders until they cease to speak. He never makes a speech that he does not once or twice go through this dramatic performance for the benefit of Bacon. As Sherman said, Bacon can whisper louder and talk lower than any man I ever met."

Good-night and much love.

ARCHIE.

Mr. Taft's Dislike of Criticism

Beverly, Mass.,
Sunday, August 27, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Sowerby, my English friend, is back. He was detailed while in England as an aide to Mr. Hammond, and he tells me that the Hammonds got along very well there and were liked by everyone. At first Mrs. Hammond was inclined, he laughingly said, to enter every place before the Queen, but she soon learned to fall in at her right place and made quite an imposing figure at the public functions. He told me of one little incident which he asked me not to repeat. It occurred at a ball given by the Duke of Westminster. Mrs. Hammond always gave the utmost rank possible to everybody she met. When talking with the Duke she kept speaking to him as, "Your Excellency."

Finally the Duke, not meaning it unkindly either, said to her:

"Please, Mrs. Hammond, don't address me as 'Your Excellency.' Only my servants do that."

But this was one of the few embarrassing moments which he witnessed at all, and on the whole she made fewer mistakes than most people hurled pell-mell among the British aristocracy, as she was.

I might mention the fact that playing just ahead of us this morning was the Reverend Roland Cotton Smith, the rector of St. John's Church, which we found closed last Sunday. He kept losing his ball and holding us back. Once, when he took a particularly long time to find it, the President said to me:

"Look at old Cotton Smith. If he spent as much time looking for lost souls as he does looking for lost balls, he might find enough people to fill his church even in the summer time."

I got a letter from the State Department yesterday asking me to get the President to attend the launching of a battleship now being built by the Fore River Building Company in Quincy for the Argentines. I knew the President could not go, but read the letter to him at breakfast this morning. He took it and wrote across the face of the letter the following message to the Minister from the Argentine, who was to be there:

Señor de Naón,
Fore River Ship Building Co.,
Quincy, Mass.

I congratulate you on the successful launching in an American shipyard of the largest battleship in the world and sincerely hope that your country will find her usefulness only in the peace she assures and never in hostile engagements.

Wm. H. Taft.

Good-bye.
Archie.

[Beverly, Mass.,]
August 29, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Mr. Horace Taft is here, and we spend much of our time arguing on politics. Of course he is keenly interested in the President's success. He admires the veto messages, but regrets that the President felt that he had to write them. He used to argue with the President and differ from him, but one day the President turned on him and called him a theoretical pedant, and since then Mr. Horace has not expressed his real views to him again. He learned only what the rest of us have learned, that the President does not like those who differ from him and will not permit criticism. I am sorry that I dared to criticize his speech made the other afternoon, for he has spoken slightingly of my judgment once or twice since then. He will not read newspapers which differ from him, and his clippings are chiefly culled from papers which support his policy.

Since his veto of the Wool bill the Hearst papers have turned on him, and now he has cut them off his list. Last night after dinner, when he asked if the New York papers had come, Mrs. Taft handed him the New York *World.*

"I don't want the *World,*" he said. "I have stopped reading it. It only makes me angry."

"But you used to like it very much," said Mrs. Taft.

"That was when it agreed with me, but it abuses me now, and so I don't want it."

"You will never know what the other side is doing if you only read the *Sun* and the *Tribune,*" said this wise woman.

"I don't care what the other side is doing," he answered with some irritation. "I only know that I am going to hammer the life out of Underwood in spite of what Archie may think."

A few minutes later I picked up the *Christian Science*

Monitor, my paper, and saw that Underwood had given out a statement charging the President with bad faith and rather going for him in general. Then I understood why he was so quiet at dinner and so cross after dinner. He cannot brook criticism. But he has got to learn to put up with it, for it is going to come thick and fast from now on.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

MRS. GIBSON MAKES AN IMPRESSION

[Maine Coast,]
September 2, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

What we expected to be a horrible bore has turned out to be a charming outing, and all because of one sweet, simple home, occupied by a happy man and woman, two nice wholesome children, and three or four well-bred dogs. We arrived here this morning between ten and eleven o'clock, anchored in a little harbor called Dark Harbor, and spent an hour wondering if we were in the right place and anywhere near the summer home of Mrs. Laughlin. She finally came aboard with Helen and told us our program. We were to lunch with Dana Gibson and his wife, dine with her, spend the night on board, and lunch tomorrow, Sunday, with the Biddles, after which we would be free to go.

We then went ashore and were met by Dana and his wife. The President had accepted this invitation with some regret, as he wanted to lunch on board; but I saw him smile with good humor as Mrs. Gibson, the original Gibson girl, in a simple white muslin gown, took his hand and

smiled up in his face. Mrs. Gibson had expected only three of us to lunch, instead of which there were six, but she expanded her table. Even with this the children had to be banished, and Mrs. Laughlin and I and one or two others sat at the side table where they were to have been. Charlie had to remain on board ship, and he was quite peevish over it.

We had a nice Virginia dinner away up here in Maine, the warmth of the house was Virginian, the informality and ease were all Virginian, and, in fact, Dana himself might be mistaken for a Virginian. Mr. Horace Taft asked him what state he came from, and he said, smiling at his wife:

"I hardly know what state to call my own, but I can safely say I am old Southern gentleman by marriage."

They do seem so happy. She has a little way of laying her hand on him when he is near and they are unconsciously smiling at each other continuously. It was pleasant to watch them.

After lunch Mrs. Taft asked her to sing, and she sang, "Molly Bawn, Why Leave Me Pining?" Her voice was rich and perfectly trained. Someone asked her to sing something of Schumann, but she looked questioningly at the President, and he said:

"No, only the old songs."

She sang the "Gypsy Trail" and then "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," and finally "Annie Laurie."

In a large stone fireplace there were huge logs of wood burning, there were a lot of nice rugs on the floor, and all over the house were baskets filled with fresh, clean-looking asters of every shade and color. While she was singing two dogs came to the windows and scratched at the panes. Little Langhorne let them in, and they sniffed at everyone, then curled themselves up on the rugs, and we were

all contented and happy and hated to leave when four o'clock came round.

The rest of the day was a little more like work, but this two hours and a half had given us a nice flavor in our mouths which no amount of formality could entirely destroy. As the President turned in he heaved a sigh of regret that the day was over, and the last thing he said to me was:

"I think Mrs. Gibson sang 'Molly Bawn' better than McCormack does."

Good-night.

ARCHIE.

Holidays on the New England Coast

[Beverly, Mass.,]
September 4, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We lunched at the Biddles', left at four o'clock, and arrived here this morning, bringing Helen back with us. Helen said she heard one of the famous Leiter breaks the day she left for Isleboro and had almost forgotten to tell us. It was the first one she herself had ever heard. They were all down on the beach bathing, she said—the Meyers and the young officers from the *Mayflower*. Among them was Spencer, a handsome youth. Helen was late in reaching the bathing party, and Mrs. Leiter walked out on the terrace with her and went into raptures over Spencer.

"Why, Helen," she said, "I always thought him handsome, but in his bathing suit he is a perfect Juno."

Helen said she would have thought it a mere slip of the tongue if she had not repeated it several times, and ended by saying that if she were an artist she would paint him as a Juno rising from the sea.

Good-bye. Hastily,

ARCHIE.

Beverly, Mass.,
September 8, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President and I started out early for golf this morning. I had read the morning paper, which carried his peace speech in Hartford, and in the same page was a violent attack on the Peace Treaty by Colonel Roosevelt. I expected to see the President somewhat cast down, but on the contrary he seemed rather elated. When he asked me if I had seen the Colonel's attack on the treaties he laughed and said:

"I am afraid the old fellow has made a grave mistake in this. He certainly won't do me any harm, and I am afraid he will injure himself very much, if indeed he does not strengthen the treaties. The fact of the matter is, Archie, the Colonel is not in favor of peace. He thinks that there are many worse things than wars, and he thinks war and a warlike spirit keeps up the virility of a people. He's a fighter, and he doesn't believe in peace."

The President insisted on calling on Mrs. Lodge. Mrs. Taft objected, but he had his way. He thought if he went to Nahant and did not drop in at the Lodges' house, the Senator might construe it to be some resentment toward him for Colonel Roosevelt's attack on his treaties.

I was much amused at Senator Crane the other day, when he called by appointment at lunch time. In discussing the possibilities of the next state election, the Junior Senator said:

"The fact is we have got to get Lodge out of the state, and I am delegated to get him out. His presence here is, during the campaign, of the greatest weakness to us, and he cannot remain here without making a speech of some character. He has got to get ill and go to Europe. If we can give it out that he is ill, we might offset his unpopularity with the people, as there might be some reaction in

his favor. Unfortunately, he was never as well in his life."

"What disease are you going to give him, Murray?" asked the President.

"I hardly know. He is really suffering from megalomania, but we want a simpler trouble than that. I am inclined to say he is threatened with the jaundice," said Crane.

"He has always had that, and its late announcement might cause some amusement," said the President, laughing. "Better make it nervous prostration. There is an element of fatigue and overwork in that."

"Good," said Crane. "I will make it nervous prostration."

From this you can see how Lodge is regarded here. Yet they sent him back to the Senate merely because he stood behind their overprotected industries. When we came back I gave to the Associated Press the fact that the President had called on Mr. Morton, but no reference to his visit to Lodge's home.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

First Fear of Woodrow Wilson's Candidacy

Beverly, Mass.,
September 14, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President is watching the Democrats with the greatest interest, almost amounting to anxiety. He said yesterday that he wished the Democrats would nominate Champ Clark or Harmon.

"I believe that Harmon would be the easiest to defeat, though he might gain much strength from the Republicans. Clark would surely lose New York. I am beginning to

fear that by some stroke of genius they may nominate Woodrow Wilson, and that means a pretty hard tussle."

Your affectionate and devoted brother,

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt to a Friend

On the President's train between Kansas City and Omaha
October 1. 1911.

MY DEAR HORACE:

Senator Cummins met the President in Des Moines, but it was hard to say whether he came in peace or came in war. He managed to say good-bye without making a speech of any kind.

The President has not permitted the defeat of reciprocity to depress him in any way. I think its defeat is welcomed in the part of the country through which we have been traveling, and it will help matters out there considerably. I doubt whether his reception would have been as hearty here had the issue not been sidetracked by Canada before he got here.

The President remains well, but how he does it I fail to see. The programs have been arranged without any periods of rest for him. He is up at six-thirty every morning, eating vile breakfasts at clubs, and continues until midnight. This is his daily program. He has set his will to the task, however, and you know what that will is when aroused. He talks fearlessly at all times; and when timid, halting Congressmen advise him not to touch on this or that subject, it is the very subject he does touch on—not only touching on it but pounding it in. This is the most wholesome thing to do, for whenever he is not afraid and fights in the open he is at his best, as you know and I know; it is at such times that he arouses the greatest enthusiasm and receives the greatest applause. The people, so far as I am able to

judge, seem to cheer less, to send less flowers and fruits than they did on the trip he made two years ago, but on the other hand the crowds, I think, are larger, and there is greater seriousness in their mental attitude.

He has never shown up so strong or so great to me as on this trip. He has not yielded on a single principle nor compromised on a single issue so far, nor as yet spoken a single word which would belittle him in the eyes of those who associate with him closest. In other words, I think his high-minded brother, who has, I sometimes suspect, great contempt for public life and certainly for politicians, would pat him on the back in commendation of the course he is pursuing.

With sincere regards and best wishes, I remain as ever,

Your friend,

ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

When the President Looks for Votes

[Traveling in the West,]
October 5, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I have had time only so far on the trip to keep up my official diary. Many things have happened of which I would have liked to give you some account, but between badly cooked food and unnatural hours and a rush program there has been little time for correspondence.

We took a vote on the train last night as to which were the favorite cities with those on board and which cities knew best how to entertain. Detroit, St. Louis, Denver, and Salt Lake City got the greatest number of votes. Nearly everyone wanted to vote for Savannah, but we excluded those cities which are not on this itinerary. It is really a joy to get to Salt Lake City. It puts everybody in a good humor and braces one up for what's to come.

The President is not without political sagacity, as so many people like to think him, and if he is reëlected it will be by some pretty deep politics. For instance, he is very strong with the Catholics, and in nearly every city we visit he manages to show some special mark of respect for them and to have a few minutes' conference with some of their leaders.

He says he will get the solid Catholic vote—and I think he will, but he might pay very dearly, for there is another side to the picture which he does not see. The great Protestant denominations are beginning to see the way he panders to the Catholics and are becoming resentful. It is with the greatest difficulty that we can get him to stand up to receive greetings of thousands of school children banked on the sidewalk in front of a school, but he will stop the whole procession to get out and shake hands with two nuns and a handful of children. But he knows what he is about. He says the Catholics elected him last time, and he thinks they can do it again. I hope so, for I think sometimes he encourages them to separate themselves from the rest of the Americans, who gather to pay him homage.

He works hard on his speeches, but they are dry and full of statistics, and we cannot get him away from figures. As I see him sometimes laboring to interest an audience and failing to do so, I feel so sorry for him I could almost cry. He has got a tremendous will, and he is going through with this trip just as he marked it out before he left Beverly. He gives too much detail and not enough general principles, but he will not say things he does not believe and is honest with himself in this regard.

With love, hastily,

ARCHIE.

Captain Butt Makes a Political Move

Hot Springs, Virginia,
November 2, 1911.

MR. C. D. HILLES,
Secretary to the President,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR HILLES:

We arrived this morning and played eighteen holes of golf; in fact, the President was on the links before I had time to take a bath. We were joined by Joe Garretson, who is here from Mr. Charlie Taft to get the President to go to Cincinnati a day in advance of what he had planned, the object, of course, being for him to help out in the fight in the mayoralty. Up to the present time the President is inclined to go. From my standpoint this is a great mistake, and I hasten to advise you of the fact. From what I can gather here, the Republican candidate is doomed to defeat, and this dragging in the President of the United States in such a petty matter is almost undignified. Besides this, if he is defeated it will be charged against the President as a personal repudiation of him in his own town.

Mrs. Taft is very much opposed to his going and whispered to me several times going around the golf links to do what I could to prevent it, but you know how obstinate he is, and my only hope is, therefore, to apprise you of the facts, relying on your superior judgment in matters political to do what you think best.

I find many of the locusts here ready to feed upon the manna, as if it were sent from heaven in the shape of the President for their special benefit.

We have assured him of a quiet afternoon, but whether he likes it or not, I am in some doubt. He is so in the habit of handshaking and listening to hard luck stories that I

don't know whether a restful afternoon rather bores him more than otherwise.

With love and best wishes,
I remain,
As ever,
Your friend,
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

P. S. He enjoyed his golf game this morning as if he had been a boy of ten. I think it is such a great pity that he cannot cut out the Southern trip and remain quietly here for a few days longer.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

LOUISVILLE ENTERTAINS CAPTAIN BUTT

Washington, D. C.,
November 13, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The trip has been a perfect nightmare to me, and I hate even to think about it. What good it has done I do not know. I am going to let it mellow, and then some day I will tell you what I really think about it. The President feels that it has strengthened him a great deal. I am not so certain, but it is so new, and so many of the horrors of it all are still so fresh in the mind that none of us who took part in it is capable of giving an unbiased view of it. I only know that we were on the go for fifty-nine days, and in a whirl of noise and confusion and indigestible food from the beginning to the end, with the national air being drummed into one day and night and badly mannered fellow citizens screeching and screaming out, "Hello, Bill," from one town to the other.

I am thinking about writing a lecture on the bad manners of our children—no reverence, no politeness, and no courtesy to anyone. There should be a department of manners in every public school. Of all the cities visited there was only one where the children along the line of march took off their hats and spoke respectfully, and that was Boise, Idaho. When I asked Calvin Cobb the reason for it, he confessed with some shame that an Englishwoman was at the head of the school system. It was better when we reached the South, but even there we sometimes heard saucy little brats yell out, "Hello, Bill," and sometimes, "Hello, Fatty."

It simply makes one's cheeks burn to see Chinese, Japs, and Italians, Englishmen and Spaniards, even Mexican Greasers, take off their hats and cheer respectfully and then turn from them to the boisterous, ill-mannered remarks of our own people. They do not mean to be disrespectful except in occasional incidents, but there is a total lack of decency in the whole upbringing of our children—not mine or yours, but others. I suppose it is always other people's children who have no manners.

One does not dare to say anything for fear of being regarded as stuck-up or aristocratic. I have seen the President's face burn with indignation at times, but he smiles on and accepts it all as good-natured popularity. I wonder if our ancestors were wont to call out, "Hello, George," to General Washington.

I suppose you saw the reception they gave me in Louisville. Another such reception and I will pack my trunk for the Philippines. I received a letter from Bruce Haldeman while we were in the West, asking me to arrange matters so that the Press Club could give me a banquet while I was there. You know that after I left college I went to Louisville on a visit to the Castlemans, and there I met Henry Watterson, who offered me a place on the *Courier*

Journal. Being much in love with Alice Castleman at the time, I saw an opportunity to remain near the beloved object a while longer, and so I began to learn to write, for that is what one has to do when he enters journalism.

What a change that step made in my life, for I had intended to go to Augusta and there study law! I may have done well at the bar. I don't know, but my own opinion is that both I and the bar had a narrow escape. I am conscious that I am not of the judicial temperament, but there is no telling what one can do when hunger stares one in the face. At any rate, all that period came back to me very vividly during my stay in Louisville. It was the first time I had been back there since leaving, twenty years ago.

Instead of entertaining me separately, the club, which had been delegated by Senator Bradley to make all arrangements for the Presidential visit, gave a joint banquet to the President and Major Butt. We were starred equally, except that I was given the ovation and everything hinged around me. Every person whom I had ever known was there, and for the first time I tasted what might be termed a public triumph. I am at a loss to know why it was done or what was back of it, except that everybody had worked himself into fever heat to do something in my honor. The President was referred to as my aide, of course jocularly, and the press agents all stated that the reception was given primarily to me and that the President was very fortunate to return to Louisville with me.

I knew nothing whatever of the arrangements until we arrived at six in the evening, when I was told that in addition to the banquet the Louisville people were going to present me with a loving cup. Henry Watterson devoted a good deal of his speech to me, and the President, in his speech, paid me a beautiful compliment, and then the cup was presented, and I almost passed away before getting to

my feet to respond. But I got through with it somehow, and the President shook me by the hand and said I had made a great hit. I will enclose Mr. Watterson's reference to me and the President's and my own feeble effort. There was a good deal of truth in the statement which I made, that I would have been able to make a tariff speech, a speech on peace, and even one on the trusts. I think I could repeat all three of them. I certainly heard them enough on the trip.

The peace speech is the best one the President makes, by all odds, and proved to be the most popular, so much so, in fact, that the latter part of the trip he delivered no other one. I think his explanations of the vetoes of the Tariff bills were poorly received everywhere, one reason being that they were not sincere and were rather fatuous. He has come back intent to get a reduction in the tariff. Yesterday afternoon he sent for me, and when I reached the White House I found Mr. Saunders and Emory of the Tariff Commission. I soon saw I was there as a witness. He does not want Congress to charge him with dictating the report of the Board. Both Saunders and Emory told him that the Board would recommend a substantial reduction and have promised him a report on which he can base his recommendations in the forthcoming message. But he did not offer them any advice nor ask them to state any facts other than those which they might deduce from their labors. . . .

I found out in the East the Colonel is not out of politics yet. The very mention of his name stirred the people as nothing else would, and I have seen audiences simply hold themselves in for fear of going too far.

We start traveling again Wednesday, this time only to Fredericksburg, Maryland, but a few days later we go to Richmond for an entire day.

ARCHIBALD.

The Methods of Leonard Wood

[Washington, D. C.,]
November 18, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I went by to see General Wood, the Chief of Staff, today to get Colonel Grebble's son detailed as an assistant to me at the White House. He is now in Texas, and from all I can learn of the young officer he will be most handy around the White House, especially in helping to look out for Helen at dances and on riding parties. I always find the general more than willing to do what I ask; he even rescinded his uniform order so as to allow the corps to which I belong to wear the buff stripes down the trousers leg. The whole Q. M. Department is most exercised over this change which the General Staff made, taking off the stripe with the social dress uniform. I did not think he could be influenced, for I found that most of the opposition came from the cavalry, who did not like to have their yellow trimmings encroached upon by the colonial buff of the Quartermasters' Department. But he brought the matter up himself and said he would give the order permitting it to be worn.

Then came what I knew must be forthcoming. He had at least six different things which he wanted me to say to the President some day when "out walking with him." The general seems to think that anything can be accomplished on these walks. He told me that another insurrection was on the tapis in Mexico, and he was going to recommend that troops be returned to the border, and when the President gave the order he wanted me to get him to give specific orders as to who should be paramount on the border, the customs officials or the army. But this is a long story, and it matters little what he wants done—the man-

ner in which he hopes to get it done indicates the methods of General Wood.

Then he wanted me to get the President to send over to his office all complaints of public men regarding the reduction of the small posts and in some cases the abolishment of them altogether. He is intent on concentrating the army at large posts, and he is meeting with strong opposition, naturally. He had given orders for the removal of the cavalry at Fort Meade, South Dakota, but when we got there we found it such a political issue that the President telegraphed staying the order until his return. Wood does not care a hang about the political aspect, but, of course, the President does.

And Wood is stubborn as a mule when he gets his mind set. He is a most charming man personally, and his ideas are very clear. It is hard to resist him when he makes an appeal direct. When I am away from him I have a deep suspicion of him and see where he schemes too much for the good of anyone, but when I am with him I find myself quite swept off my feet by his engaging personality. He takes me so fully into his confidence that I have been able to balk some of his plans in advance, but others I assist him to carry through, at least as far as the Executive is concerned. I don't believe in his arrangements of the divisions, placing them all North, and I am fighting him rather effectually in this. I want one of the divisions in the South and believe it ought to be there for many reasons, but whether I will be able to overcome his orders, which have already received the approval of the President, I don't know.

November 20, 1911.

We did not go to Richmond to-day, and it was a lucky thing we did not. The President is ill, Hilles is ill, and I am laid up. The only wonder is we are not all dead. The

President stuck it out until late last night that he would go, but his cold was so bad and he was generally so knocked up that at last he gave up and telegraphed to the Committee in Richmond he could not come. I went by to see him this afternoon, and he looks pretty miserable. He has at last found out that he is mortal as well as the rest of us. But just think what we have been through.

We have actually traveled on railroads 15,270 miles and at least 3,000 miles by motor and side trips. We have been on the go for 58 days, and 14 nights we have spent off the train. We have visited 28 states, entertained as many governors, and been flooded by their ridiculous staffs and yapped at by all the Congressmen and ward politicians from Beverly to the Coast and back again. We have made 220 stops, and the President has made 380 speeches. We have carried the figures farther and estimated that he has addressed 1,614,850 persons in auditoriums and halls and from platforms and has been seen by 3,213,600 earsplitting citizens. Do you wonder that our nerves have been disintegrated and that our innards are all upside down?

The President really stood the strain better than the rest of us, one reason being that he has no nerves and possesses a good digestion. Another reason is that he sleeps wherever he wants to, whether in conversation, in carriages, or at dinner. We around him take up the shocks and the jars, but then we do not have the wear and tear of speechmaking, so I suppose it evens itself up between us in the long run. At any rate, he has thrown up his hands and called enough, and that is what we want. Old Hilles telephoned me early and fairly shrieked out the jubilant news that the trip was off. He has been in bed for three days. I have been up and down, but always weak and worn out.

Sunday I went horseback riding in sheer desperation, rode fifteen miles, but was as weak as a sick kitten when I got back to the house. I gained some confidence, however, for I know I still have some grip in my legs.

Of course, all sorts of rumors are being circulated regarding the President's health. When I went by to see him this afternoon he asked me what the news was, and I told him pneumonia and he was not expected to live!

"The stock market went up this morning," I said, "when it was learned that you had called a halt on traveling, but it slumped off again when the news reached the Street that you had pneumonia."

"That is strange," he said. "I should think when Wall Street thinks of Jim Sherman and his intimates, stocks would go up."

"I am inclined to think that it would be a popular thing for you to get real ill and give them all a fright."

"It might not be as much of a fright as you think," he said, laughing for the first time since I entered the room, "but I think we will live through this term, Archie, and I'll tell you one thing, old man, if they don't stop hammering me, first Bryan for not enforcing the Anti-Trust Law and Wall Street for enforcing it, they may succeed in electing me to another term whether I want it or not."

The Countess de Chambrun has just telephoned me that she must see the President for ten minutes only and wants me to make an engagement. It's a funny request, and I wonder what it is. She says she must see me first and tell it to me. As she is most hostile to Colonel Roosevelt, it may be that she has discovered some deep plot directed against the President. The Longworths are great at discovering plots.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

The President Under Fire

Washington, D. C.,
November 24, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Dined at the White House last evening and went to see Nazimova, the Russian actress, later. It was the first time the President had been out of the house for a number of days. He is still stuffed up with a cold and is feeling pretty blue over the political outlook.

Mrs. Taft and I were at the table when he came down. I asked him how he was feeling, and he said for a man that got a hammering over the head every day of his life now he was feeling that to be alive was something. He spoke rather bitterly. Mrs. Taft said:

"I don't see why you read those old clippings if they make you feel so badly."

"Well, my dear, it is just as well to know the worst that is said of you, but I think I will stop reading them."

I told him I did not know to what he referred, and he said it was evident that I had not been reading the press; that the mildest term used toward him in the editorials was that he was a bungler. I gave him some cheery news and scoffed at the idea that Colonel Roosevelt would accept the nomination even if he could get it.

"He would be sure of defeat," I said, "if he took the nomination this time."

And the President agreed with me that such would be the case.

"But the trouble is, Archie, that the Colonel, I fear, is encouraging this talk. I wonder what La Follette thinks of it. As Bob's stock goes down, Roosevelt's goes up. The Progressives see that it is impossible to nominate La Follette, and so they turn to Roosevelt. It is bringing about

an awful split in the party. But I remember," he said, looking at Mrs. Taft, "that it looked just as blue for me four years ago. Don't you remember it, dear, when we got back how black everything looked?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Taft, "but I was always hopeful then. I am not hopeful now. Things are different."

The President looked pretty worried as his wife said this and asked:

"Well, you are not hopeless about the nomination?"

"No," said Mrs. Taft slowly and with some difficulty trying to find her words, "I think you will be renominated, but I don't see any chance for the election."

"Well, I am chiefly interested in the renomination, so don't get disconsolate over that. If we lose the election I shall feel that the party is rejected, whereas if I fail to secure the renomination it will be a personal defeat."

The President said to me that it was marvelous how she [Mrs. Taft] could repeat things accurately after days had elapsed. I have noticed it too. The other evening at the Norman musicale I heard Senator Smoot tell her that he hoped Champ Clark would be nominated, that he would be the easiest man to defeat. He thought Harmon would be the next easiest, and that Wilson would give anyone a hard fight.

About an hour later someone came up and began to speak to Mrs. Taft of the political situation, and she repeated word for word what Smoot had said.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

The Ways of Women in Washington

Washington, D. C.,
Monday, November 27, 1911.

Dear Clara:

Yesterday was altogether such a funny and mixed-up day that you might enjoy following me through it. In the first place the President decided to quit his own church and go to Epiphany to hear Dr. Randolph McKim preach on the peace treaties. Of course the President is anxious to encourage this sort of thing. Mrs. Taft went with us, and she and the President sat in one pew, and Jimmy Sloan and I in the pew behind them.

Everything in the church was out of kelter. The organ was being torn to pieces, and the thumping of a piano does not go well with the Te Deum, and the "Oh, Be Joyful" sounds like a funeral march. I understand now the evolution of the organ in church services. It either ought to be organ or Quaker silence. There is no compromise.

The ritual of the church, getting up and sitting down, kept the President awake, but not even his beloved peace could keep him awake after the sermon began and the Reverend Doctor got well launched into statistics. I never accompany him to his regular church in Washington, but Jimmy Sloan tells me that he invariably sleeps through the sermon. I think he had better not go to church at all. It does not make so much difference for him to cat nap in his own church, but when he strays into the real faith he ought to keep awake. I had not suspected that he was asleep until I heard an audible snore, and then I punched him, and he woke with such a start as to attract the attention of everybody around him. Then, as I would see

him dozing, or Jimmy, who got a side glimpse of him, indicated that he was again off to dreamland, I resorted to my old trick of having a spell of coughing. He knows what that means, and it straightens him out for a time.

The people around me yesterday must have thought me a consumptive, for I had to keep it going throughout the long, tiresome sermon. When we got out of the church he said:

"Archie, I think I beat McKim on peace, don't you?"

"If you didn't, you'd never get the treaties ratified," I answered.

When we got back to the house, both asked me to come back to lunch, as Mrs. Post Wheeler, the wife of the secretary of our Russian embassy, was coming. It was no hardship, for Mrs. Wheeler, besides writing novels, is a delightful talker and a Virginian to boot.

I wish I could tell you about Mrs. Wheeler, but there is not time. She drawls, and she is pretty, and so, when she told the President that she did not think her husband would live through another winter in Petersburg, he promptly dictated a note to Knox asking to have him sent to Rome and Wilson transferred to Russia. After she left he said that none of us statesmen were proof against a pretty woman. He then told how Mrs. Huntington Wilson happened to be stationed in Washington. They had met Mrs. Wilson in the Far East, where her husband was serving in China or Japan, I don't know which. She wanted to see Mr. Root, then Secretary of State. Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, took her to the State Department and asked Root to give her a few minutes. The secretary said he would prefer not to see her at all.

"Well, just see her and tell her so," said Secretary Taft, drawing Mrs. Wilson into the room after him.

The President said that when Root saw the Juno-like face of Mrs. Wilson and watched her sweep across the

room like a long-limbed Atalanta, his eyes began to waver. He dismissed everyone, and the Secretary of War slipped out. Later Mr. Wilson was ordered to Washington.

Just at the change of the administrations the Wilsons' furniture was all packed and had been shipped, indeed, to the Argentine. Beekman Winthrop was named as Assistant Secretary in the State Department, and Knox came in. He met Wilson and then Mrs. Wilson on the eve of their departure. There was a hurried change of orders. Winthrop was transferred to the navy, and Wilson was made paramount Assistant Secretary of State. It is the same thing still. Washington society loves Mrs. Wilson.

I was in another little petticoat world last evening. It was at the McLeans' at a dinner given to the New Russian ambassador and Madame Bakhmeteff. Madame Bakhmeteff is a sister of Mrs. John McLean. Alice was there and was simply jubilant over the turn of the tide in favor of her father. She took me into a corner and whispered:

"Isn't it the most wonderful thing in the world, Butt? Of course he would not have the nomination this time, but it just shows what is in people's hearts."

We always seem to end with Alice. She is the postscript kind. I imagine that she forms more postscripts in letters than any one other subject in the world.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Enter, the New Russian Ambassador

Washington, D. C.,
November 28, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Bakhmeteff, the Russian ambassador, was received by the President this afternoon. We had a time getting the President to do it, too. He was in cabinet meeting, had been there since eleven powwowing over his message. If

he is caught napping this time, it will not be the fault of his cabinet, for they are reading every sentence of it and hammering it out of joint.

When I got to the White House at a quarter-past two, the President had not even come over for lunch, but had ordered sandwiches, coffee, Scotch, and soda, and fruit to the Cabinet Room. The ambassador arrived on time, accompanied by Chandler Hale. The ambassador did not look as impressive as he did the other night at the McLeans'. His gold uniform, which was very gorgeous, seemed to shrink him up, and he looked older and more wizened.

Timmons, the new naval aide, and I received him. We went through the customary form. I had all the aides out and we made quite an impressive line as we guided the entire suite to the Green Room, where I locked them in so to speak. I telephoned to the secretary to say to the President that the ambassador had arrived, but he telephoned back that the President ordered everyone to keep out until he should finish what he was doing with the Cabinet. I finally got him to speak to the President, but he came back to say the President was very cross and would not come.

This meant that I—"The Beloved," as Miss Herron calls me—had to go for him. I stalked over in full-dress uniform, got the messenger to open the Cabinet Room door and showed myself.

"I can't come now," said the President, but I stood my ground and suggested that his engagement with the Czar's representative was at half-past two and that any great delay might not be understood. Secretary Meyer agreed with me. So the President, with something very near to an oath, got up and came out. He asked for his speech and, what I have never seen him do before, he read it over before going into the Blue Room. He sat down in

the ushers' room and scratched a lot of it out. I glanced over it later and saw that he had toned it down considerably. This, I suppose, was in anticipation of the contention which seems certain to come over the Jewish passport question. He made up for it in his informal talk with the ambassador later, but that which will get into the press was as cold and chilly as charity.

He then went back to the cabinet meeting, where he remained until after five. I suppose I ought to go and force him to take a walk, but I know he does not want to go, so I will let him off and spend the afternoon with my cousin, the Baroness Rosenkrantz, instead. She, with her baron, a maid, and a Chinese dog, arrived last night, and so the house is pretty nearly full. We are going to the De Chambruns' to dinner and later to the theater. Rebie is the best gowned woman I have seen this fall, but she always had a great deal of style and possesses a wonderful figure. It is a great pleasure to have them, but I am too dead tired to do any entertaining for them.

A. W. B.

A Hunt for Political Slogans

Washington, D. C.,
December 3, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

It has been quiet this week. I fear it may be the quiet before the storm, for Congress opens the day after tomorrow. From what we can hear, it is going to be a riproaring session. There are big things to be done and big politics to be played. Of course, the Democrats have a tower of strength in Underwood, but whether he can lead and quiet them as he did last session is another question. There are already signs that they may split up over the trust, the tariff, and other questions.

Of course, the Republicans are hopeful that such will

be the case, and the President hopes that such a result will follow. We were all delighted to see that Underwood has come out squarely against the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. His attitude will have a splendid effect on the South. That section, conservative by nature, may be able to stem the tide in this regard for the entire nation. I do not know whether the President admires or fears Underwood the more. He certainly admires him greatly for his conservative leadership, but when the Alabamian tackles him and his administration and begins to apply his logic in criticism of the President's policy, the President does a lot of squirming.

We went to see *The First Lady of the Land* last evening at the Columbia Theater, with Miss Ferguson in the leading rôle of Dolly Madison. It was charming. Aaron Burr, James Madison, and the foreign diplomats of that time were all on the stage, and Dolly was just about what we have been brought up to think of her. Burr was witty, and the jests regarding Hamilton were delightful. The President, who admires Hamilton, winced several times when the play actors prodded him. His personality, I mean Hamilton's, has threatened the peace of the White House on a number of occasions, Mrs. Taft agreeing with me that he was a hypocrite and insincere, and that if he had had his way it is doubtful whether the government would have survived until the 'fifties and possibly might not have been formed at all on its present lines. The President rather condemns this view, and we have had some heated arguments on the subject. So Mrs. Taft and I thoroughly enjoyed the gibes at Hamilton last evening.

I don't seem to get my strength back. I am in the hands of Dr. Morgan, a specialist, and he is half starving me, though he says he can put flesh back on me in a week. I have lost fifteen pounds and look rather gaunt. Of course I could well afford to lose some, but hardly that much.

The President remains about the same. We walk every afternoon, and he pants for breath at every step. He has a masseur every morning, and this with his walks in the afternoons ought to bring him around, but he does not seem to get into condition any better than I do. He is writing messages all the time now. He is going to try a new system on Congress. The one-subject-message is the thing. He will handle the trust question first, and then will follow this up with others on the tariff, on the treaties, on the District, et al. He has been told that people don't ever read his messages for the reason that they are too long and too judicial and prosaic, so he is going to try the homeopathic system. He reads every message to the Cabinet, and they try then to inject some telling epigrams into them.

They are hunting for political slogans, so the President told me yesterday—epigrams, so to speak, that the country can take hold of and repeat. He needs catch phrases, so Stimson says. The Secretary of War gets this, I am sure, from Mr. Roosevelt, for Stimson is anything but a catch-phrase artist himself. The Colonel had to inject whatever catch phrases there were in his speeches during the campaign in New York. But they are all laboring hard to do something to catch the public attention, and Tuesday will show us how successful they have been.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Roosevelt Sends Butt a Message

[Washington, D. C.,]
December 4, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I had a strange conversation with Alice Longworth yesterday afternoon. She telephoned me Saturday that she had just returned from Oyster Bay and that she

brought me a lot of love and good wishes. "And, Butt," she added, "I brought a message from Father which I think I had better deliver to you in person. So come around to-morrow and see me and I will give it to you."

Any message from the Colonel would give me cause to hurry to receive it, so I dropped in after I had taken a walk with the President. This is what she told me:

"Now, Butt, you know that we are all devoted to you. Father looks upon you as a son, almost. Certainly I have never known him to be fonder of anyone outside his own family than he is of you, so you must understand what he meant when he told me to give you this message."

Then she said she was afraid I would not understand or that I might say something about it or get hurt, and so on.

"Oh, don't be a gump," I said. "Tell me what your father said, and I will judge of the importance of it."

"Well, it is just this: I was lunching with him in New York yesterday, and we had just been talking of you and the President and the latter's trip when he said to me—and very seriously, Butt, too, he said it:

"'Alice, when you get the opportunity, tell Archie from me to get out of his present job. And not to wait for the convention or election, but do it soon.'"

I asked what he meant, and she said that he meant just what he said; that she could say no more, but her own advice would be to get from under the edifice before the crash came. Of course the President can't be elected, and it looks doubtful if he can even be nominated. I kept my own counsel, but I did a lot of thinking. It would be a cowardly thing to do; and if I were ever so much more worn out with the place than I am, I would stick it out now until after the nomination, and should he fail of the nomination nothing could force me to leave him until the following fourth of March.

I went to the opening of Congress this morning with

Alice Longworth and Mrs. Bobby Goelet. I think the latter is the most beautiful woman in America.

The galleries were crowded, everyone expecting to hear Martin Littleton defend himself on the question of personal privilege against the attacks of Stanley and a man named Martin, charging him with being in league with the Steel Trust. Stanley is the chairman of the committee investigating the Steel Trust, and Martin is the president of the Anti-Trust League. Littleton held the house in rapt attention for over an hour. It was half-past two before any of us left the gallery.

When we got back to Alice's, we found that the other luncheon guests had been there since half-past one and were fuming, as well they might have been.

It was worth making any number of people angry to hear Littleton. He stood on the arena immediately in front of the Speaker's desk, and not a member left his seat during the terrific denunciation he hurled against his accusers. He was frequently applauded by the entire House, and once Stanley, the object of his philippic, joined with the others in applauding. Whether it was done merely as force of habit or to appear unconcerned, or merely that he forgot himself in the flow of eloquence from Littleton, I do not know, but the galleries who saw him were so much amused that they broke out into laughter. It was some time before the House realized that anything of a ludicrous nature had been introduced into the dramatic scene.

Good-bye. I am going to the Edwards' to dinner and from there to the Belasco to hear De Koven's new opera, *The Wedding Trip*. The De Kovens will be at the dinner, and it is in their box we are going to hear his opera.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

Captain Butt Protects Ainsworth

Washington, D. C.,
December 7, 1911.

Dear Clara:

We had rather an interesting dinner at the White House last evening, interesting on account of the twelve Western governors who were present. It began with a dinner of twenty and ended with a dinner of sixty-four. The capacity of the straight table was taxed, but we got them all in, governors, Board of Trade people, and hangers-on of such a trip. They were pretty uncomfortable on one side. As we did not crowd the President, he did not notice it. I seated the table in the morning. The Vice President could not come on account of the death of his father-in-law, and the only cabinet member present was the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher, the great reformer of the Cabinet.

By the way, the President is getting many letters telling him that Fisher is working for the nomination; that while he was in the West he put in one lick for the President and two for himself. The President says they would say this about any one who seemed ambitious to be a success in his sphere of the government. These reports do not worry him, as a rule.

After seating the table, I took the chart into his office and held it up for his approval. He had certain well-defined ideas regarding where he wanted certain persons to sit, but I had anticipated them. He told me to go to the Cabinet Room and that he would come in. He did so in less than an hour, a short wait in some respects. I had used Fisher as a pivot point in the seating, placing him opposite the President. The place of honor was to the

President's right, which Governor Dean of Illinois preempted on account of that state being the first of those represented to enter the Union. I had first placed Governor Eberhart of Minnesota to the left of the President. I seated the table after this plan, placing a Senator between the governors. Then, when it was complete, I changed Governor Hadley of Missouri and Eberhart, for the reason that Hadley and the President are very pally, and once while we were on the trip the President said to his secretary:

"Hilles, I think Hadley would make a good running mate. I believe he could carry Missouri and help me possibly carry some of the Southern states."

That was all I had to go on, but it was the first thing he looked for when he took the chart.

"Where have you got Hadley?" he asked, and I told him I thought he would prefer to have him at his left rather than Eberhart.

"That's right," he said. "It may be just as well to get accustomed to have him next to me," and he smiled and gave a wink.

"In such a contingency," I said, laughing, "it might be just as well for him to learn to keep his distance."

"I guess there is a good deal of truth in that. I don't know why it should be so, but as a rule the President and the Vice President seem to drift apart, no matter how close they are together at the start."

The dinner was well cooked, and those Western fellows all seemed to enjoy it. We had met them all on the trip, and it was really good to see them again. The President was tired and worn out before they all left. I think he is in pretty bad shape. We walk now every afternoon, and he comes back panting and blowing, and I know he is not well. I walk right into his office, no matter who is there and keep at him until I get him out. The strain is great even now, but nothing to what it is going to be later on.

Not a word comes from the Colonel. He has never yet said that he would not accept the nomination if offered him, but reiterates the statement that he is not a candidate. The President believes that he wants it. I don't think so, though I think it pleases him mightily to be back on the map again and to be causing them all to look for ghosts every time he hides his head for a minute. The opposition have started a Hughes boom, but I am sure the Justice would not permit his name to go before the Convention, for he is loyalty itself to the President.

The President said yesterday, while walking, that Hughes would resent the use of his name at the proper time. But he fears that there may be a stampede for Roosevelt. All of this anxiety is bad for him just now, but when he gets in shipshape again he will meet the conditions more philosophically and be able to do better work for himself.

General Wood is still worrying him to remove General Ainsworth as adjutant of the army. Fortunately for everyone concerned, he takes the matter up largely through me. General Wood does not yet suspect that I am opposed to his plans and takes me freely and fully into his confidence. I would be a fool to make an enemy of him by appearing to checkmate them, but I think I have finally done so. I am hostile to them, not from any ill will toward General Wood, for one cannot come in contact with him as much as I do without feeling the influence of his powerful and charming personality. But I will not, if I can help it, let him drag this administration into another Brook-Wood controversy. He was only saved himself at that time by the powerful will and position of Roosevelt, who championed his cause.

There is no concealing the fact that Ainsworth has more personal influence in Congress than any man in the government, including the President of the United States. More-

over, he is a power for good if properly handled. He has got where he is because Presidents and secretaries of war pushed him in order to promote other plans which he could carry along with him. And I really don't know what would have happened had Ainsworth not been there to keep things going during the utterly incoherent administration of General Bell and the experiments with those before him.

But to facts; General Wood sent for me last week—Tuesday, it was, I think. He said he wanted me to serve him and the army by urging the President when I was walking with him to allow the Secretary of War to order Ainsworth on an inspection tour, one that would keep him traveling for a year or two; that if once pried loose from the department, Ainsworth could be permanently separated from the department later. He did not want to send him to command a division or department, for in case of a Democratic victory next year he could demand to be made Chief of Staff and give as his reason that this Administration had placed him in line for it by giving him such a command. How well Wood knows the working of the human mind!

He then showed me an attack on the President in the *Register*, the army paper, and asked me to show it to the President and to tell him that he, General Wood, knew it had been inspired by General Ainsworth. He said he could not prove it, and I knew while he was saying this that he merely had suspicions. He then unfolded the whole plan, and he wanted the President's mind prepared for an official recommendation that Ainsworth be removed from the department.

Wood is never at heart's ease as long as he beholds one, not greater, but as great as himself. This is his weakness. While it has brought him the honors which now crown his life, there are not many who would have gone through the

scandal and the charges which have followed his career upward to have secured them.

Well, to make the matter short, for I have already digressed too much by inserting my own opinions, I promised General Wood to lay the whole matter before the President and to do it just as he had laid it before me. I went to the White House and found the President sitting in the corridor waiting to go walking. I then read him the *Register* and told him just what Wood had told me. He took the paper, read it through a second time, and asked me what I thought. I told him that I did not think General Ainsworth had inspired the article, that I thought it would be most unfortunate, along with all the other issues and mean troubles ahead of the Administration, to be hurried into a controversy which would equal if it did not surpass in bitterness the Pinchot matter, and would be far worse than the Wiley matter if that had been allowed to come to a head as recommended by the Attorney General.

"I can't see what is to be gained by it," I said. "General Ainsworth is stronger before Congress than any man in public life, whether it be a Democratic or Republican Congress. And he has grown so by efficiency in office and being able to meet all demands which Congressmen make on it without delay. Besides he is in bad health. He may die," I said, but the President shook his head dubiously. "He cannot serve much longer, for he must be nearly sixty-two, and then General Wood admits that he is keeping to his own side of the fence and not troubling him at all. It is a case of two strong men pitted against each other, and they should be held in leash and not allowed to stir up a fight that will envelop the entire army, Congress, and everyone else in such a scandal as that which followed Wood's attack on General Brook in Cuba, when he succeeded in doing just what he wants to do now with Ainsworth.

"After all," I said, "it seems to be a row between doctors. It is remarkable that both these men were physicians and practised together in the West in the early days—and at that time, I take General Wood's word for it, were great friends."

The President had not said anything up to this time, but as he rose to his feet he said:

"When is this matter to be brought to me officially?"

"As soon as Secretary Stimson comes back," I said.

"Well, you had better see Wood and give him a hint to go no farther with it, for I will not permit it to come up in any shape. I don't propose to supplement my other troubles with a scandal in the War Department. And I agree with you that it would be one which would get beyond our control before twenty-four hours had elapsed after the issuing of the order."

Now that is settled. I did as the President suggested. I appeared to be giving away administration secrets to him in giving him the actual state of the Presidential mind, but I made the latter's attitude so strong that I don't think we will hear again of the plot to remove Ainsworth, at least from the President. Of course Wood will keep nagging away at it in one way or another. For this much is to be said: He never turns loose his grip, once he gets his teeth fairly set in the flesh.

A. W. Butt.

A Dinner of Friends and Foes

Washington, D. C.,
December 12, 1911.

The dinner at the White House last evening was certainly a rip-roaring one, to put it mildly. There were more political schemes hatched, and died in hatching, than one usually sees in a dozen such dinners around Washington.

There were sixty-three at the banquet board, and as soon as the dinner was over these began to split up into factions, and each had some plan to suggest, and all wanted the approval of the President. The President smiled his way from group to group and listened to each, and would drop a word here and then another there, and pass on and play the host while Hilles and Brother Charlie kept all ears and eyes open to see that the enemy fort got no advantage. It was really an interesting game. It was almost like a faro bank room at Ostend. I kept apart from it all as much as I could, but when the schemers and planners could not get to the President or Hilles or Senator Crane, they would hold me up to hear their tales.

The dinner was given in honor of the National Committee, which is in session here and in which the first skirmish of the Roosevelt and Taft forces is being had. All yesterday and the day before there were reports that the majority of the committee were for the renomination of Roosevelt, and there was much talk that the President could not be elected and therefore should not be nominated.

The Roosevelt ghost stalked at every meeting, and there were a number of the committee who came out avowedly for the Colonel, chief among whom was Walter Brown, the member from Ohio, who was loudest in his statements that the President was a dead card and that Roosevelt would be nominated. He said so much in an interview last week, and the President has made it known that his opposition is due to the fact that he refused to accept Brown's recommendation in the matter of a federal judge in Ohio. He told me that Brown had two candidates: one was an ignorant lawyer and the other was merely a creature of Brown—which unfitted him for the Bench. At any rate, Brown has been most effective in his denunciations of the President.

When the President decided to entertain the committee

at dinner, he directed me to leave off the name of Brown but to invite everyone else. The only other member who did not attend the dinner was William L. Ward, the national committeeman from New York, who declined the invitation. We did not know who were coming until the last moment.

Early last week Hilles suggested the idea to me that as the dinner was to be a purely political one, it might be as well not to have any display at the White House, but to carry it off in democratic style without any aides or gold lace in evidence. I readily agreed to this. Yesterday morning when I took the dinner chart to the President to get his O. K. on it, he asked where I was to sit, and I told him of the Secretary's suggestion. He laughed outright and said:

"I have never heard such nonsense. I want this dinner to go through with just the same formality as all other dinners; and if you want to, you might add a little extra touch—instead of offending these people, it will please them."

So I called on Byron Lang to come and help me out. And I don't know how they would have done without me, for I had each name and gave it to the President as he approached this mixture of enemies and friends, and marshaled them and ran them through the routine that marks a diplomatic dinner. But I must tell Mrs. Taft not to have any more French artichokes at these dinners. Some night she is going to find some dead guests, for I saw not less than six of those nearest me eating not only the sticky fungous stuff, but some actually trying to chew up the leaves. The only other time I have seen this was at the Ohio dinner when Nick Longworth called my attention to it. Last night I had to stop ——, for I think he would have choked himself to death trying to masticate the leaves and the fungous part. The dinner was good and, apart from the artichokes when eaten in this fashion,

seemed simple enough to please the palates of the politicians.

The guests had hardly arrived before plots and counter plots began to reveal themselves. Perkins of Washington State had sprung the statement earlier in the day that the Colonel was an avowed candidate, backing up his statement that the Colonel had sent for him and asked him to be his manager. This is the first direct statement which has been given out on this line. He sent word of this to the President, but the President said he did not believe it, that if the Colonel was going to make such a statement he would not give his case into the keeping of Perkins. When Perkins came last evening I had a few minutes in the corner with him and asked him to tell me exactly what the Colonel had said to him. He then told me that the Colonel had said he would accept the nomination if offered him. He said he had another appointment with the Colonel this week, and he proposed to tell him he would manage his interests provided he would let those interests go over until the next four years, and that he would certainly advise him to do this, for he believed he would most certainly be defeated should he snatch the nomination away from the President at this time. Just then the Postmaster General came into the room and, pointing to him, Perkins said:

"Why is it that the President does not catch on to Hitchcock? He is doing all he can to set up the convention for Roosevelt. He has got no use for Taft and will knife him at the first opportunity."

Of course there has been much talk of like character, but what is to be done? The Postmaster General has all the Southern delegations in the hollow of his hand, and if he were dropped from the Cabinet, or if the President seemed to distrust him, he would simply turn over the delegations to Roosevelt or to whom he pleased. Senator

Crane is pouring the same stuff into the President about Hitchcock, and all the President will do is to listen. He refuses to believe it, and possibly this is the best way of meeting the matter.

Hardly had the guests arrived before they began to split up into New and Anti-New factions. The whole fight seems to be for the chairman of the subcommittee for the management of the convention. Hilles and the Taft members want New, and Hitchcock and a large following oppose him.

Mrs. Taft came down with the President and made the rounds with him, shaking hands with each guest and making a very pleasant impression on them. I could see that. She is dressing beautifully and always looks lovely in evening gown. She did not come to the table of course, as it was a man's dinner.

As soon as dinner was over we went to the two rooms on the second floor, where the real business of the evening was begun. The Postmaster General was busy trying to checkmate Hilles and Senator Crane, and these two, with the New forces, were busy trying to get the President's endorsement of New for the subcommittee, which would be settled to-day.

Job Hedges passed me and stopped to say:

"Did you ever see such management in your life? Why doesn't Taft throw Hitchcock out of the Cabinet? If Taft is not elected, it will be on account of his political helplessness."

Mr. Hitchcock had one last say to the President at half-past ten o'clock out in the hallway. He all but shook his finger in the face of the President, but after he left Crane rallied his forces and, with Voorhis of Ohio and other followers, got hold of the President and finally got him committed to New for subchairman. That is the way the fight will be made at the general meeting of the committee

to-day at the Willard. Chicago will get the Convention, though St. Louis is making a big bid for it. Perkins had a long talk with the President last evening and poured into his ears all he had said to me about the Colonel. The President made no comment to him, but to me he said—when on his way back from John Hays Hammond's, where he met the members of the League of Republican Clubs after the dinner at the White House—that he thought Perkins was a hot-air artist, and that one must take what he reported with a grain of salt. It may be that the Colonel did offer the management of the matter to Perkins, because they are very close friends, but he may have done so merely as a feeler to see what effect an announcement from him would make.

Perkins is from Tacoma and owns a half dozen newspapers on the Pacific Coast, and I know that his friendship is regarded as a big asset by the statesmen of to-day. He is an independent little devil. I say "little devil" advisedly, for he looks exactly like the pictures of the imps the old masters used to paint.

The facts I have set down here are not of great interest except that they may mark an important step in the slow movements of the drama which is marching on about us at this day and hour.

ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

CHAPTER XC

CHARLES P. TAFT TELLS HIS TROUBLES

Washington, D. C.,
December 13, 1911.

Went last night to the theater with Mrs. Taft, Miss Helen, and Mr. Charles P. Taft. The President was too unwell to venture out. Both feet are giving him pain.

Last week he suffered from pain in one foot and gave out that he had strained it in some way. I knew that his old trouble had him again, but I did not suggest it. However, when the swelling went to the other foot, there was no use longer to hide the fact that it was gout. It gave me an opportunity to have a long talk with the brother. The old man is rather fretful over the present situation. He does not attempt to conceal it from me.

Everything in the National Committee went as the President would have it. In spite of the dissatisfaction there and the Roosevelt talk, the Taft men controlled the committee and elected New of Indiana to head the subcommittee, though Hitchcock had his way and forced ex-Governor Hill of Maine on the committee as its chairman, in spite of the fact that he is suffering from heart trouble and did not feel able to be of any service whatever.

"But it has vindicated Hitchcock," said Mr. Charles Taft last night to me with considerable heat, "and nothing else matters. It makes me sick, Archie, the way the President lets his cabinet run riot with him. All he would have to do is to fire one of them, and the others would promptly see that they had to toe the line or go, and it would be most wholesome. There is no coördination among them. They want to run their own departments and be let alone, and that man Hitchcock simply defies the President. Of course, the President has got his well-defined idea of what he wants, and he started out to hold his cabinet members responsible for their own departments, and he sticks to this policy; but the result has been that each of them has grown arrogant in his place, and not one does anything to help the President out politically. Only to-day the President wanted to appoint a solicitor in the Navy Department where there is a vacancy, and Meyer had the impudence to say he would not have any politician in the department. Of course Wickersham said that about the

Negro when the President wanted to appoint Lewis. The President appointed Lewis finally and did it without a rumpus. That justified his policy, I suppose, but I want to see him make them toe the line when he puts his fist down."

It was evident that the old man was somewhat out of humor, and soon he got me into another box and sat so that he could talk more freely. I learned the real cause of his complaint. He has got to "dig," as he himself said.

"I am rich, I suppose, but I am not made of money. Things are in such a way that the National Committee cannot raise a red herring or its equivalent in money, and between now and convention there is a lot of work to be done. It is going to take a lot of money, and I can see from what the members of the committee told me to-day—that they expect me to finance the campaign before the Convention. The committee has got no money, and it can't raise any, and it will be the same thing after the Convention. With this state of things there is not one member of the committee who is not sitting back and letting the President fight alone. Knox does not even stay in Washington. Meyer is holding on until he sees what Roosevelt is going to do. Stimson can't afford to fight the Colonel or be a party to it. Fisher is seeking reputation for Fisher. Wickersham has done nothing but embarrass the President since he entered the Cabinet. Nagel is the only member who seems anxious to assist the President. MacVeagh means well, but he ought to be given a bottle of milk and allowed to crawl on the lap of Mrs. MacVeagh and sleep. I can't say much to the President, but I am going home to-night, and I propose to write him a letter that will open his eyes to what I think of the situation and especially what I think of his cabinet."

This is the first time I have ever heard the brother even so much as suggest that everything was not perfect. He is

the most consistently loyal person I ever knew, and the fact that it was the first note of criticism is its chief importance. But, as he suggested:

"The committee is running this matter of campaign funds in the ground."

He has just declined three million and a half for his cotton plantation in Texas, so he told me, believing that it will be worth double that in ten years.

"But if I had known what it would take to finance a renominating campaign when I had every reason to think it would be smooth sailing, I think I would have accepted the syndicate's offer. My only complaint is that they expect me to do it all."

Some humor of the situation came to him at last, and he said with a chuckle:

"Huntington thought it came high to get a prince in the family. He ought to have tried getting a President into one."

He slipped out before the play was over and took the midnight train to New York.

ARCHIE.

Mrs. Longworth at the White House

Washington, D. C.,
December 19, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

I have just returned from the White House, where I was called to lunch at the last minute. I received a phone message asking me to come down, as the Longworths, Margery Ide, and a Mr. Leslie were coming.

Margery has just returned from Spain and looks well. The President always entertains her in some way when she comes back. He appointed the father Minister to Spain—due to his old association with him on the Philippine Commission. Mr. Leslie is an Irishman from an old and dis-

tinguished Orange family. He has recently become a convert to the Church and a pronounced nationalist, and at the last election stood for Parliament. He was defeated, but was then sent as an emissary to this country to further the National cause here. He is a striking looking man, with sharp eyes and lowering countenance, with a way of looking from underneath his lids. He intends to study for the priesthood as soon as his lecture tour is over. He is regarded as an outcast by his family, but he has been taken up by the National party and is being played as a leading card in the pack of converts. They are coming to me to-night for dinner, so I hope to make something out of him. My first glimpse of him was rather disconcerting. The President was late in coming over, and Mrs. Taft never comes down until he leaves the office. While waiting for them, we showed him into the Blue Room and the Green Room and then took him into the big East Room. Alice showed him where she was married and just the spot on which she stood.

"It is just here," said Alice, "and I remember looking up and seeing Nick and thinking how hopelessly Middle West he did seem."

But for all that, she still seems to be in love with him; certainly no other man in the world would suit her as well, Middle West or Middle East. What a wonderful person she is at times, but how horribly rude she is where she wants to be! She sat to the right of the President and talked with him for quite a long time, and then spent the remainder of the meal absorbed in conversation with Leslie, who had caught her passing fancy. She met him at the Bourke Cockrans' in New York and invited him down with Miss Ide, and as most of her evenings are filled with engagements she palms him off on her friends. She telephoned me to ask what evening I could have him, and I chose this evening, not knowing then that I was to meet him at lunch to-day.

The President is going to abrogate the treaty with Russia within the year, in spite of the fact that he has said time and again that he would never do so. He had a meeting with his cabinet Sunday night and remained in his study until after midnight, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing else for him to do. He has thus forestalled the action of Congress, but I fear he will not make much political capital out of it, as he was forced to this by the pending resolution in Congress. The House passed the Sulzer resolution calling upon him to abrogate the treaty, and the resolution was couched in the terms most offensive to Russia. It passed the House by such an overwhelming vote that it could easily have passed over his veto.

The Russian government sent word through Bakhmeteff that, if the Senate passed the resolution as it passed the House, his government would consider it a hostile act and withdraw its representative. It was to save this situation that the President thought it best to abrogate the Treaty himself in less hostile language. It is all politics and pretty nasty politics at that. Unfortunately for the President, he has stated for the past year that Russia had the same right as the United States to exclude from its boundaries any class of people it desired, and that such a question was one purely of domestic policy and was not international in any way.

Well, good-bye. Hastily,

ARCHIE.

Worrying about "The Colonel"

On the train to New York,
December 19, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

Had I been perfectly well, I would have followed more closely this whole Jewish matter which has ended in the

abrogation of the treaty with Russia. I suppose it would be interesting, but somehow, even this important matter, so vital to the President, seemed dull and heavy.

He is so honest, so big, and tries to be so just, that it is hard for the people to get a proper perspective of him. Just now the trouble with the Colonel hangs over him like a big, black cloud and seems to be his nemesis. He frets under it, I can see. Yet I do not think he would have it otherwise. I have studied him pretty carefully in this matter, and I am convinced that he would rather be at odds with the Colonel and suffer what he does suffer from it, than be on terms of intimacy and be subject to the charge of being dominated by the ex-President. I think he has felt from the first that this separation was inevitable, and, while he would have liked to be on outwardly good terms, he would prefer to have it as it is than to have been forced to consult the Colonel or defer to him in matters of policy or State. Had the conditions been reversed, the Colonel would have kept up the intimacy and retained the loyalty of his friend without sacrificing any of the independence which is so necessary to both. But then Roosevelt can almost do superhuman things when he wants to.

Here I am again on this subject! I think the Colonel comes more into our lives now that he is out of them than he did when he was the central figure.

Well, there is old New York in the distance with its lights, its tall buildings, its high ideas, and deep wells of sin, so I will close and jump into my uniform. I am sitting here wrapped in a blanket while writing,

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XCI

It Appears That Roosevelt Wants to Run

New York,
December 20, 1911.

Dear Clara:

We reached the city nearly an hour late, having hardly time to change our clothes for the three banquets we attended later. It is hardly worth mentioning even what they were—they were of such routine character; bad food, poor speeches, and rotten cigars. It seems that there are some men in New York whose sole business consists in getting up banquets. They are promoters after a fashion. They are in cahoots with the hotels and make a handsome living out of it.

The President accepted this first dinner arranged in the cause of peace by a club calling itself the Economic Club, but it seems that the club exists under the hat of one man, and that several other clubs exist in the same place. He calls his clubs by whatever name seems most attractive at the time. No sooner had he secured the President's consent to attend than Carnegie and other peace citizens wrote the President that he ought not to accept, as the dinner was a mere speculation on the part of professional getters-up of banquets. The President wrote back that he was so interested in the peace problem that he would attend any dinner to promote it if only he could feel assured that there would be enough persons present to listen to him. Carnegie wrote that he had declined to preside and likewise to be present. But no sooner did he know that the President was not to be dissuaded than he wrote a letter, withdrawing his declination and agreeing to be present.

"Wasn't it like the old fox?" said the President. "He did not want any peace stunt to be pulled off without

being there, if he thought it would be of sufficient importance to be well advertised. Of course, my acceptance guaranteed that fact, and so he now finds that the crowd is not so disreputable as he first thought it was."

The President made a good speech, and then we went to a Republican dinner and later to a New England society dinner in Brooklyn. The latter was typical in one respect, which caused much amusement in our party later. Each subscriber to the dinner was given a souvenir of a silver cocktail cup. There was none for the President or his party. If the President had not noticed it and spoken of it, I don't think any the rest of us would have given it a second thought.

We did not get in the Taft house until nearly one o'clock last night, rather this morning, but we were all at breakfast by half-past eight, except the President, and he did not come down until nearly nine. Just before he came in a telegram arrived and I opened it. It was from Jacob Schiff, the prominent Jew. I handed it to him as he entered the room. Otto Bannard was at the table, having come in by special invitation to breakfast with the President. Bannard asked the President the inside facts concerning the Russian matter, and his statement of the case is of sufficient interest to be mentioned here.

"I had not intended to act in the matter," said the President, "and I had expected before the end of this year to see the question prove to be a most embarrassing one for me politically. I think I would have acted in the end, but only after such negotiations as to have drawn from it any sting. But," he continued, laughing, "Congress, and a Democratic Congress at that, let me out of my trouble very neatly. They simply forced my hand. I could not permit the resolution as passed by the House to be the only word on the subject. Saying that a nation has broken its treaty is like calling a man a liar, and before doing either

one should be prepared to fight. Schiff here lauds me for the stand I have taken. I believe that Russia is grateful, and the country at large has been saved from making itself ridiculous. I seem to be the only person who has gained any reputation by the act and that was forced on me by my enemies."

"What will the result be now?" asked Mr. Harry Taft.

"Nothing. I don't terminate the treaty until the expiration of a year. The Russian government will continue to issue passports to whom it pleases to that time, and then there will be no treaty and she will continue to issue passports as she is doing now; only, there being no treaty, we will have no cause for complaint. Yes, we will honor passports to Russians, the same as we do now, and sooner or later I suppose we shall get another treaty and possibly secure more liberal terms. But we will never get any concessions until there is a new and more liberal Douma. Strange as it may seem, the government and government officials are much more liberal than the Douma. We would have no trouble with the Czar's people, but they don't dare to go contrary to the wishes of the Douma."

Mr. Bannard had been invited to breakfast to tell what he thought of Colonel Roosevelt's attitude. He is very close to the Colonel and quite as loyal to him as he is to the President. The President has his own way of diving into subjects. He said:

"Well, Ban, old man, how's the Colonel?"

"He is pretty well," said Mr. Bannard, "but pretty busy."

"I can't make him out," said the President. "I don't believe he wants to run this time, do you?"

"I don't think he will run, but he has not taken me into his confidence—for obvious reasons, as you can see, Will. I think I know what is in his mind, however. What he would do if there was a certainty I do know, but he will

be unwilling to enter the race this time, with such a handicap as he would have should he take the nomination away from you. I know that the whole plan was so to discourage you as to cause you to decline to permit your name to go before the Convention. If they could get such a confession of weakness from you, then the Colonel would go after the nomination and make the fight. But if you do not voluntarily back out, he will not accept the nomination, no matter how much he is pressed. He expects you to be defeated, and to be renominated and elected four years hence."

"That is my opinion, too," said the President.

"Of course, he has not yet said he would not accept the nomination under any conditions this time, for there are many contingents which may happen. You might die, you know, Will; or you might be ill, in which case the Colonel would certainly accept the nomination. But I am sure he will not make any effort to seize the nomination if you are before the Convention."

"Well, I am of the opinion that he will take it if he can get it," said Mr. Harry Taft.

"No, you are wrong, Harry," said Mr. Bannard. "I don't think he will want the President elected, but that is as far as I would go."

I left them still harping on the Colonel and went to see Melville Stone, who had an engagement at nine with the President. He doesn't like to be kept waiting, but to-day he was in a good humor. He heard a guffaw from the breakfast room, and he said to me:

"Butt, I would give all the wealth of the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts if I could laugh like that after such a night as we had last night."

The President spent the morning in the house, seeing politicians galore and coming to the conclusion that things were not so bad in New York as he had been led to suppose

they were. He had a conference with Barnes, the boss from Albany, and reached the conclusion that the latter was against him, but would rather see him nominated than run the chances of letting in his arch enemy, Roosevelt.

Brisbane, the editor of the New York *American*, lunched with the President. In the afternoon we went to a corner-stone laying at the Lighthouse for the Blind, where Miss Holt, who has done such marvelous work in this direction, made a speech which was quite heart stirring.

I spent the morning shopping with Mathilde Townsend, now Mrs. Peter Gerry, and we had such fun doing the shops. We drove to the Plaza and then talked and met a lot of people we knew.

Washington, D. C.,
December 21, 1911.

We reached Washington this morning while it was still dark. It is the shortest day of the year, and it was hardly light when we got to the White House at twenty minutes to eight. It had been raining, and the city was covered with a heavy fog.

We attended a very delightful dinner given at the Waldorf by the Automobile Club. There were over a thousand diners, and most of them were millionaires. The President made a semi-humorous speech, which was well received. When he gets started in a light vein he is always good. The German ambassador had a bad cold and spoke only a few minutes, for which we were all devoutly thankful. He is one of the most wearisome speakers we have to listen to. The speech of the evening was delivered by Patrick Francis Murphy. Not a lawyer, only a leather manufacturer, but one of the most delightful after-dinner speakers of the period. We ought to have left earlier for the Republican Club dinner, but we had heard so much of Murphy that we decided to remain, and he was inserted just after the German ambassador.

The President has come back feeling very hopeful. He and I returned alone to the White House, and I went in to breakfast with him, as the family were not up and he hates to be alone at the breakfast table. He was just telling me of the good that such a trip does him politically and that in this instance he felt it was of incalculable good to him.

"Mr. President," I asked, "what do you think of the Western trip? Was it a failure, as many seem to think, or has it been of any value to you politically?"

He laid down his knife and fork and, after looking at me for a minute, said:

"Archie, I think that trip was the greatest thing I have ever done from a political standpoint, and, next to going to the Philippines, the most important single decision I have made. That trip, if it did not dispel and break up the whole insurgent movement which was aimed at me, at least demonstrated to the country how weak it was and that there was no substance for any of the claims which the leaders of it were making. It was a great success, and we will hear more of it within the next four months than we did even while we were on the road."

I laughed and said: "Well, if that is the case, I don't mind being knocked out by it. I only resented being made ill and seeing no good result from it."

ARCHIE.

The President as a Shopper

Washington, D. C.,
December 22, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

The President fairly loves shopping expeditions. He forgets all about politics and business, and I even think the Colonel gets off his mind somewhat. We only go to jewelry and book stores, and this time we confined our-

selves to one of each. He does not know it, but I go downtown in the morning and make a selection along general lines, so that when he arrives in the store they have just what fits the occasion.

Yesterday afternoon, for instance, he bought gold cigar cutters, gold pencils, and gold pens for his cabinet, even buying a gold knife for Secretary MacVeagh. He prides himself upon not being superstitious, but when I suggested that his secretary ought to send him a penny, he added on his card:

"Send me a penny in full payment for this knife lest your democratic principle gets the better of you and we quarrel."

He picked out the *The Life of Cecil Rhodes* for John Hays Hammond and *The Life of Whistler* for Mrs. Townsend, and when I asked him if he wanted to send a book to Clarence Edwards, he said of course he did, and at my suggestion sent him a new book, rather scurrilous in its character, called, *Mad Rulers, Raging Magistrates and Submissive Subjects*, by Rapapport. He called to me to look at what he was writing:

To Clarence with love from One of Them

When I remonstrated with him yesterday for his extravagance, he said:

"Well, I suppose I am spending too much, but Christmas is a perfect delight to me since I have been President. To be able to buy what you want without feeling that you are committing a crime is a joy I have never had before. So let's be extravagant while we can, eh, Nellie?"

And Mrs. Taft, for the conversation took place at the dinner table, agreed with him but said:

"You don't need much encouragement to spend money, but I like to see you do it, for you have a lot of fun doing it."

Good-night.

ARCHIBALD.

Taft Predicts His Reëlection

Washington, D. C.,
December 29, 1911.

Dear Clara:

We are leaving again to-morrow for Philadelphia and New York. At Philadelphia we attend a luncheon given in Wanamaker's store and thereby go into the advertisement business. We reach New York in time to attend the much advertised and much discussed Peace Banquet.

There has been a good deal of discussion whether the President should attend it or not. Colonel Roosevelt has declined to be present, writing a long letter attacking the entire peace proposition as arrant hypocrisy and pointing at the abrogation of the Russian treaty in support of his argument. He says that here was an opportunity to display the peace-loving qualities so much vaunted by the present Administration. He seems to have a good deal of right on his side. That we should have deliberately broken a treaty with Russia purely for political effect, when it could have been referred to the Hague Tribunal, seems a little inconsistent; but this discussion is liable to continue *ad infinitum*, and there is no use to prolong it here. The discussion has not lessened the breach between the President and the Colonel.

Wednesday we attended a meeting of scientists at the National Museum, and on our drive back the President broke the silence between us, as we neared the White House, by giving me a resounding slap on my leg and exclaiming:

"Archie, I am going to be renominated and reëlected."

"I have never had any doubt of it," I said, lying like a trooper, "but why do you feel so optimistic now?"

"Well, everything seems to be coming my way, as they

say in slang phrases. The only contingent which may block it is the nomination of Roosevelt, and I don't believe he can be nominated. He will not dare to take it as long as I am in the field, for he will not underestimate my friends in this country. He will be forced to support me also. If he does not, he will be charged with my defeat in case I fail to be elected, and should I be elected he will get none of the credit for it. That's how I read the signs."

As I left the big portico to go home to shift into a fancy dress for the Draper ball, I could not help smiling, for only that morning I had a call on the telephone from Mabel Boardman. She wanted to tell me of a letter she had written to the President only the afternoon before. In it she had told the President that he must stop showing his depression, but must appear optimistic whether he felt so or not, for his half disconsolate statements were having a depressing effect on the electorate—and so on. All of which is pretty sensible, as you can see, and is mighty good advice. Mabel is a splendid friend, and her advice is usually pretty sound.

Good-night. With love,

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XCII

CAPTAIN BUTT'S DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE

Washington, D. C.,
December 31, 1911.

DEAR CLARA:

We started for New York at four and reached there at six. We dressed on the train and so had an hour to ourselves at the Waldorf where the banquet was to be held. John Temple Graves met us at the Union Station and

escorted us to the hotel, and there the President and I were locked, as it were, in a room.

The cards hadn't come, and there was no plot of the seating, and Temple Graves said that the secretary was a Roosevelt man who was trying to make the dinner a failure, and the secretary said that the dinner was a failure because the Colonel was not there, and so the Kilkenny fight went on until eight o'clock, when he finally got seated. The hotel was in a state of siege, as it was reported that an effort would be made to break up the dinner by the same people who succeeded in breaking up the meeting in Carnegie Hall only a few nights before. There were rumors that the hotel was filled with Roosevelt men who had taken rooms there as guests. I was told officially not to be annoyed if a demonstration were started, for the police and secret service men had forty officers dressed as guests scattered through the banquet hall, prepared to handle any persons who attempted to interrupt the proceedings.

In the meantime the President was walking up and down the room absolutely by himself, except when I went in to report that the dove of peace was getting her feathers straightened as best she could. He said to me:

"It is very hard to take all the slaps Roosevelt is handing me at this time, Archie. Everyone wants me to answer his last attack on the peace treaties, in which he practically calls me a hypocrite. If it were anyone else I would know just what to do, but I can't get into public rows with him. He knows that, and he has me at a disadvantage. I don't understand Roosevelt. I don't know what he is driving at except to make my way more difficult. I could not ask his advice on all questions. I could not subordinate my administration to him and retain my self-respect, but it is hard, very hard, Archie, to see a devoted friendship going to pieces like a rope of sand."

He was in the depths, and there was nothing for me to say. I cannot talk against the Colonel. I think his position is wrong at this time, but the fault is not all on his side. The President has done what he should do publicly, but I think he has been greatly at fault in the past. He has talked against the Colonel, speaking slightingly of him in private, and all these remarks have been repeated. There was a lot he could have done at the beginning.

Good-bye. With love and a heartfelt prayer that you will have a Happy New Year,

As ever,

Your devoted brother,

ARCHIE.

Padding the Figures at a Reception

Washington, D. C.,
January 2, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

I have lived through yesterday and feel that I have qualified for the season. It was like two or three test rides all rolled into one. Here is the day:

With the help of Frank Cheatham, I made ten gallons of eggnog between eight and half-past ten in the morning. Then donned full-dress uniform and presented by name over four thousand persons to the President and pushed four thousand more by him. Returned home and prepared for a reception at my own house, and between five and seven received over three hundred friends. Dined at eight with John Gibbons and his wife, who came from Annapolis, and at eleven went to a ball at the Meyers', and finally got to bed at two. Dr. Morgan came by at half-past seven to see how I stood the strain, and his only comment was:

"You are a marvel, that is all I have got to say."

There is no good to invite anyone in Washington if you do not expect them to come. At least, it is so in my case.

I did not miss a single person I asked, and most people brought others with them. I had the ten gallons of eggnog and thirty quarts of coffee and vanilla cream. At seven there was not a glass of nog left, and only two quarts of the coffee had been consumed, and practically no vanilla at all. There were three black women in the kitchen sending up hot biscuits with Smithfield ham between them as fast as they could be cooked. The supply was limitless, or else they would have given out very early.

Mathilde Townsend, now Mrs. Peter Gerry, poured the eggnog, and Helen Taft served the ice. I have never seen Mathilde looking so beautiful. Justice Holmes said it was worth fighting his way through the crowd just to get a glimpse of her.

I did not know I had asked so many people, but I did not see a person I could have left out. I only asked a very few officers, only my intimate friends, but the whole of the smartest set was here and made a brilliant assembly. The President told me what Justice Holmes had told him of it and said that several people had remarked how everyone loved to come to my house. Of course, my official connection with the President has a good deal to do with it, but I don't think that has all to do with it. I am forced to think that the people whom I meet officially learn to like me personally, and then my home is lovely and natural, and I also have good things to eat. At any rate, I came out of it pretty well.

Not so with the President. He was utterly worn out after his day, and while he was greatly pleased with the crowd which turned out to shake his hand, still he suffered greatly from fatigue later. It was one of the largest receptions I have ever seen at the White House on New Year's. I thought it was going to be very small. It was on the cards to be so, it seemed to me, and so I whispered to Wheeler, one of the secret service men who was standing

near me, to send Dunn, the usher, who was checking up the people as they passed by means of an automatic machine. I gave him some message, and while he was away I told Wheeler to take the counting machine and run the figures up a thousand. Dunn did not take enough interest to see how many had passed in line during his absence. So no one was the wiser except Jimmy Sloan, who is still jealous for the Roosevelt Administration. When he heard me tell the President that over eight thousand had passed, he began to suspect something and also began to figure. He said that not more than forty persons could pass to the minute when unannounced, and that with the presentation not more than twenty or twenty-five could possibly pass in line.

So it went out that the President had held the largest reception ever held in the White House on New Year's Day, even greater than the first one which President Roosevelt held after the death of McKinley. But it was a tremendous reception, nevertheless, and even without the padding it would have gone to upwards of eight thousand, whereas last year there were only fifty-five hundred in line, and the year before that something like six thousand.

ARCHIBALD.

A Round of Dinners

Washington, D. C.,
January 10, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

I went to a large dinner this evening at the Country Club, given by the Hitts, and remained to the ball later. I sat next to Mrs. Thomas, who is visiting Mrs. Townsend. I think her husband settled some millions on her at the time of the separation, and he has recently failed for a large amount of money, so I was told last evening.

January 11, 1912.

The President has been confined to his room all day, but intends to go out to a dinner given at the MacVeaghs' this evening. The MacVeaghs always have wonderful dinners and marvelous guests, usually imported from Chicago and New York. They have a great organ in the house, and the lighting is good, and it is quite worth while to go there occasionally. She is such a dear old lady.

I don't think the President ought to go. I think he is going more to put a stop to disquieting reports than anything else. This morning all sorts of rumors were sent out as to his health. I went by this afternoon and sat with him for a time. He told me that he left Mrs. Taft's room last night and slept in his own, and kept the windows down and in consequence slept better. Mrs. Taft believes in sleeping in an ice box, but what is good for her may kill the President.

It has been snowing off and on for the past week, and none of it has melted, and the other night we had a sleet storm, and so everything is as slippery as a glass floor covered with grease.

January 12, 1912.

The MacVeaghs' dinner was the most brilliant private dinner I have ever seen in my life. Not only is this my opinion, but that of the President also, for coming back in the motor he remarked that he had never seen such a brilliant setting.

The house was built solely with the idea of entertaining, and it certainly did its duty last evening. The guests were gathered from Washington, New York, and Chicago. There were thirty-six guests, and every woman wore a tiara. The only poor people there were the President and Mrs. Taft, General Edwards, Professor Emory, and myself. I sat between two coronets of diamonds, the millionaire widow from New York, Mrs. Stickney, and Mrs.

Chauncey Blair. Mrs. Stickney is a real person, sweet, unaffected, who was once poor and to whom wealth does not seem to make much difference. Mrs. Blair is very literary. She goes in for the occult and has marvelous incidents to relate.

The President sat between Mrs. MacVeagh and Mrs. Marshall Field. Going home we discussed the dinner. Mrs. McCagg, who is an intimate friend of the family of Tafts, remarked that Governor Bass, the young Benedict of New Hampshire, had asked her some questions about the President's early life and that she had said she could tell the governor all about him from the days of his pantalettes. Later we reached Mrs. Field, and the President remarked that her tiara of diamonds looked for all the world like a coal scuttle.

The Whitelaw Reids were there, and so were the Kohlsaats. The table was laid in the main dining hall. There were no lights on the table, but the whole room was lighted by screened lights from the ceiling. The decorations were largely huge crystal balls set on top of wonderful network of bronzes. It was these balls which started Mrs. Blair talking of supernatural things in general. For five years in her life she was a wonderful medium, and then the gift left her and passed into her trained nurse, and remained with the latter for one year and either passed off into space or, as she believes, into someone else.

The second, or overflow, table, was laid on a platform built in a conservatory, which forms a part of the dining room. This table was lighted by splendid candlesticks.

To-day I went to the White House to a luncheon given in honor of the Whitelaw Reids. There were twenty-four people present, and Mrs. Taft had failed to have envelopes made out for the men showing the lady each was to escort to the dining room. After the entrance of the President

and Mrs. Taft and the presentations, the President turned to me and asked:

"Whom do I take in?"

I at once brought over Mrs. Reid, and asked Mr. Reid to take out Mrs. Taft. No one else budged, and I saw what a fix they were all in. I stepped up to each man and told him whom to escort out. Mr. Henry White said to me after luncheon that he did not see how it was possible for me to remember all that in my head and wondered how I could do it. I did it, of course, by making some mistakes, which no one noticed. I sent Huntington Wilson out ahead of Senator Newlands, but Mrs. Newlands ahead of Mrs. Wilson. Another time I shall not be caught napping, but will be certain that cards are properly made out or else study the situation before the President enters, when there is no time to solve these little formalities.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Roosevelt's Hostility Becomes More Definite

Washington, D. C.,
January 13, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

Last night I dined with Mrs. Leiter, the dinner being given in honor of the Bakhmeteffs. She has such a marvelous respect for court life gathered from her visits to her son-in-law, Lord Curzon, and the Marquis of Suffolk and another aged aristocratic son-in-law by the name of Campbell, that she placed me far above where I belonged, owing to my position with the President. I sat ahead of the Chief of Staff and at a place equal in rank with Mr. Reid, our ambassador to England. I was between Mrs. Leonard Wood and Mrs. Townsend.

Just before dinner General Wood came up to me and said before several people standing there:

"Behold the only exception to the new order from the War Department!"

I asked him what he meant, and, though I knew well enough, I wanted him to say.

"Haven't you seen that all officers who have been here four years are ordered back to their old stations or regiments, but there was no question of including you?"

"You are perfectly at liberty to relieve me whenever the President permits," I said, "but it so happens in this case that I do not come under the orders, as I will not have been here four years until some time in April."

And now for the real importance of this letter. I saw Hilles after he and John Hays Hammond had left the President in the afternoon. He came out looking pretty glum and whispered to me to go to the basement with him for a minute, and then told me that the President had sent for him to learn just what he had found regarding the position of Colonel Roosevelt. The resignation of Bob Bacon as Ambassador to France has brought things more or less to a head, for the President believes that he resigned at the suggestion of Colonel Roosevelt.

Hilles said he told the President he did not know whether the Colonel was out for nomination for himself or merely to defeat the President, but he felt that the lines were pretty closely drawn. He said he had got Secretary of War Stimson to go twice recently to Oyster Bay and sound the Colonel out on the subject, and that both times Stimson had returned and reported that the Colonel was as hard as nails and utterly implacable. He dates his animosity to the President personally from the filing of the Steel suit in which he was named, thanks to that marplot Wickersham. I then told Hilles what Alice had told me about leaving the President. I said that the message came from the Colonel and that it was for me to get out, and to do so before the nomination. Hilles said that others who had been closely

associated with the Colonel in the past had received the same warning.

"There is going to be great bitterness between the two before and during the Convention, and I think the Colonel wants to notify his old friends that they had better be prepared for the fight to the finish, for no one can remain neutral during the next few months."

My position is perfectly clear to me. I would not ask to be relieved from the President now if my whole life was at stake. My devotion to the Colonel is as strong as it was the day he left, but this man has been too fond of me for the past three years to be thrown over at this time and having it sent all over the country that another Roosevelt man reads the handwriting on the wall and gets out of the sinking ship, or some other such mixed metaphor.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XCIII

TAFT NOT HOPEFUL ABOUT ROOSEVELT

Washington, D. C.,
January 15, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

The luncheon yesterday at the Longworths' had some very interesting and some very sad features. I took in to lunch Mrs. Douglas Robinson. She and I discussed every phase of the trouble between her brother, the Colonel, and the President. I found only a great sadness in her mind—no resentment, no bitterness, only a deep regret that things should have turned out as they have. She left in my mind, however, the impression that the breach was irrevocable and that the Colonel would never forgive the President for

introducing or allowing his name to be introduced into the Steel suit.

"When I think of the old days at the White House and how these two men seemed to love one another, it makes me very unhappy to think of the great chasm which lies between them now. How they would get together and talk and discuss matters! And I remember the way their laughs would mingle and reverberate through the corridors and rooms, and Edith would say: 'It is always that way when they are together.'"

After a while I said:

"If the Colonel could only see them as I have seen them, he would understand and his heart would be moved for his old friend."

"Oh, Major Butt," she said, "it is too late now. If it had not been for that Steel suit! I was talking with Theodore only last week, and he said that he could never forgive."

"Of course you know," I said, "that the President never saw that suit until it was filed."

"Yes," she said, "and Theodore knows that, and that in his eyes is the worst feature of the case—that such a thing could have been done without his knowledge."

That same afternoon I went walking with the President and told him that Mrs. Robinson had sent her love to him, and then I told him as much of the conversation with her as I thought he ought to know. He told me it was beautiful of me to have put the case as I had done, but he feared the breach was beyond healing.

"I am afraid he has been looking ever since he came back from Africa for some excuse to hang his open hostility upon, and of course this thing had to happen. I have not played in much luck during this administration, Archie. He would understand if he wanted to understand, but this is just what he wanted to happen, and, as it has always

been with him, his luck did not fail him. It must be awful for our mutual friends, for Meyer, Stimson, and yourself, because I fear things are going to become very bitter before long. But, Archie, I am going to defeat him in the Convention. He may defeat me for reëlection, and he probably will, but I think I will defeat him in the Convention."

We walked for nearly an hour, and he talked much, and I talked much, but the above was what he put in concrete form.

ARCHIBALD.

Preparing for the Duke of Connaught

Washington, D. C.,
January 23, 1912.

MY DEAR CLARA:

We are in the midst of entertaining, if not actual royalty, at least, "near royalty." The Duke of Connaught, as an afterthought, has decided to come to Washington to pay his respects to the President. He and the Duchess and Lady Patricia at first intended only to go to New York to be entertained by the Reids, and the trouble arose when they invited the Secretary of State and Mrs. Knox.

The Secretary wanted to go, and so did Mrs. Knox, but the officials—the old stuffed birds and fish of that department—wagged their heads or their tails, it makes no matter which, and said that the secretary could not possibly accept an invitation to meet the Duke, as he had not been to Washington to pay his respects to the President. The President did not see why that was important at all and thought it drawing a very fine line. At any rate, the secretary declined, and then it got into the newspapers and finally reached the Duke through that source or else through representations from the embassy here.

Ambassador Bryce called on the President yesterday afternoon and notified him that the Duke was coming, and could he receive him? It was published in an afternoon paper, and by night time the whole of social Washington was in a tremor of excitement. Say what we will and be ashamed of it as we may, the arrival of the humblest member of the Royal Family of Great Britain puts us in a quiver, while we don't seem to give a damn for the German, Italian, or other foreign princes who come and go. The whole of the great city of New York will revolve around the few days' visit of the Connaughts, and until he has been to Washington and gone hence we will all of us be in a state of suppressed excitement. And it takes a good deal to excite Washington.

Now, as to some of the inside facts and how the arrangements have been perfected. While it may seem to you that I am blowing my own horn somewhat louder than I should, still, I am rather proud of the part I played in it also.

Chandler Hale, the third Assistant Secretary of State, came by to see me this morning before I was out of bed to say for God's sake to come to the State Department and help settle the question as to how the Duke was to be received. I did so, but not until I had seen the President and told him what I thought should be done and got his consent. I asked him what he thought of an escort, and he said that when he traveled around the world incognito escorts had been inflicted on him, and he saw no reason why the Duke of Connaught should not take his medicine in like manner. Then I went over to the State Department and—well, it was too laughable for words. Secretary Wilson could not say anything until he had sent for old Adee and Hale, and then, when we had all assembled, he said most sententiously:

"Now, gentlemen, we will take up this question in a purely academic manner and settle just what should be

proper honors and what would not be proper honors to pay the distinguished gentleman visiting the President incognito. Remember all other nations are looking on."

I insisted in the first place that he was not incognito, that he could not be incognito to the President—unofficial and informal as you will, but never incognito to the President. I finally asked for a stenographer and offered to dictate what the President had suggested saying that they could then discuss the matters and that the President would be willing to defer to any changes they might suggest. This pleased them mightily. I then set forth my own ideas, paragraph by paragraph, beginning on the theory that his official visit did not begin until he reached the embassy, but that the President's personal aide (that's me, as we say in Georgia) should meet him at the station and welcome him in the name of the President and accompany him to the embassy. Later he was to be escorted with two troops of cavalry from the embassy to the White House and back again.

The details of the reception in the White House I also worked out at length, including a tea in the Red Room, to which Mrs. Taft should invite the wives of the cabinet officers and their husbands, and finally the President's return call on the Duke, accompanied by his personal aide again.

They had a terrible time reconciling the escort of cavalry with an unofficial visit of a dignitary and suggested that, instead of the escort, the cavalry should be drawn up inside the White House grounds and the band should play the British National Air as the Duke entered the grounds. I agreed to this compromise and even consented to cut out the return visit at the insistence of Wilson. Then I took a copy, as soon as it was finished, to the White House, and here the fun of the morning really began.

Hilles met me and said the President wanted me in the

Cabinet Room at once, and I, still wearing my riding boots and a rather shabby riding suit, entered and stood before the lot of them. Their faces were very stern, and the President said:

"Major, the Cabinet wants to ask you a few questions which I hope you will be able to answer."

"I will try to do so," I said, saluting, but secretly frightened out of my polished boots, for I did not know what they wanted of me. I knew I had been talking rather freely of Hitchcock's supposed treachery to the President and had not hesitated to tell Secretary Meyer and Justice Lurton and a few others that the President should fire him out of the Cabinet bodily and disgrace him in the manner of doing it. Hitchcock was there, and his eye, I thought, never left my face.

Well, I thought, old fellow, if they ask me if I have ever discussed you, I will have a fine story to tell, at least. I had rather nerved myself up to saying what I really thought of Hitchcock, when the Secretary of War said, most solemnly:

"Major Butt have you any objection——" and Meyer asked if he did not think it would be better to put me under oath, and the President said no, that they could take my word for what I had to say, that he himself believed what I said.

"Well, then," continued Stimson (and I always thought Stimson to be rather a good friend to me), "have you, Major Butt, any objection to telling us what you know about the reception of royalty in a democratic country?"

I saw the joke, but did not pretend to see it and answered promptly:

"I thought you might want such information, sir, so I have prepared a memorandum here which will answer all your questions, if you will glance over it."

Everyone looked somewhat sheepish. Even old Hitch-

cock, a perfect fish at best, giggled, and the President answered:

"Well, gentlemen, I think he has got you this time."

And then, turning to me, he asked me what was the gist of the memorandum, and I told him paragraph by paragraph, and when I reached the matter of the escort, he said:

"I will not have it done that way. It looks as if I were sitting here in state, having cleaned house and waiting to receive. You seem to have given all the honors to me, whereas it is to my friend Arthur to whom I wish to pay whatever honor I can command from the government."

I took some malicious pleasure, for Knox was listening carefully to all that was said, in remarking that it was the State Department who wished to cut out the escort. Then I got to the paragraph that Mrs. Taft would serve tea and ask only the wives of the cabinet officers and their husbands.

"It seems that we are incognito also," said Knox.

The President asked if I would take more than one White House car, and I said it would be better to take more than one, as the Reids might come over and I would have to be prepared for them.

I went to the embassy and showed the ambassador the program, and he was mightily pleased, of course, and thought it was an honor the Duke did not deserve, considering his visit here was, after all, merely an afterthought.

When I went back, the President showed me a letter he had just received from the Duke beginning "My dear Mr. Taft"—as he had found himself so near to Washington he would run down and pay his respects to the President, as he intended to do early in April. He then said one or two more inconsequential things and signed it "Arthur." His handwriting is beautiful.

Now to another topic: I was pleased to see Hitchcock smiling in Cabinet Meeting, for yesterday it was all tears. For some time he has been behaving in such a manner that every intimate friend of the President felt he should be kicked out of the Cabinet. Justice Lurton met me Sunday and said if the President did not kick him out he would lose every friend he had. I wanted to tell the President this, but did not do it for the reason that yesterday I never saw him once. He and Hitchcock were closeted secretly at the White House the entire afternoon. Everybody about the White House thought, of course, it was the end, and bets were laid that by night his resignation would be accepted. The President sent word over to have all the newspaper men meet him at the office at five fifteen o'clock and I put five dollars with Sloan that Hitchcock was out.

I was surprised to learn that what the President wanted with the newspaper men was to assure them of Hitchcock's loyalty and his perfect faith in him.

Hilles almost wept when he heard of it. Later, just before seven, I went into the office, and Hilles was sitting by the President, looking like a thunder cloud, and the President's eyes were red, and it certainly looked as if he himself had been weeping a little. Of course he is in an awful predicament. Hitchcock owns all the Southern delegates, and if he lets Hitchcock out of his cabinet he is practically beaten for his renomination, and if he leaves him in it means humiliation for him and the gross misjudgment of his friends.

Hitchcock insists that he is loyal, and the President pretends to believe him; but, as Hilles says, if anybody was to give out a statement, why not Hitchcock? Why should the President vindicate a charge against his political good faith and honor? It is all queer and mixed up, and I am too tired to go farther into the matter. Jimmy Sloan

says he thinks the President is an easy mark, and I think so too. Good-bye.

Hastily,
ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XCIV

THE WHITE HOUSE ENTERTAINS ROYALTY

Washington, D. C.,
January 27, 1912.

MY DEAR CLARA:

His Royal Highness, the Duke, has come and gone, leaving everything in a flutter. I was pretty tired after his reception, for all morning I was busy with the details, and all the afternoon was spent with him and his party in one way or another, and then we had a big dinner at the Slaters' in the evening. Yesterday I was busy the entire day dictating the detailed account of his visit in order that there may be some record in the future by which those who come after me, or else the State Department, may be guided in matters of this kind.

The President did his part with wonderful grace and ease. It seems rather strange, when I look back, that I am not conscious of one mistake he has ever made in these matters of social etiquette. It seems inborn in him to do the right thing just at the right time—never too much or too little.

I wrote you of the ridiculous efforts we made to find the records of the visit of Prince Henry and of the contentions between the State Department and myself as to the program to be followed. Last night the British ambassador received a cable from the King, signed George—so Archie Kerr tells me—expressing himself as personally delighted that the reception went through with such smoothness

and that his uncle had been received with such dignity. It was not an official cablegram, but a personal one to the ambassador, and Kerr tells me that the whole embassy was aflutter with delight because His Majesty had so personally endorsed the whole matter.

It was old Bryce who telegraphed direct to the Duke of Connaught that it would be impossible for him to visit this country without coming to Washington to pay his respects to the President. "Old Bunny," as the embassy staff always speak of the ambassador, is truly a marvelous and brave old gentleman. He is not afraid to speak his mind to the whole Royal House, and does so whenever he pleases. He is such a dear old gentleman that he is beloved not only in Washington but throughout the entire country. His predecessors were men who were rather more popular in what is known as the "Smart Set" of Washington and New York, but outside of this little coterie neither Durand nor Pauncefote was known. Durand was hardly known even in this set.

The ambassador came up to me last night at the dinner at the MacVeaghs' and thanked me personally for what he knew I had done, and he confidentially told me that the records of the embassy would contain the part that I played in it. This is rather satisfactory, in a way, but as these records will never be known it is more interesting to me to feel that the dignity of our own government was properly upheld.

But I began this letter more to tell you about the Duke's visit than to give you a long dissertation of my own, for I know women clamor for the details as to how royalty appears. For instance, when I met him at the train and clicked my spurs together and bowed, then coming to a salute, he promptly held out his hand, and while I was making my little speech to him for the President, he retained it, and when I concluded he patted me on the hand

and expressed his great appreciation for the kind welcome which the President had sent through me.

I know you would like to know what I said and how I said it, and if I kept up the honor of the family. Well, I am conceited enough to think I did. I went through the usual obsequious bows one generally makes to royalty, and then I said:

"Your Royal Highness, the President bids me welcome you in his name to the Capital of the United States, and he directs me further to say, sir, that what little honor your brief visit permits him to offer you, is merely an evidence of the high esteem in which he holds your country, your family, and yourself."

By the time I had finished my remarks and he his there had gathered about us in the station a perfect swarm of photographers. Before the arrival of the train the station master had told me that he had kept them all out of the station, and I asked the ambassador what his wishes were in the matter, and he said that he thought the Duke would not object in the least to their presence. This is just what Archie Kerr had said the day before, when I told him of the great pressure which was being made to give the big dailies an opportunity to snap His Royal Highness.

"You don't know the Royal House, old chap," said Kerr. "There is nothing they like better than being photographed."

So just as we started, I said to the Duke that if he objected to the presence of photographers I would have them cleared away. He said he did not mind and stopped while they took a dozen or more photographs. I was the only one in uniform, as you may have seen. The British ambassador was in civilian dress, and the only members of his staff who were present, Captain Sowerby and Colonel McLaughlin, had followed his lead and had put on frock coats and top hats.

"In fact," Sowerby whispered to me, "it takes two full hours for old McLaughlin to get into his kilts, and we would never have got here if we had waited for him to bind himself up."

McLaughlin is in some Highland regiment. When he appears on state occasions at the White House with his bare legs, he has to beat a retreat, he is such an object of curiosity among our people. And, by the way, did you know that the kilt is worn without any drawers? I never knew it before until Archie Kerr came to live with me. He has both the Kerr kilt and the Robertson kilt, and has worn them twice to fancy-dress balls this winter, though he says his mother would have a fit if she knew that he put them to such base usages. It is almost as bad, he said, as if I were to wear my uniform as a fancy dress.

The Duke chatted with me about a hundred things on the way to the embassy, and so cordial did he appear that I was emboldened to tell him the remark the President made when the question was put to him regarding an escort for him:

"I have traveled around the world as Secretary of War incognito and was always given a cavalry escort, so I think His Royal Highness must take his medicine as I did mine."

The Duke greatly enjoyed this and kept laughing over it.

I left the Duke at the embassy and returned to the White House, where I got the aides in proper shape, and then went to the Red Room, where Mrs. Taft, Helen, and the members of the Cabinet and their wives were kept secluded until after the formal presentation was concluded. During the official audience only the President, the Duke, the ambassador, Chandler Hale of the State Department, and myself were present. The Duke was presented by the ambassador, and the greeting was most

cordial from both. They had rather hard sledding getting launched into some topic of conversation that they could keep up. But at last the President told the Duke that he ought to visit the Panama Canal, and this started the ambassador on the subject of mosquitoes, and he and the President took turns in telling the Duke about various forms of mosquitoes. This they kept going, for fear that there was nothing else to talk about when that topic might be exhausted.

Finally the Duke took the mosquito to South Africa, where he had both at a disadvantage, and then the President got the mosquito as far as Hawaii, where that animal has just landed and where we are trying to stamp him out. The President feared he was making his way to the Orient, and then they all felt that once he was established in China there might not be any more yellow peril. This ended the mosquitoes, and when I saw that things were about to become awkward, I stepped up and, saluting the President, told him that His Royal Highness desired to present his aide and that the ambassador desired to present his embassy staff. On a signal made to one of the aides standing outside with the door just enough ajar to see my signal, the aide and the embassy staff were ushered in.

One thing which I ought to have mentioned above was the discussion of how Mrs. Taft and her guests were to receive the Duke. The ladies of the Cabinet wanted to know if they should courtesy. Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Wickersham courtesy to the President, which irritates him more than anything in the world. They all seemed willing to leave the matter to me. Miss Helen and I had a chat privately on the subject, and she tried to get her mother to express the wish that no one courtesy, as it was not an American custom, and what was not done for the President should not be done for any royalty visiting this country. Her mother was perfectly indifferent in regard to the

matter. In my official records I give her full credit for the decision, though she says she does not care whether they courtesy or not, and secretly I think she thinks it the right thing for women to courtesy to their husbands. But Helen, backed by me, let it be known that she would not courtesy and that it would look rather out of place for any of the cabinet ladies to do so. They all thought it the wish of the President, and so none courtesied when the Duke entered.

I am doing all I can to retain our individual customs. There is no reason in the world why we should be guided by what they do in Europe in such matters, when we have ourselves established our own customs and have been governed by them for years. Europeans in the future, I believe, will begin to adopt more of our democratic social customs, especially as the tide of socialism and democracy rises higher in the Old World.

This part of the program was carried out beautifully. The President asked the Duke if he would join Mrs. Taft in the next room in a cup of tea, and thereupon I opened the door leading from the Blue Room to the Red Room. We did not even use the State Dining Room as the President wanted this part of the program to be very informal. This was a great disappointment to my young aides. To have let them in would have crowded the Red Room so as to make it uncomfortable. I had already arranged how they were to stand as they entered—Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen very near the door through which the President and his Royal guest were to enter, and several feet from them were the Secretary of State, the remaining cabinet officers and their wives, according to their rank. I placed Mrs. Bryce just below Mrs. Knox and ahead of the rest of the Cabinet.

The President, who, as I said before, never makes a "bull" at such times, presented the Duke to Mrs. Taft and then, with fine differentiation, presented his daughter to

His Royal Highness. I then stepped up and asked the Duke if I could present the other members of the party to him. He passed from group to group like any well-bred gentleman and seemed to enjoy himself.

The Duke remained about a half hour, and then his aide asked me how they should take their *congé*—if the President would leave the room or not. I told him it was our custom for the guest to leave, as the President always remained until his last guest had gone. Personally, I think this far more sensible than the European custom, which makes the head of the state quit the room, thus leaving everybody, as it were, hanging by their heels, waiting for some fat old dowager duchess, who is apt to be asleep behind her fan, to make her exit.

As the Duke left, he passed through a line of smart, well-set-up young aides. Four flourishes were sounded, the same number as we give the President, and as his auto proceeded out of the White House grounds the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and he was escorted back to the embassy by a squadron of cavalry. When the Duke entered the grounds the band played "God Save the King."

As soon as the cavalry dispersed, the President, accompanied by me alone, went to pay a return call. He remained closeted with the Duke for fifteen minutes, talking, he said, chiefly about the treaties. The ambassador invited the President to dinner, but he declined, and then I was sounded as to whether he would drop in at the embassy after his dinner, but he would not do it, and added:

"I don't know what has got into old Bryce to think that I would."

The President was charmed with the simple personality of the Duke. When he left the embassy, we dismissed the autos, and he and I strolled back to the White House. He told me in the warmest terms how well everything had

gone through and thought it was due wholly to me. I told him that I knew so well his thoughts by now that I felt that I was merely carrying out his expressed orders.

"That is very nicely put, Archie," he said, "but nevertheless I should have felt very uneasy had things been left to those 'wiseacres' at the State Department."

The most important result of the visit, to my way of thinking, is the established precedent that the courtesy is no longer condoned at the White House. I have put this fact most prominent in my official records, which records will always be consulted on future occasions of this character. I told the President that, if it leaked out, it would be a big political stroke for him, dragging our etiquette back to the simplicity of Jefferson. He said he could forego what politics there was in it, but he certainly hoped that it would not leak out, as there was nothing he disliked so much as newspaper discussions of such matters.

I ought to say good-bye, but I have a few minutes before I go for the President to begin a six days' trip to New York and Ohio, where he hopes to win back those Republicans of his state who have, of late, wandered off the reservation. I am going to spend Sunday at Oyster Bay. I received such a dear letter from Mrs. Roosevelt, and such a kind invitation to come to them some time, that I telegraphed her I would be in New York Sunday and, if convenient to her, would come down by motor for a chat. I think her answer must have been written by the Colonel, it is so characteristic—

Delighted. Will expect you to lunch.

I have told the President I wanted to go, and his reply was:

"Go by all means. It will cheer them, and I know will make you happy."

I am going to make the trip by motor and shall try to sneak in unobserved, but it will be hard to do so, as they

tell me newspaper men are on all the surrounding hills. If it gets out that I have gone to Oyster Bay, you may expect to see an avalanche of lies about my visit, such as carrying secret messages, or else going over to the Roosevelt Camp, and many others of like character. But the President is willing for me to take that risk, and I don't give a hang—so there you are, as I often say when reasoning comes to a full stop.

With love,
ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER XCV

CAPTAIN BUTT VISITS THE ROOSEVELTS

On the road to Cleveland,
January 29, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

We left New York last night and are now on our way to Cleveland and other places in Ohio where the fortunes of the President are still in the balance.

Yesterday was like a leaf out of an old book. I spent the day with Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. They were just the same dear people. The woodwork part of the house has been painted drab instead of red, but otherwise there was no change from the last time I was there. The fireplaces were filled with huge logs which the Colonel cuts down for exercise; the dogs were following one all over the house, and Mrs. Roosevelt was moving in and out like some delicate shuttle, keeping everything in harmony and laughing to herself as she passed—a little trick she has that always keeps her clear cut before my eyes. She has entirely recovered and looks just as young and as lovely as she did the day she left the White House. He greeted me at the door with the same cheery handshake and with his characteristic welcome of:

"So nice of you to come, Archie. This is bully. Now you go in the library with Mrs. Roosevelt, for I have old Jusserand hidden away in the back room."

Then, leaning over and whispering in my ear and hissing it between his teeth:

"He seems to be afraid of being seen, the sly old fox."

Before I could get off my motor coat and get straightened out, Ethel came out. She had just come in from church, where she has a Sunday-school class.

Mrs. Roosevelt thought I was not looking well, but I was frostbitten when I arrived, for I had traveled the miles between New York and Oyster Bay in a motor. I was not hunting notoriety on this trip, although I would not have objected for any reasons of my own to its becoming known. Before the glowing logs I soon thawed out, and we settled down to an old-time gossip, Mrs. Roosevelt asking a hundred questions and I tripping up myself in my haste to tell her of all her friends, from Mrs. Townsend down to Alice, the black scullery maid at the White House.

The Colonel heard us laughing once, and he rushed in and made us repeat what had just been said. He never could stand being left out of a good laugh. Then, turning to Ethel, he took her in his arms and said:

"And how is my sweet little apostle? I'll wager none propounded the Scripture as convincingly as she did today, with her apple red cheeks."

"It is a very good thing that you did not go to church, Father. They sang abominable hymns, and you would have disgraced us all by trying to sing them. None of the old favorites were sung, just new tunes which none of us likes."

My mind traveled back to the last protracted visit I had made them and how they joked the President then for trying to join in "The Spacious Firmament on High." I remember having asked him his favorite hymn and put-

ting down his answer, which I have long ago forgotten, so I asked him again:

"Colonel, what is your favorite hymn?"

He put his finger on his forehead, as if giving an imitation of a man thinking deeply, and said jerkily:

"Archie, I think my favorite hymn is 'Lord, Abide with Me,' that being the nearest mention to patience which I can now recall in the hymnal."

"Why, Father," said Ethel, "you told someone the other day that your favorite hymn was 'Weary of Earth and Laden with My Sin'!"

"Never," said the Colonel, "never! I don't feel laden with sin, and I never have felt laden with sin—have I, Edie? Or if I did say it, I must have been more tired than I knew. But always remember one thing, Ethel, you are blessed with a father who has many opinions on the same subject. Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "I am quite sure that my favorite hymn to-day is 'Abide with Me.' To-morrow it may be 'The Son of God Goes Forth to War,' but to-day it is 'Abide with Me.' I think I will let it stand at that," he said, laughing, and leaned over and kissed his wife and vigorously left the room.

Young Ted and his wife were spending the day there. They came in, and Ted began to discourse on books. He has got a good mind, this youngster, but just at the present time books are a pose, I fear, with him. He has much of his father's manner, rather some of his mannerisms. I was sorry not to have seen Kermit, but he was away, and so were Archie and Quentin.

I asked Mrs. Roosevelt if she thought the French ambassador would like to return by motor with me, and she asked me to ask the Colonel. "For," she said, "he wrote us that he wanted to keep his visit unknown for fear of giving offense to the President."

"Good heavens," I said, "the President would think

nothing of it. Certainly, if I can come here, he can—and such a question never entered my head."

And then I told her how really pleased the President seemed to be when I told him that I wanted to take a day off and to come to Sagamore Hill. I also told her about Mrs. Taft's determination to make the Roosevelt china the White House china and to have no Taft china. She thought, as I did, that this showed a good unprejudiced mind.

We went in to lunch and had the same simple food as Mrs. Roosevelt always gives her family. I said that it was still like a Southern household, and the Colonel apologized to Jusserand for giving him such unsavory dishes for his cultivated palate, but added:

"Our menus are a legacy from my Georgian mother. She taught us to have rice twice a day and hominy every morning for breakfast, and we group simple meats and vegetables around it."

Up to this time the Colonel had not mentioned the President; had not even asked about him. Then the subject of newspapers came up. This prompted me to say:

"When I told the President that I was coming to Oyster Bay, I reminded him that if I were seen all sorts of lies would be circulated and I would be heralded as bearing private dispatches."

The Colonel only said:

"What matters it to you what they say, Archie? I find that most of the things they do say are forgotten the next day, except by the person they are said about, and when they have said as many lies as have been told on me, even the person attacked gets the skin of a rhino."

One incident during the luncheon will amuse you, I am sure. It seems that the telephone had been out of order, and word had been sent to the office to have it repaired. Just before luncheon was over the colored man, one of

those who preferred to work for the Roosevelts in private life than to remain at the White House, said:

"Colonel, the telephone man has been here, sir, and he says you cut down all the trees this morning which had the wires on them, and he said too, sir, that you didn't even pull the wires out after the trees fell."

The Colonel looked guilty as Mrs. Roosevelt began to laugh, but he stopped her quickly by saying:

"Now, Edie, don't you say a word. It was your own fault. You always mark the trees I am to cut down, and you did not do it. No, Edie, you did not do your duty as forester of this establishment, and you ought to be punished, but I will say nothing more about it and not hold you up to scorn before your children if you will let the subject drop once for all."

"It seems to me," said the ambassador, "that no one has said a word but yourself."

"Ah! But you don't know my wife. She has a language all her own. That telephone will never ring now that my wife will not begin to chuckle to herself, and if the cursed thing ever gets out of order, which it most frequently does, she will tell the servant to see if the wires are still up or if the trees are down. No, my dear Mr. Ambassador, people think I have a good-natured wife, but she has a humor which is more tyrannical than half the tempestuous women of Shakespeare."

We went into the big living room after luncheon and grouped ourselves about the fire. We lighted cigars with the exception of Ted, who lighted his pipe, and following his example I slipped into the hall and fished out my briar root, and with apologies to Mrs. Roosevelt continued to smoke and listen to the Colonel for at least two hours. You know, he does most of the talking when he gets started. I felt sorry for Jusserand, for while conversation is a luxury to an Englishman it is a necessity to a French-

man, and the poor little ambassador was as quiet as a mouse most of the time, while the Colonel jumped from subject to subject with the agility of a flying squirrel, and it was as much as one could do to follow him. I asked for a postal card showing Sagamore Hill, and they at once wanted to know why I wanted such a thing. I told them I was living with a very delightful person, a young Scotchman, who, when I told him I would drop him a postal from the West, had said:

"Hang the West. Send me one from Oyster Bay. That is as near as I will ever get to the Colonel."

This interested them, and then I had to describe our household, and Ethel wanted to know if he was getting spoiled like most foreigners in Washington, and I told them that he was quite a sensible youth and only wanted to be let alone, not to be discussed every time he batted an eye or wagged an ear. This description rather amused the Colonel, and he promised to give me the first chance to present Kerr to him.

A number of Roosevelts living in the neighborhood dropped in from time to time, and finally we had to go, the ambassador thinking it was safer to return with me than to risk the station, where most of the newspaper men stand on guard. I convinced him on the way back that he had better let me mention to the President that he was there, for he would think nothing of it, but might regard it as strange if he learned that he had been there and said nothing about it. What struck me as significant was the fact that never once did the Colonel mention the President. Mrs. Roosevelt sent her love to him and told me to express her appreciation of the little sofa he sent her. She showed me where it was. The Colonel heard this conversation, but his only remark to me was:

"Give my best regards to Stimson."

After I was on the porch he brought me back to show

me the lion we gave him at the famous "Tennis Cabinet Dinner," and showed me the names of everyone present which he had had carved around the base of it.

"That wild Gifford promised to have this done, but I could never get him to do it, and so I have taken care of history in the matter myself. You know, Archie, the two things Fitz Lee cannot get over is that ride to Warrentown and this Tennis Cabinet dinner. When he is here, he will not go near the picture and refuses to take any interest in our ride. Mrs. Roosevelt makes all sorts of fun of his jealousy, which he won't even deny, but just grows sullen."

As we left the room together, I said:

"Well, Mr. President——"

"Not that, not that, Archie."

"But, Mr. President," I continued, "you will always be Mr. President to me."

"No, Archie, nothing offends me as much, and you must always address me as Colonel. There is never but one Mr. President. An ex-President is just a plain ordinary citizen, and I especially want my friends to respect my wishes."

They were all gathered on the porch to say good-bye. The dogs were barking and playing around. Everybody had something cheerful to say, and as we passed out of the grounds the ambassador turned to me and said:

"What do you make of it all?"

"He is not a candidate," I said, "but if he can defeat the President for renomination he will do it."

"Exactly my opinion," said the ambassador, and then for the next ninety miles he had his full innings, for if there was one subject he failed to touch upon I cannot recall it.

I did not appear before the Harry Taft family until I did so at dinner, and they were all itching to know what had happened at Oyster Bay. I never mentioned the sub-

ject. Mrs. Taft hinted strongly to me once to tell them something, but I took malicious delight in remaining as dumb as an oyster, even as that biggest of all oysters at Oyster Bay. But going down to the station I gave the President all of Mrs. Roosevelt's messages.

"And the Colonel, Archie?"

"He said nothing, sir. I don't believe he is a candidate, but I simply caught this from the atmosphere; but he will never forgive the Steel Trust suit, in my opinion."

"If he is not a candidate, why is he sending for governors and delegations all the time?"

"It is all a mystery to me," I confessed, "but the fact that he would not send a message to you by me was significant."

I thought I owed it to him to tell him the truth just as it was. We have not spoken on the subject since.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

Two Lavish Dinners at the McLeans'

February 8, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

I am giving a luncheon party to-day, partaking somewhat of the old mixtures which Colonel Roosevelt was wont to bring together at his midday meal. Mrs. Bourke Cockran, Ann Ide of our Philippine days, is visiting Alice Longworth. Yesterday the latter prescribed a luncheon as my part in the entertainment of Ann. My company is most carefully selected, though to an outsider it might look the greatest hodgepodge ever gathered around a board. I started out with a list for quite a conventional and boring lunch. Alice and Ann were the centerpieces, and around them I gruped the Oveys, Winship, and Andrew, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, whom Alice loves

to rag. But last night I learned that Seth Bullock, the two-gun man, as President Roosevelt used to call him, was in town—and, by the way, he called on the President last night and told him that everything in the West is aflame for Roosevelt.

Bullock is the marshal of South Dakota and has brought down several men in his time, though he says he has never killed half the number who tried to kill him. He it was who stood behind Roosevelt when the latter was in Deadwood, with two guns drawn ready to wing the first person who might attempt to interrupt his hero. It seems that Colonel Roosevelt had been warned not to deliver an anti-free silver speech in Deadwood, but he refused to take counsel and announced that it was this heresy he had come especially to attack in the West. This is the way I heard the President describe it, and it was after this that he always presented Seth as his two-gun friend. Well, at any rate, when Colonel Roosevelt sat down he turned to the mayor and said:

"I think they received my speech very well, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't they?" said the mayor. "Seth Bullock has been standing back of you the whole time you were speaking and had warned everyone in town that he would fill full of lead any man who attempted to interrupt you."

The President said he turned round, and there stood Seth with his hands on two guns which were clearly to be seen sticking out of his pockets. He never forgot Seth, and when the time came he made him marshal of South Dakota, and President Taft has kept him in office.

The season is at its height, and invitations pour in on an average of three and four a day. The most remarkable entertainments given during the past week were two dinners and musicales at the home of Ned McLean and his wife. She was Evelyn Walsh, and they live in the handsome home of poor old Tom Walsh, who died just when

life became worth living to him. It's a wonderful house, and they were wonderful parties. It was announced that the Cartier and McLean suit had been called off, and that Evelyn would wear the famous Hope diamond. The dinner party was given for the Russian ambassador, who is Ned's uncle by marriage. Everything was gold. It looked like the reign of gold. The table ornaments were gold and stood so high that no one could see the person opposite him or her. They sent to England for yellow calla lillies, which do not grow here, and from each urn or vase yellow orchids fell like waterfalls. A fountain with yellow lights in the center of the table completed the gold effect.

The first dinner was largely made up of the Diplomatic Corps and very distinguished people, I being among the least distinguished. The second, which followed three days later on Sunday evening, was for the younger people and was much larger. Besides the big round table there were four smaller tables with huge umbrellas over each made up of orchids and lilies, the same as were used for the dinner previous, with wonderful electric effects interlaced in the ribs of the umbrellas.

After dinner the famous Metropolitan Opera singer, Madame Gluck, sang, and there was a tenor, Signor Martin. He has one of those Italian trained voices which I confess to liking more than the voice one gets from the German school. I like the sobbing tenor. After the singing there was dancing both nights, and everything was kept going until early morning.

These are the only entertainments the Ned McLeans have given since their marriage and since the old gentleman's death, and I think they have been sitting up at night planning to eclipse anything ever given in Washington. They succeeded. But as wonderful as the dinners were and the singing and the color scheme, nothing created half as much interest as the Hope diamond. It's a hideous thing

too. It looks like a piece of light blue coal. It was set in a bandeau and worn just above the forehead. Around her neck as a pendant she wore the "Carafe Stopper," as most people call it. It also has some history and is a far more beautiful jewel than the Hope diamond, to my way of thinking.

Well, it is about time for me to dress and look over the luncheon table to see that all is well with the Filipinos to-day. They usually do things nicely, but sometimes they go into a state of coma, and then nothing goes right.

I might have added that the first dinner at the McLeans' cost thirty thousand dollars, and this on direct authority. I don't think the second was as costly, for they used the same decorations, but it could not have been cut down much. At the first there was only one table with fifty guests, at the second there were five tables with nearly a hundred.

Good-bye. If it had not been for Gluck, I am sure my two-gun man and his fellow guests would have given me much more pleasure. But Gluck was wonderful, and one could shut one's eyes to everything and forget all about the Hope diamond and how much everything cost.

Good-bye.

ARCHIE.

CHAPTER XCVI

ON A STROLL WITH THE PRESIDENT

Washington, D. C.,
February 9, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

Well, my luncheon was a greater success than I could have expected, and I am certain the Colonel will be furious when he hears of it, because he was not present. While

given ostensibly for Ann Ide, it turned out that Seth Bullock was the real guest of honor. He and the ambassador kept up such a string of anecdotes that hardly anyone else talked at all. I placed him between Jusserand and Alice. Winship had to get to the office, but the rest remained until after four o'clock. I told Madame Jusserand that I had intended to have her at luncheon with Mrs. Marshall Field and Mrs. Leiter, but she said she was so thankful I had included her in this one, as she felt lost amid millionairesses and much preferred the people I had to-day. My luncheons are getting to be a great fad, and there is hardly an old dame who does not pretend to be angry if she has never been invited.

It looks as if marching orders might be given at any moment for the Mexican frontier. Everything is secret, but everything is in readiness. If anything pops there, Winship will be certain to go, and it is a question whether I will not ask to be relieved to go. Of course I can go if I want to do so, for I don't think the President will hold me back, but it is a question in my mind whether I ought to remain to see this year out with the old man.

The President is looking very badly. I told him I wanted to talk to him about something most important. He told me to fire away, and I spoke to him about his health. He looks terribly. His flesh looks like wax, and his lips are thin, and he is getting those unhealthy bags under his eyes. I begged him to see a specialist, for I felt sure that all his drowsiness was due to some toxin in his system and that during his campaign he would need every bit of vitality to take him through. His response was a slap on the back, followed by:

"Archie, you go to hell! I will not be hauled and pulled about by specialists. Meyer has been talking to you, I know."

Just ahead of us we saw an old Negro walking and stag-

gering and talking to himself. You know how they love to carry on conversations with themselves when under the influence of liquor. We heard him say:

"I wish this here Congress would vote money so we could all get work. I don't like Third Congress nohow."

The President touched my arm and held me back from passing him, evidently much amused by the gibbering of this old darky. He rambled on about how he had paid all his debts 'cept fifty dollars, and if this here Congress would vote some money he would pay 'em all and go back to Virginny. He did not know anyone was near him and even had he seen the President he would not have recognized him, for his head was down and he went staggering as if unconscious of even the street he was on. Finally I heard Jimmy Sloan back of us snicker.

"And this man Taft, I don't like him neither," the old Negro was saying. "He don't do nothin', they say, but travel and spend money. I won't take off my hat to him. They say they will have me 'rested if I doesn't, but I don't care. Roosevelt—well, I don't think much of him, nuther, but they say he knows more 'an old Taft."

The President said: "Is it possible he knows we are here?"

"Not the faintest idea," I said, "but I think he is monopolizing the air of the nation. We might just as well pass him."

Good-night.
ARCHIE.

Another Trip to New York

Washington, D. C.,
February 13, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

We got back from New York and New Jersey this morning. It was a hectic day altogether. We stopped first at

Newark and lunched with ex-Governor Murphy. There we met the political sachems of the state. It was freezing, but the President expressed a wish for an open motor when we started to the Oranges, laying wreaths on every statue of Lincoln we could find. One by Borglum was a remarkable piece of work, for he seemed to reproduce the emancipator as he must have really been. In reality we only laid three wreaths, but that was because we could not find any more Lincolns. Shades of my slave-holding ancestors! If they could have seen the President and me approaching these Lincolns, I usually bearing the wreaths and being snapped at every foot of the way from the motor to the statues!

All this political balderdash is sickening. The President hates hypocrisy, and he always feels like a fool when he is forced to undergo such farcical programs. He has very little sentimentality—indeed, very little sentiment, I sometimes think. I don't suppose he has ever visited his mother's grave since her death; in fact, I know he has not since I have been with him, yet her memory is very dear to him. He always looks foolish when forced to go about hanging wreaths on bronze people's feet and tying them around their chests, but it is a part of the game. He hardly ever makes any complaint, but once yesterday he said:

"Archie, how well McKinley did this sort of thing! He was a born undertaker."

We "did" the Oranges and met hosts of people, all of whom I hear are for Roosevelt in that section of Essex County. But we got away and reached the Waldorf by six, and at seven we were at the banquet given by the Republican Club in honor of Lincoln. There was nothing new; the same old pictures and lists of committees; the menu in French; and the hall decorated with gaudy bunting, and everybody cheering just as they would cheer at a banquet given to Barnum were he alive.

To enumerate the professional diners would be to write here all day, and I want to get through with what I started out to tell you. It concerned Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Low and I have got well acquainted during these past few years, and so we talk politics pretty freely. He said he had gone to Oyster Bay to ask the Colonel just what he did want and his reply was that what he wanted was not to talk politics.

"You know what's going to happen just as well as I do, Low, so we will discuss this book I am reading and not bother our heads about politics."

Mr. Low said he did not know just what he meant, except that he had no idea of taking anybody into his confidence. He supposed he meant, however, that he would be nominated at Chicago without doubt, but he might just as well have meant that he would announce himself not a candidate at the right time and throw his support to the party. He said that only the night before he had met the Colonel at a meeting of the New York Historical Society. The Colonel has just been elected its president, I think he said, but at any rate he talked for three quarters of an hour. Mr. Low said he had never heard the Colonel in a more brilliant vein. He told them of his trip to Europe, and then he repeated this story. I will quote the Colonel second hand, but just as he quoted the Colonel.

"When I met the Kaiser," said the Colonel, "he wanted to know at once what I thought of him, and I did not feel like gratifying him, for my high estimate had been undergoing some change of him during the past year or two, and yet he pressed me from time to time to speak frankly. Finally, when I could escape no longer, I said:

"'Your Highness, I will admit this much. If you lived on our side of the water, you might be able to carry your own ward in a popular election, and that is more than I can say for most of the monarchs I have met over here.'

"The Kaiser laughed heartily, but the remark seemed to sour on his mind before the end of the interview, and he wanted me to explain it, but I told him if he did not understand the implied compliment, then he had no humor, and so it ended."

Another remark the Colonel made during this address, which Seth Low thought worth telling me, was this:

"In fact, gentlemen, I came to the conclusion while in Europe that a constitutional monarch had the same place in govermnent as a perpetual Vice President, and that is rating them pretty low."

Adios.
ARCHIE.

Anxiety among Their Mutual Friends

Washington, D. C.,
February 14, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

The President and I took a long walk in the afternoon. He was most talkative all the way. He could not get Roosevelt off his mind and kept saying that if Roosevelt succeeded in defeating him for the nomination, he [Roosevelt] would be the most bitterly discredited statesman ever in American politics.

"The humiliation which will be meted out to him in November and during the campaign will cause any humiliation I may feel at the convention seem as nothing."

He told me he felt certain that Roosevelt would become in the near future a declared candidate. He believes every story brought to him, from whatever source, and is growing more bitter every hour toward the man who nominated him before. He thinks that the Colonel has no cause for resentment at all, and it is not for me to say now that he is right, for I remember too much in the past. The clash

which must follow between these two men is tragic. It is moving now from day to day with the irresistible force of the Greek drama, and I see no way for anything save divine Providence to interpose to save the reputation of either should they hurl themselves at each other. Their most intimate friends are all mutually intimate with both, and every one of us feels involved in the outcome.

Speaking of clashes, it begins to look as if the long contention between General Wood and General Ainsworth is coming to a head. Ainsworth has at last written a letter to Wood full of insubordination. General Wood has demanded that Ainsworth be brought before a court martial, and the President says he will grant it if Stimson recommends one. It will be a *cause célèbre* if granted, for Wood's reputation, I fear, cannot bear the scrutiny which a court martial will center on him. I believe Ainsworth is deliberately trying to force a court of inquiry or even a court martial in order to bring out the entire trouble for public inspection.

Mrs. McLean did not wear the Hope diamond last evening at dinner, much to the disappointment of everyone there. Even the President expressed the desire to see it. She sat next to me at the table and gave much of the history of the diamond. She says the grandparents have made them promise never to allow the diamond to go near the grandchild. She told me that the jewel had cost Ned just two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and when they offered to give it back to Cartier for something of much less value, the jeweler refused to receive it, for he feared it would bring to his firm some fearful catastrophe. He frankly told Ned and his wife that there were no two such fools as they to be found in the world, who would not only possess the jewel but who would actually pay for its possession. It was this jest which infuriated the McLeans and caused them to try to force it back on Cartier. It will

be interesting to follow its history from now on. If any unhappiness should ensue in the McLean family, it could hardly be charged to the Hope diamond, though of course it would be. Evelyn told me last night she could stand any disaster except being murdered, as some of its former possessors had been, or having the child struck by lightning.

Good-bye.
ARCHIE.

February 20, 1912.

Instead of standing court martial, Ainsworth was allowed to retire, and he now becomes an immune before Congress from any accusation it might make. He knows every scandal which has been in the War Department for the last twenty-five years and knows just what is there. Now that Congress has ordered an investigation, just watch the fur fly.

ARCHIE.

Roosevelt's "Hat Is in the Ring"

Washington, D. C.,
February 21, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

I went walking with the President this afternoon. President Roosevelt had delivered his much advertised speech in Columbus, Ohio, coming out for the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, and the reports show that he had been given an overwhelming reception. When asked if he were to be a candidate he answered:

"My hat is in the ring. I will answer all such questions Monday."

The President had long told me that Roosevelt would be a candidate, and he simply dreaded the issue. I saw that he was worried from the moment we left the White House

and so said hardly a word to him. Finally, as we neared Dupont Circle, he said to me:

"Well, Archie, what do you think of the Recall of Judges as announced by the Colonel to-day?"

"I have always been opposed to the Recall of the Judiciary, Mr. President."

We took a long walk, being out nearly two hours. When we were nearly home he turned to me and stopped and said:

"Archie, I am going to say something which may surprise you, and therefore you must not say anything about it. Do you know those presentiments which sometimes come over one, even against his reasoning? Well, I have a strong presentiment that the Colonel is going to beat me in the Convention. It is almost a conviction with me. I shall continue to fight to the last moment, but when you see me claiming victory, or my friends claiming victory for me, remember that I feel that I am losing a battle and that I am not blind myself, no matter what my friends may put out."

"My presentiment is all the other way," I said, to show some cheerful side.

"No, that is because you want to see me win. But don't think me capable of quitting. I can fight just as well when losing as when certain of victory, and I have made up my mind to answer that speech of Theodore's and answer it in Ohio where he dared to deliver it. He has drawn the line now, and I hope we can keep the fight from becoming personal. He has leaped far ahead of the most radical leaders of the Progressive party, and his heart is not with them, but he deludes himself that he will be able to guide it and stem it when he gets in power. He can't do it. He has gone too far. He will either be a hopeless failure if elected or else destroy his own reputation by becoming a socialist, being swept there by force of circumstances just

as the leaders of the French Revolution were swept on and on, all their individual efforts failing to stem the tide until it had run itself out."

It was a nasty and wet afternoon, and I don't know whether that had anything to do with the President's mood, but I hever saw him quite so pessimistic before.

ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER XCVII

CAPTAIN BUTT DECIDES TO GO ABROAD

Washington, D. C.,
February 23, 1912.

DEAR CLARA:

If my letters suddenly come to an end, it will be because I have gone to Rome for a little holiday. I am completely tuckered out, and the doctor advises me to take a rest, and the President is willing that I should go. As it is between seasons and the only time I can get away, I think I shall take advantage of an invitation from Frank Millet to go to Rome with him. He is at the head of the American Academy at Rome and is compelled to be there on the fifteenth of this month to take over some property Mr. Morgan is donating to the academy. He is sailing on March the second on the *Berlin* and has got me in the mood to go with him. I hate to leave the Big White Chief just at this time, though I will be back before the middle of April.

I have come to the conclusion that if I am to go through this frightful summer I must have a rest now. I drive myself like a steam engine and feel tired all the time. I shall do little in the way of sightseeing. In fact, I think the sight of a train makes me sick. I have written Ed that I doubt whether I will be able to run over to England at all. It

will be an awful disappointment to him, as it will be to me, but I will be somewhat circumscribed on account of finances as well as health. I am trying to pay for this confounded house, and I hate to make a hole in what little capital I have laid by. But I know that the trip will do me good.

I leave Eustace Percy and Winship in the house and so feel all right on that score. But, after all, health is better than money, and feeling fit far above meeting payments on a home. Don't forget that all my papers are in the storage warehouse, and if the old ship goes down you will find my affairs in shipshape condition. As I always write you in this way whenever I go anywhere, you will not be bothered by presentiments now.

I am riding every day and walking miles with the President every afternoon, but I want to get away from all these devilish dinners and banquets. I still have a little toxin poison in my system, and the doctor thinks a sea trip will put me on my feet.

The President is going to make the fight of his life for the nomination, and I want to be with him when he passes the flag or else be somewhat of a support to him should he come in second. I even think that a cessation from these letters will do me good for a time—and think what a rest it will mean to you! When I come back I will take them up with a vim, for the last rounds of the fight will be worth recording, even should we lose.

The Colonel has put himself ahead of any of the radicals, and many of his old friends are falling away from him, but he may be making two for every one he loses. He is a good judge, after all, of the people and may know what they want. The President is going to fling his hat into the ring in Ohio the first part of next month. I wish I could see him do it. He is always at his best when fighting, and I am glad he feels aroused to the necessity of a fight at

last. He is too easy-going and kindly to contend with the political elements, but once aroused he becomes dynamic. You may get a different view of him when he enters for the death grip.

The *Berlin* is a North German Lloyd steamer and takes fourteen days to reach Naples. My address there will be care of the American ambassador. Good-night and good luck. Love to all kith and kin, and believe me,

Always your affectionate brother,

ARCHIE.

P. S. The President told me to-day that both Secretary Meyer and Secretary Stimson had pledged him their support.

I saw Stimson to-day. He said he was going to Chicago next week to make a speech for the President, and added:

"And I am in the hell of a fix."

I think we all are, but it seems to me that our course lies straight before us. No matter how much we may love the Colonel, we must remain true to the President, or else should have left him a month ago. Any other course is full of dishonor and baseness.

Taft Reads Roosevelt's Public Letter

Washington, D. C.,
February 25, 1912.

I was at the White House to-night when the President received the announcement of Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy. There was nothing very dramatic about it, and little to be remembered except the simple way it was received.

Job Hedges and Crawford Hill, the latter from Denver, were spending the night at the White House. Mrs. Taft ordered dinner at half-past seven in order that we might be on time at the Belasco to hear Buffalo Jones describe in a ludicrous way his catching of live animals in Africa.

Just as we were going in to dinner a short note was handed to the President. He read it and passed it to each one of us. It was merely an announcement of the Associated Press that it had the Colonel's letter to the governors, the gist of which was that he would accept the nomination if offered to him.

We had sat down to the table before anyone made a comment. Mrs. Taft was the first to break the silence.

"I told you so four years ago, and you would not believe me."

The President laughed good-naturedly and said:

"I know you did, my dear, and I think you are perfectly happy now. You would have preferred the Colonel to come out against me than to have been wrong yourself."

"Well, she is a better guesser than I," said Job Hedges, "for only last week I was predicting that under no conditions would the Colonel be a declared candidate."

Conversation became general, and we tried to rattle Helen about always coming in late to dinner. She said:

"I don't see why Father and Mother don't scold me for being late, as I always am, but they take it very good-naturedly."

"One of the saddest things that can come to a parent is to see his own faults coming out in his own children," said the President.

Just at this time there was sent from the office the entire letter of Colonel Roosevelt, which was short, clear cut, and a plain statement that the Colonel was a candidate for the nomination. The President read it aloud. Everyone took a whack at it, but the President regarded it as much stronger than he had thought it would be. He explained that he had believed it would come out loaded with conditions and explanations, whereas it was a short, brief announcement and direct to the people.

"No, he could not have made it stronger," said the

President. "It is characteristic of him, and it will be a rallying cry to the Progressives of the country and to the discontented, but I think you will find that in a week or ten days it will have lost much of its clarion note, and there will be a great sag in the sentiment which will at first be aroused by it."

Next morning, February 26, 1912.

I lay awake a long time last night, trying to make up my mind as to what my duty was in regard to this trip to Italy. I seem to have been dragged into it by force of circumstances. It seems to me that the President will need every *intime* near at hand now. If we are ever to be of any real comfort to him, this is the time. I am hesitating about the wisdom of going, but I will think it over and try to reach some decision to-morrow. I really can't bear to leave him just now. I can see he hates to see me go, and I feel like a quitter in going.

Major Butt to Mrs. John D. Butt

Washington, D. C.,
February 27, 1912.

DEAR AUNT KITTY:

I received your letter this morning and greatly enjoyed the reference to the malady from which we are both suffering. While my trouble is auto-intoxication, yours is too much automobiling. Strange to say, I first suffered from too much automobiling, and I think the auto-intoxication originated there, so you see that you don't get the last auto-trouble!

You will see in the papers that I am going to Italy very shortly on a leave. I am very tired and really need a rest. Yesterday morning I awoke determined not to go and canceled all my sailing orders by wire and then I announced to the President what I had done. He would not hear of it

and insisted on my going, on the ground that this was the only time I could get away. He does not want to see me go, but I think he feels that I will break down just when he needs me the most if I don't go now.

So I am off on the S. S. *Berlin* Saturday, sailing from Hoboken. I will go direct to Naples and then visit friends I have in Rome. I do not know if I shall even get to England.

Well, good-bye, dear Aunt. Keep yourself from worry, and when I come back we will get together somewhere and talk over the various phases of auto disease. Love to Kate and the pretty granddaughter. I did get her photo, and have had it framed, but it seems to me that I have got beyond acknowledging anything except that which calls for an imperative answer.

Your affectionate nephew,

ARCHIE.

[*This is Major Butt's last letter that has been preserved. He went abroad on a vacation when President Taft insisted and sailed to his death the next month on the* Titanic.

Torn as he was between two loyalties which were incompatible, Major Butt was spared participation, even in the rôle of a spectator, in the political campaign that followed. Even after tossing his hat in the ring, for a time Colonel Roosevelt spoke of his former friend and present antagonist with some measure of reserve. He could still say that Taft had been "such a good lieutenant," but when the President, badgered by the unfair criticism of what even Roosevelt himself called "the lunatic fringe of his following," said they were "neurotics—not Progressives," the fat was in the fire, and charges and counter charges were made over which the duty of the patriotic is to draw the veil of silence.

Fortunately the drama need not be closed on this tragic note. In the end the old friends came together and all was forgiven if not forgotten, and Taft, the one-term President, reached the goal of his legitimate ambition and presided for nearly ten years with honor over the Supreme Court of the United States.]

THE END

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